The Saturday Evening
POST
November 24, 1956 — 15¢

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MY DAD, WALT DISNEY
By His Daughter

A New Novel by
JOHN P. MARQUAND

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victorian is smart in a modern room

This living-dining room illustrates how successfully you can place your period furniture in a modern setting—and achieve beautiful results. The secret lies in the lovely floor of Armstrong Cork Tile. This natural cork floor has an enchantment about it—a timeless quality that spans the years between traditional and contemporary and unites both styles in one charming decorative effect. It has a down-to-earth side, too. For Armstrong has found the way to enhance and preserve the warm golden colors of cork while actually increasing the floor's durability and reducing its cost. Armstrong Cork Tile has a special satin-smooth finish that's easy to keep clean. The natural springiness of cork makes it extremely comfortable and quiet to walk on, too. It's no wonder then that so many homemakers have selected this most luxurious of floors, Armstrong Cork Tile, for rooms all through the house.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET giving complete information about Armstrong Cork Tile for floors and walls. A portfolio describing this lovely living-dining room, with list of furnishings and sketch plan, is included. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5611 Madison St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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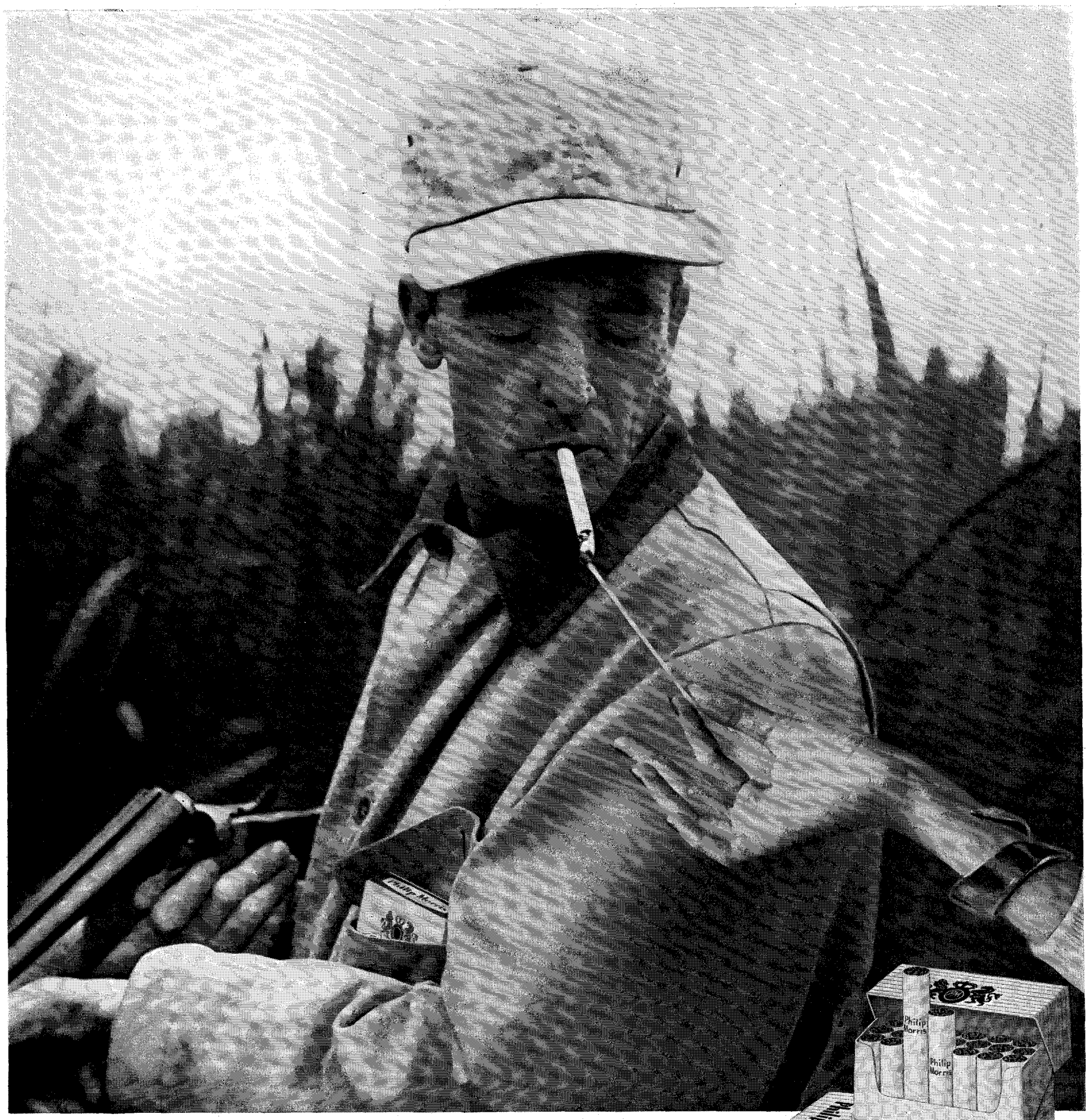

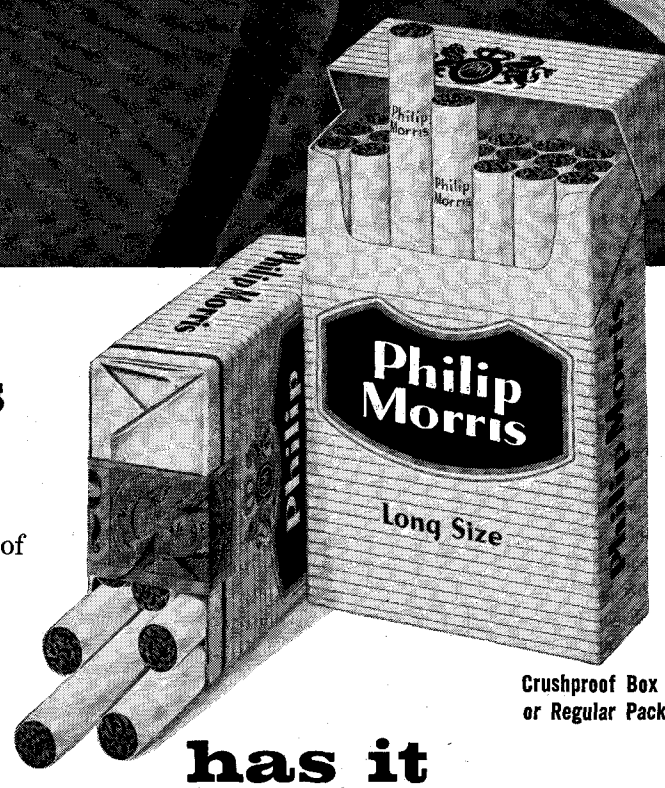

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or Regular Pack

Natural tobacco goodness

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This NEW Philip Morris has it

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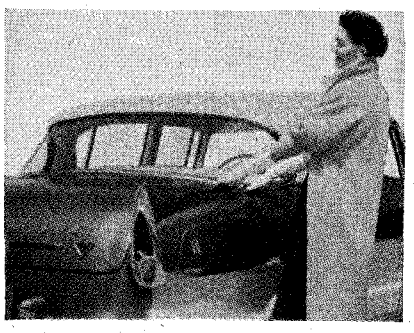
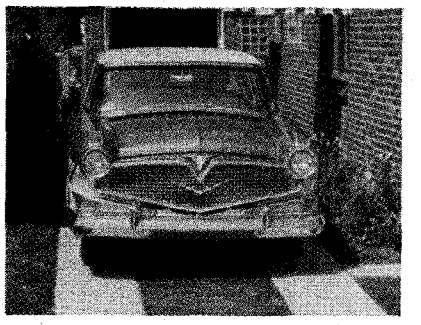
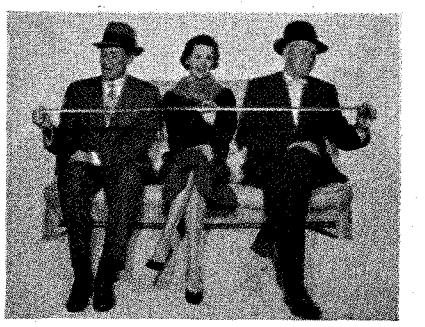


Lower outside by 2 full inches

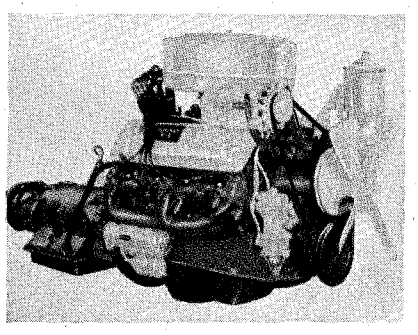
Higher inside than any other car



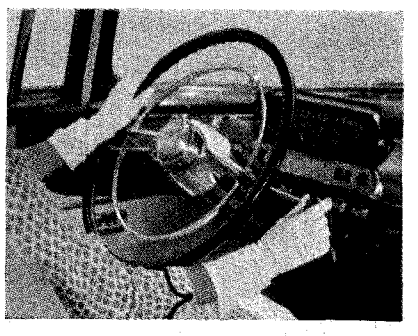
Slim outside for easy maneuvering



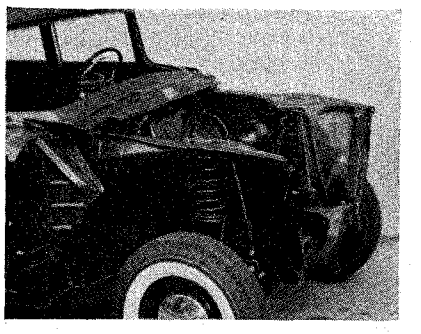
Wider inside than any other car



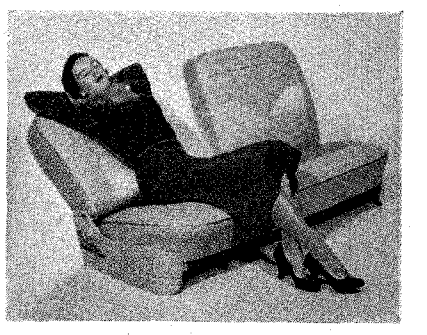
World's newest V-8 . . . 255 hp



with new Hydra-Matic



Built for safety



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Announcing the trim, new

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The trim, talented 1957 Hudson Hornet V-8 Hardtop
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It's bigger inside than any car at any price . . . trimmer outside for easier handling. It's two inches lower — yet offers bigger, safer tires. It brings you exclusive reclining seats, twin beds, lowest cost air conditioning. Built in a double-strong single unit, it promises you thousands of *extra* carefree miles. And it's yours in a choice of 32 eye-catching color combinations.

Enough said? . . . not quite. Because the trim, exciting 1957 Hudson Hornet V-8 will actually cost you *less* than last year's models. A bombshell? . . . a beauty? . . . a bargain? . . . you bet! Phone your Hudson and Rambler dealer for a demonstration drive today!

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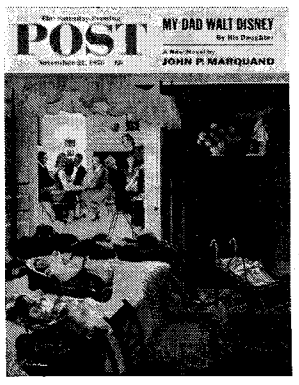

THE COVER

Two little boy blues and one little girl pink are attending a bridge party, and one of the blues wishes to hit the bottle. The only lady who seems unconcerned about which baby is sounding off is the dummy, who has nothing to do; and if that is the cantankerous way the cards are running, probably a grand-slam hand is held by the mother of the noise. In olden days, parents who felt a bridge-whist evening coming on just left their tots home with that long-laboring lass, the hired girl, which may partially account for why she became extinct. As Ben Prins suggests, today's servantless young parents are pretty wonderful, the way they deal with the problems of familyhood; and so are the babies, especially those who, when children should be seen and not heard, are not heard.

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(SEE OPPOSITE PAGE)

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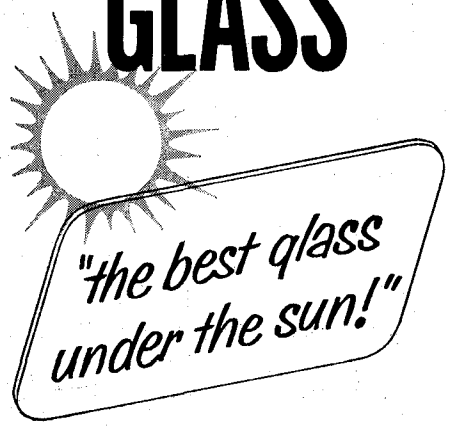

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Letters

Mental Hospital

Dear Sirs:

I have read with great interest the first three articles in the series entitled INSIDE THE ASYLUM [Oct. 6–Nov. 10]. I sincerely hope that Mr. Martin's articles will arouse a much-needed public interest in mental health. . . .

If Americans would show half the interest in mental health as in their favorite ball team, conditions in our State Hospitals would show a marked improvement.

PATRICIA CORMIER
College Park, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Martin gives a very good picture of the cruel and medieval methods used in State Hospitals. I know because . . . I was once a patient in one. The cruel mistreatment I received is almost beyond human belief. . . .

Although I guess I am one of the few who have, I did recover, and received a certificate to the effect that I was permanently cured. Still I live under some sort of stigma which I suppose will never be lifted, during my lifetime at least. In spite of this great handicap, I have launched and built up a successful business of my own, and am as happy as I think it is possible to be. I suppose I owe the State Hospital some sort of thanks for this, but I do wish it could have been more gently done.

INEZ MARTIN
Peoria Heights, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Undoubtedly many grim and unpleasant features must be reported in order to cover the subject adequately. It would seem sufficient, however, to have merely stated the forms of treatment administered to mentally ill patients, without going into the horrifying and gruesome details of electro-shock treatments.

To patients presently receiving these treatments . . . a serious setback in their condition could result upon reading that portion of your article dealing with these treatments and terrify them into refusing any further help along these lines.

MILDRED CHRISTENSEN
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps the financial situation of state hospitals would be alleviated to some extent if hospital insurance would cover mental illness. . . . Unless the insurance companies get help from the Federal Government the rate may be prohibitive, however, as it requires such a long period of hospitalization.

CATHERINE M. MEEK
Black River Falls, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

My warm commendations . . . for this wonderful article on INSIDE THE ASYLUM, by John Bartlow Martin. I think it is wonderfully well done. . . .

He tells in this article about one doctor per 280 patients. In the Topeka State Hospital there is currently one doctor for eighteen patients! . . . The citizenry [of Kansas] has become aware of and the legislature willing to finance the progress that has been made.

WILLIAM C. MENNINGER, M.D.
The Menninger Foundation
Topeka, Kansas

Dear Sirs:

I found it interesting that Mr. Martin does not blame facilities for some of the conditions that exist as a result of patients' habits, but was able to point out that the lack of funds causes mass-production care, centering on the most potentially curable cases. As a result of this, our hospitals are becoming filled with uncared-for chronic patients, leaving no room for new patients.

MRS. MARY A. POLLOCK
Detroit, Mich.

Volunteer Firemen

Dear Sirs:

The Face of America entitled UP IN FLAMES (photograph by Herman Appel, Oct. 13, 1956) was extremely gratifying not only to myself but to other members of our Volunteer Fire Dept.

Many people are unaware of the work of their Volunteer Fire Departments. As a matter of fact, some people feel that the volunteer fireman is a "joke" *until* they experience a fire and require our assistance.

Our department is in the midst of a fund-raising campaign for a new fire truck, and your brief but enlightening article should lend some moral support, we hope.

WALTER C. HAMLIN
Yalesville, Conn.

Super-Duper Roads

Dear Sirs:

I wish to commend The Saturday Evening Post for the fine lead article entitled COAST TO COAST WITHOUT A STOPLIGHT, by Richard Thruelsen [Oct. 20] . . . I think it is most timely to have such an article in the Post so that more of the people will have an understanding of the program that we are starting.

REX M. WHITTON
Chief Engineer
Missouri State Highway Commission
Jefferson City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

I quote from COAST TO COAST WITHOUT A STOPLIGHT:

"Torn to pieces by partisan, sectional and pressure-bloc attacks in one session of the 84th Congress, the legislation passed both houses of a subsequent session of the same Congress with but one dissenting vote."

Could that one vote have been cast by Bill Langer??

GEORGE W. BUTLER
Fresno, Cal.

● *No, by Senator Russell B. Long, of Louisiana.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

As the Mayor and Police Judge of a village located on super-duper US 66 dual-lane (Continued on Page 6)

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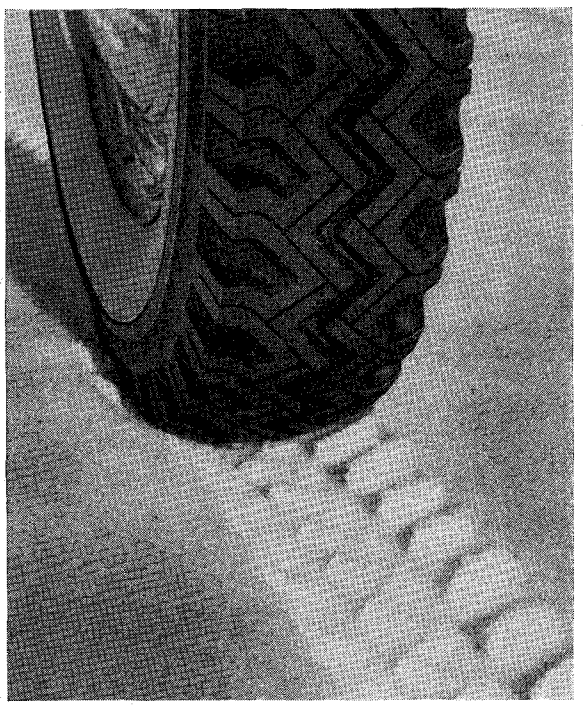
B.F.Goodrich

Trailmaker Tubeless

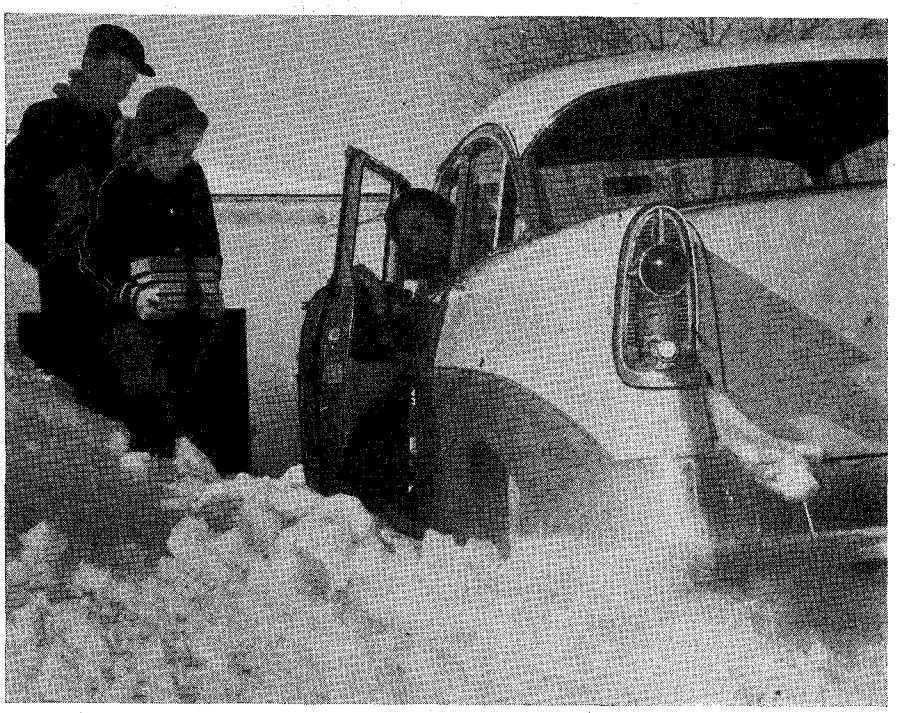
lets you GO-GO-GO on ice or snow

Trailmakers wade right out of drifts where other tires only spin and sink deeper.



Tread is often imitated, never equalled in performance.

For stops as well as starts Trailmakers are best, even on ice.



No need to shovel, because Trailmakers give 25% more traction.

HERE'S a tire that really lets you get a grip on winter driving. With Trailmakers you don't have to worry about getting stuck in deep snow or mud. The flexing of the heavy split lug cleats enables them to grip and wade right through, actually give you 25% more traction than an ordinary tire.

On packed snow you get a 41% margin of safety in stopping with Trailmakers. They outstop, outstart and outpull other winter tires on snow and ice, give you that feeling of control that makes winter driving more dependable.

The distinctive tread design of Trailmaker Tires has proved so successful that many manufacturers are now copying it. Yet no winter tire has ever equalled the over-all performance of Trailmakers. Trailmakers are Tubeless, too, so you get protection against bruise-blowouts. And they run surprisingly quiet.

Don't get bogged down this winter. Have your B. F. Goodrich dealer change your rear tires to Trailmakers. His name is in the Yellow Pages under "Tires". Convenient terms.

B. F. Goodrich Tire Company, A Division of The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

B.F.Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

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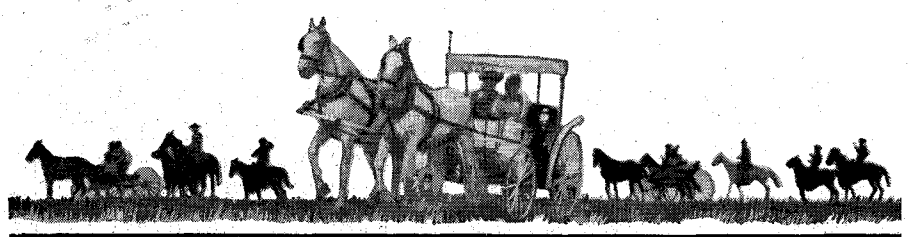

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Complete...intact...
with every scene
every song of the
motion picture
that ran a year
on Broadway
at $3.50!

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Screenplay by SONIA LEVIEN and WILLIAM LUDWIG · Dances Staged by AGNES DE MILLE
Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR. · Directed by FRED ZINNEMANN
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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

highway in the Rolla, Mo., area, I have to reject the premise of 35,000 lives saved by the new Federal Highway limited-access system. The records of Troop I, Mo. State Highway Patrol will show many more fatal accidents on this supposedly safe highway than ever occurred on the old lip-type curb 18′–6″ concrete pavement it replaced. . . . Hypnotism of unchecked speed is the cause. The remedy: a mandatory stop of one half minute every fifteen miles, and at every important grade crossing.

E. J. SCHREMP
Rolla, Mo.

Wrong Ship

Dear Sirs:

What are you trying to do to us? In that grand steamboat race down Chesapeake Bay [SHIP AFIRE! by Jacob Hay, Oct. 20] your writer describes the propelling machinery of the Governor as follows: "Deep inside the Governor's hull, the towering Harlan & Hollingsworth compound hissed and whispered powerfully into smooth, sudden life, and aft, beneath her counter, the harbor's murky water boiled and churned as her propeller swung lazily and then purposefully over." . . .

Then we look at the picture on page 37 and behold, the Governor has metamorphosed into a high paddle-box sidewheeler. Some comedown for Capt. Nat and his Scottish engineer, who didn't win that race in that kind of a vessel.

Fifty-six years ago, I sailed in a race in that same Chesapeake Bay on a Fourth of July. It was not a fire that set a boat back then, but some watermelons plugged with brandy.

C. E. PATCH
Boston, Mass.

● *Reader Patch is right. Our artist, Stan Galli, should have painted a propeller-driven ship.* —*ED.*

Serene Korea

Dear Sirs:

The beautifully descriptive article THE OTHER KOREA by Edwin O. Reischauer [Oct. 20] brought tears to my eyes. . . .

For the past two and a half years, my husband has been working in Korea (as a member of the Agriculture Mission of the State Department's International Cooperation Administration). . . . He has learned to love the country and the people, with their serene way of life so different from Occidentals, and he has communicated this enthusiasm to us. However, we find that most people here think of Korea as cold, barren, *uncivilized* and, indeed, the last place on earth where anyone would choose to live.

Mr. Reischauer's article (with its beautiful pictures by Dimitri Boria) is the first I have seen which does such a wonderful service to Koreans and to our country's share in Korea's future, by informing the general public of the cultural background and the potentialities of this little and under-rated country.

MRS. HENRY W. FAIRCHILD
Silver Spring, Md.

Women and Traffic

Dear Sirs:

For those who have wondered why I left Chicago after twenty years of residence the answer is entertainingly expressed in THE DAY ALL TRAFFIC STOPPED by Robert W. Wells [October 20].

I am now a safe distance from both Phoenix and Tucson and am anticipating increased longevity.

LEON E. PAGE
Coolidge, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

I thought your story . . . was very funny. A picture of the typical American woman. Seems like something my mother would do.

DINAH LEVINSOHN
Englewood, N.J.

Moral Question

Dear Sirs:

Your story in the Oct. 13 issue I'LL COME BACK (by Vera Hycz) was well written, but I'm a little sorry you published it. Is it such a fine thing for the hero to fall in love with a married woman?

Is the author's idea of marriage that even if you marry for the wrong purpose, it's all right to call it off if you meet someone you like better? Doesn't a vow mean anything? What an idea of loyalty, and what an idea of marriage.

Please don't publish anything to weaken in impressionable minds the integrity and seriousness of marriage vows. All vows should be honored, those of marriage particularly. If one isn't loyal to husband or wife, what kind of stability can society have?

JANE CARTER
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I was amazed at a line of dialogue in I'LL COME BACK, by Vera Hycz, which reads, "You're married to another ——"

Next week—East Lynne.

Fiction editor—Kill!

HUNTER LOVELACE
Los Angeles, Cal.

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Reading across pages, then down:

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How engineers design modern concrete roads to save lives and money

Highway engineers design these four important features into the main roads they are building today to give highway users the utmost in safety, comfort and service.

Limited access provides safe entry or exit from the road at periodic intervals while allowing continuous speed for through traffic.

No grade crossings and no stop lights! On modern highways all traffic on intersecting roads goes over or under the highway.

Wide median strips separate opposing streams of traffic. Result: no blinding lights, no danger of a head-on collision.

Wide traffic lanes allow you more room. And maximum safety results when the lanes are paved with concrete. Concrete is skid-resistant, wet or dry. Its light color provides the best night visibility. Concrete lasts longer, costs less to maintain, gives *low-annual-cost* service.

This 41,000-mile National System of Interstate and Defense Highways will be built in the next 13 years. When finished it will provide safer, faster, more comfortable travel for everyone between all sections of the country.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
33 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

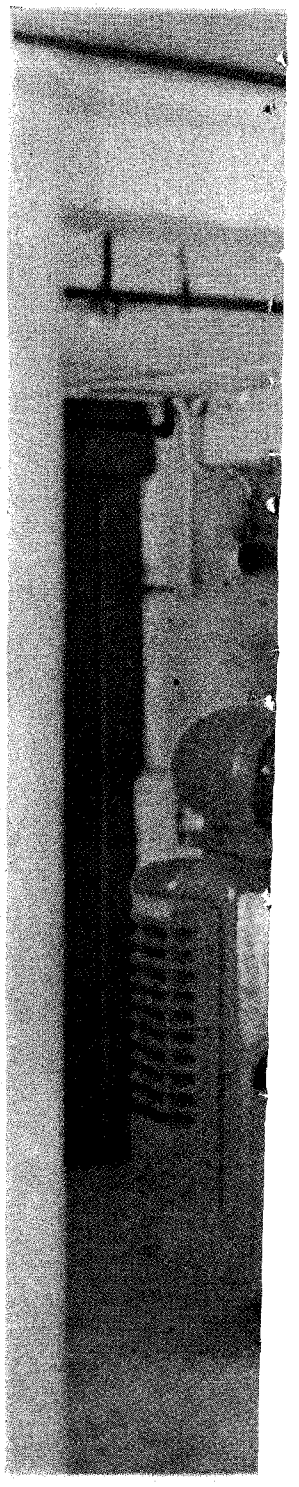
How mechanical 'hands' give *you* a lift

Speeding Tom Turkey on his way to Thanksgiving Dinner... or handling 1,000-and-one other items, Allis-Chalmers fork trucks save time and money for businessmen and for you.

Helping to move Thanksgiving turkeys from America's farms to its festive dining tables this week is only one of many ways Allis-Chalmers fork trucks serve you behind the scenes. Industry today uses these versatile machines and many step-saving, space-conserving methods familiar in your own workshop or kitchen to handle thousands of materials and finished products. These mechanical "hands" take a big load off the backs of people. They also help businessmen keep "handling costs" *down* while giving you the kind of service you like.

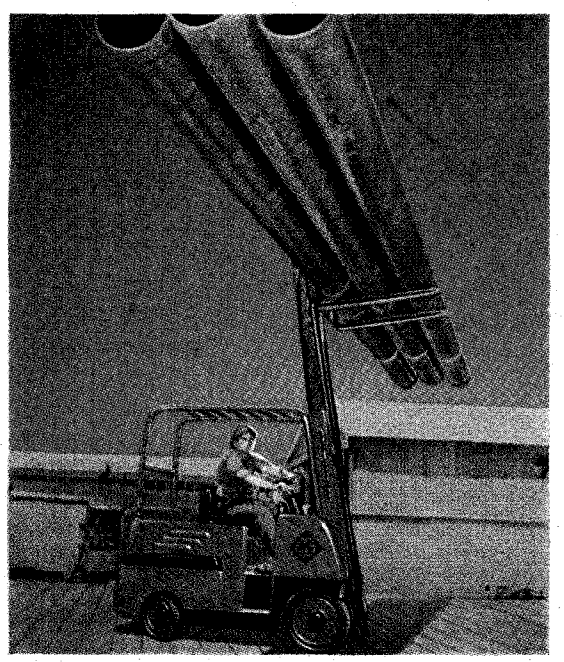
Working with industry on material handling machines and methods has been a continuing challenge at Allis-Chalmers for more than 100 years. Now, whether the material is solid, liquid or gas . . . boxed, barreled or bulk, there is Allis-Chalmers equipment to handle it swiftly and safely. The diamond-shaped trademark of Allis-Chalmers is a familiar sight on wheel and crawler tractors, pumps and blowers, electric motors, diesel and gasoline engines . . . as well as fork trucks.

Looking ahead, Allis-Chalmers material handling specialists aim at constantly-improving mechanical "hands." In this field, as in the many others we serve, our *Engineering in Action* team is dedicated to providing products of true quality at lowest possible cost. ALLIS-CHALMERS, GENERAL OFFICES, MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN.

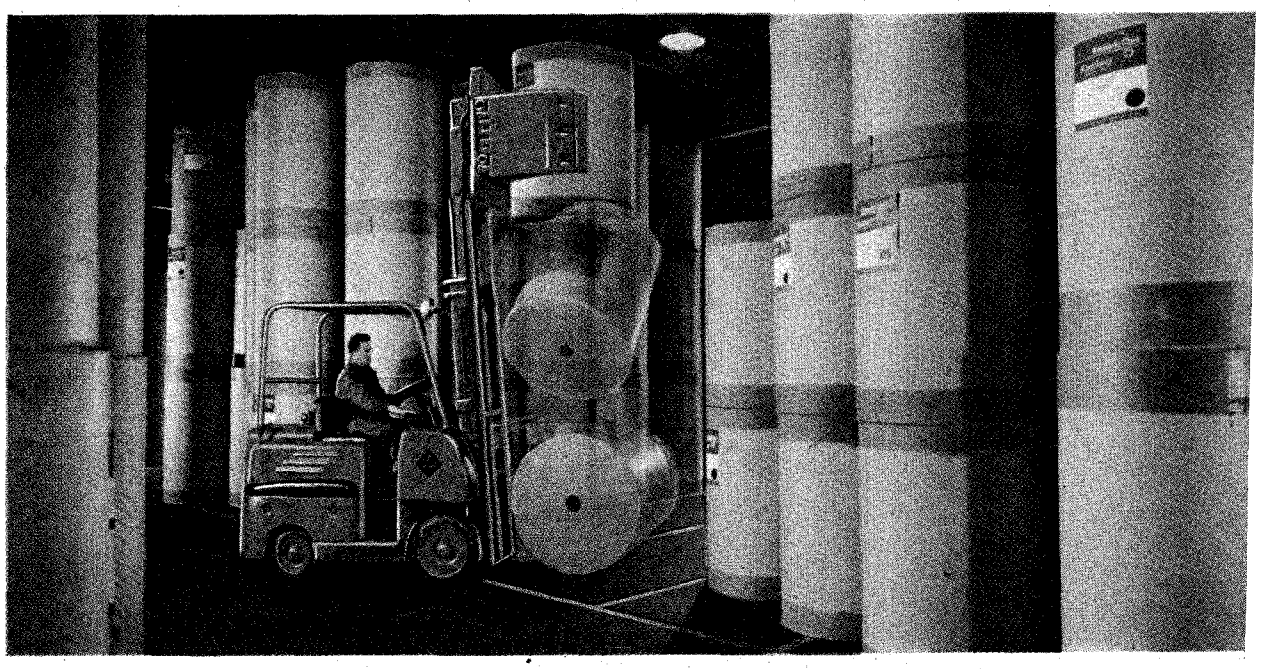


ALLIS-CHALMERS

Where Engineering in Action is at work on your future today



Balanced boost for big pipe — Whether it's drilling pipe or lumber, bagged chemicals or baled cotton, versatile trucks like this do the job quickly, safely and at low cost.



Twist of the wrist — Triple-exposure photograph shows how easily fork trucks with rotating clamps can handle huge rolls of paper, cloth or metal foil . . . turn them either vertically or horizontally for most efficient storage.

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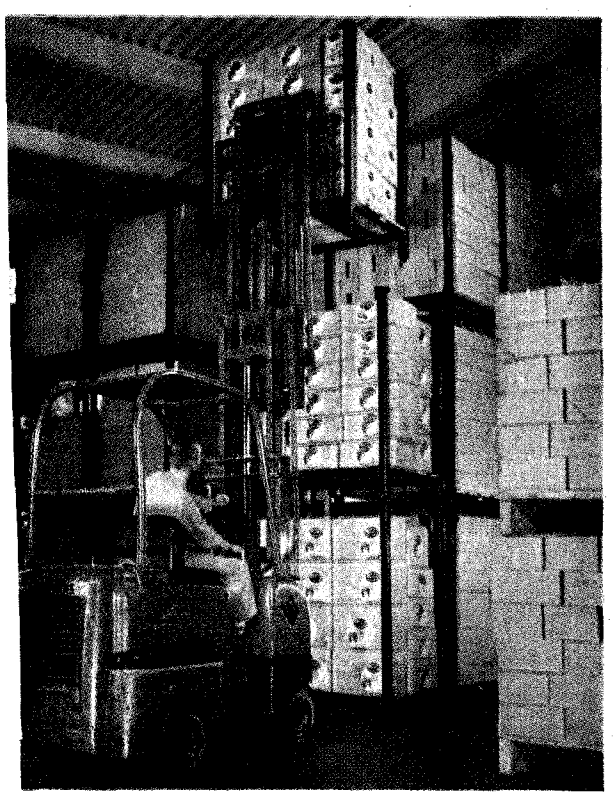
En route to add greater pleasure to your day of Thanksgiving — Out of the refrigerator car come plump frozen turkeys . . . to be stored temporarily in the refrigerated warehouse, then sent swiftly on their way by truck to market and to you.



"General store" reach — Extending its mast like a telescope, this truck stacks cartons as high as twenty feet for best use of floor space . . . retrieves them easily for fast shipping or use.

Feather touch for air freight — Big "hands" like these handle heavy but delicate loads with speed and safety . . . help airlines keep their schedules as smooth on the ground as in the air.

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Editorials

Why Back Any Variety of Reds in Eastern Europe?

Soviet troops and tanks have put down the Hungarian anti-Red revolt, but it does look as if the Soviet colonial system were on the skids. Whatever the final outcome, the revolts in Poland and Hungary, with rumblings reported from Czechoslovakia and East Germany may foretell the end.

However, before jubilation in the Free World gets out of control and important decisions are made, it will be a good idea to take a long look at what sort of regime is likely to succeed the Soviet-dominated satrapies. The first change in Poland was from Russian-controlled communism to home-grown communism.

The notion of a democratic regime under the direction of Gomulka, one of the original betrayers of Poland to the Russians and the liquidator of thousands of Poles, is a colossal irony. The Hungarian people refused to settle for any halfway compromise regime as any better than the Russian invaders. They have given their lives to prove it. The President and Secretary Dulles have done well to stick to generalities concerning any aid to their regimes. But there was disconcerting talk in official circles of doing something for Gomulka, who is surely no bargain as a democratic leader. The attitude of the "liberals" toward the matter was aptly stated by Walter Lippmann, who declared in his syndicated column that "in the interests of peace and freedom . . . we must hope that for a time, not forever but for a time, the uprising in the satellite orbit will be stabilized at Titoism."

Well, the Hungarians have proved they have no heart for such a meaningless compromise, and they must wonder why anybody in the West, which has proclaimed its anxious longing for this day, should express such a view. Former Premier Stanislaw Mikolajczyk of Poland summed up Poland's attitude in an address before the International Peasants Union: "The Poznan events have shown that . . . the people do not want 'liberalization' of the communist system, but freedom, independence and democracy."

The Free World must not mistake hunger of the spirit for hunger of the belly. As Secretary Dulles has well said, it is not for us to condition our aid to insistence on this or that form of government. But neither should we give aid to neo-Communists, in order to "stabilize" things at Titoism. Such a policy could fasten new tyranny upon brave and hopeful people, and quite possibly erect a Red alliance even more menacing than the one built by Stalin.

Mexican and U. S. Business Have Learned to Get Along

By DANIEL JAMES

Back in 1938, Mexico expropriated the property of American and other foreign oil companies and nationalized her oil resources. With the passing years, Mexico has found that nationalization, however well motivated, does not pay. Although Mexico's oil remains in its own hands, Mexican policy toward foreign, especially American, private capital has changed completely from hostility to friendship. At the same time, the American investor is "making a vital contribution to the Mexican economy and to the welfare of the Mexican people."

Such is the good news contained in a survey of American business enterprises operating in Mexico in the magazine, Comercio Internacional, official organ of the National Association of Importers and Exporters of Mexico.

One of the myths surrounding our foreign investment is that American businesses in Mexico are invariably wholly United States-owned. The survey reveals that half of the forty-six outside companies "are not North American in respect to ownership," but are owned jointly by Americans and Mexicans. Several are controlled outright by Mexicans.

No less remarkable, twenty-two of the forty-six companies have been reinvesting 100 per cent of their net profits in Mexico annually over the past decade, according to the survey. And thirty-one of the forty-six, firms have been plowing back into Mexico more than half their net profits. It doesn't look from this as if the *gringo* is milking Mexico.

How has the Mexican man in the street benefited from all this?

First, notes the Comercio Internacional survey, the Americans are responsible for a goodly chunk of Mexican employment. The forty-six companies employ 53,000 workers, of whom 52,200, or 98.5 per cent, are Mexicans, which is considerably above the legal requirement of 90 per cent Mexicans in establishments employing more than five people.

Second, Mexicans working for United States companies get a crack at the top jobs. Out of 978 executive and managerial positions reported by the forty-six companies surveyed, 746, or 76 per cent, are held by Mexicans. Some American companies employ no American executives at all.

Third, the salaries and wages of Mexicans working for United States companies compare favorably with those paid by Mexican firms.

Fourth, thanks in large part to United States enterprise "there is evolving in Mexico a skilled labor force which is already the equal, if not the superior, of any in Latin America." In other words, Mexico is rapidly acquiring American "know-how." Indeed, Mexico herself is now exporting this "know-how" to other Latin countries.

However solid are the contributions of United States business to Mexico, they were made possible, Comercio Internacional reminds us, both by the progressive attitude of Mexican private enterprise and by the "friendly attitude of the government toward private initiative, whether domestic or foreign."

Many Good Teachers are "Substandard" to the Modern Educator

No sensible person can deny that America needs more teachers and that any new recruits to the profession ought to be as well trained as possible. Yet some descriptions of the people who are helping to meet an emergency are misleading.

Thus, The New York Times uses, in a piece by Benjamin Fine, the sort of jargon dear to education lobbyists. "Unless something is done soon," he wrote on September ninth, "millions of children will be cheated of a first-class education." This was a deduction from a United States Office of Education statement that 80,000 teachers will be employed this fall "on substandard licenses."

The suggestion is that 80,000 classrooms will be in the hands of illiterate lunkheads. You are reminded of Macaulay's description of the common schools a century ago: "A room crusted with filth, without light, without air . . . the only machinery of instruction a dog-eared spelling book and a broken slate . . . the masters the refuse of all other callings, discarded footmen, ruined pedlars, men who cannot work a sum in the rule of three, men who cannot write a common letter without blunders."

The "unqualified" teachers now working with "substandard licenses" are frequently "unqualified" only because they have not taken certain prescribed courses in pedagogy. The average graduate of a small liberal-arts college is usually in this bracket.

For that matter, it is a fact that Einstein could not have taught a class in elementary algebra except with a substandard license. He never took any units of educational theory. For the same reason, neither Faulkner nor Hemingway could "qualify" to teach English composition, any more than Norman Rockwell would be an acceptable teacher of illustration or Salvador Dali of advanced modern painting.

Something is being done to correct a policy which has proved too inelastic. New York City, for example, now encourages arts and science graduates to enter teaching in its school system after an accelerated course in educational theory.

Even more promising is the Teachers Experimental Project conducted by Temple University under a grant from the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education. Under this plan, college graduates take an orientation course of six weeks—enough to weed out obvious misfits in the field. After that, they begin teaching and acquire seniority and pay increases while they are taking their technical courses in the late afternoons. Now in its third year, the project has placed over 200 teachers who would otherwise rate as "substandard."

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For many a year, the Bell seal has been the signpost of telephone service. A little while ago we got to thinking that such a well-known symbol deserved a slogan.

We found six words that seem to sum up the story of the telephone and the telephone business . . . "Working Together to Bring People Together."

"Working Together" describes the spirit and co-operation of the telephone companies and the thousands of telephone men and women who help to provide the service.

"To Bring People Together" describes the greatest use of the telephone.

It is priceless in emergencies and indispensable in saving steps and time and getting things done. And one of its biggest values is in helping people keep in touch with each other.

Many a day is brightened just because someone reached for the telephone to exchange news and good wishes and a friendly greeting.

Isn't there someone you'd like to call right now?

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

TUNE IN "TELEPHONE TIME"...the TV program with John Nesbitt's real life stories the whole family can enjoy together...every Sunday over CBS....See your local newspaper for time and channel.

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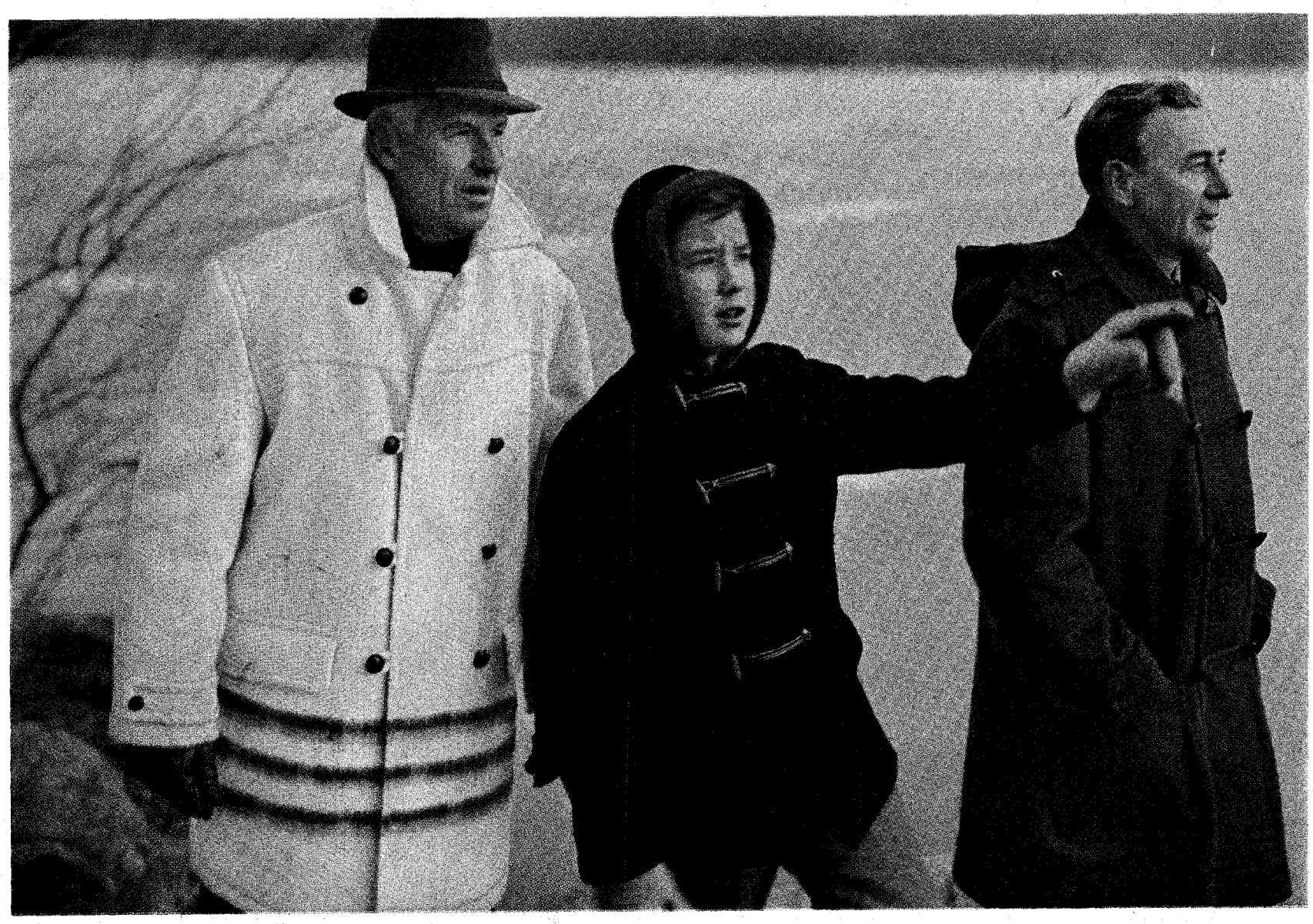
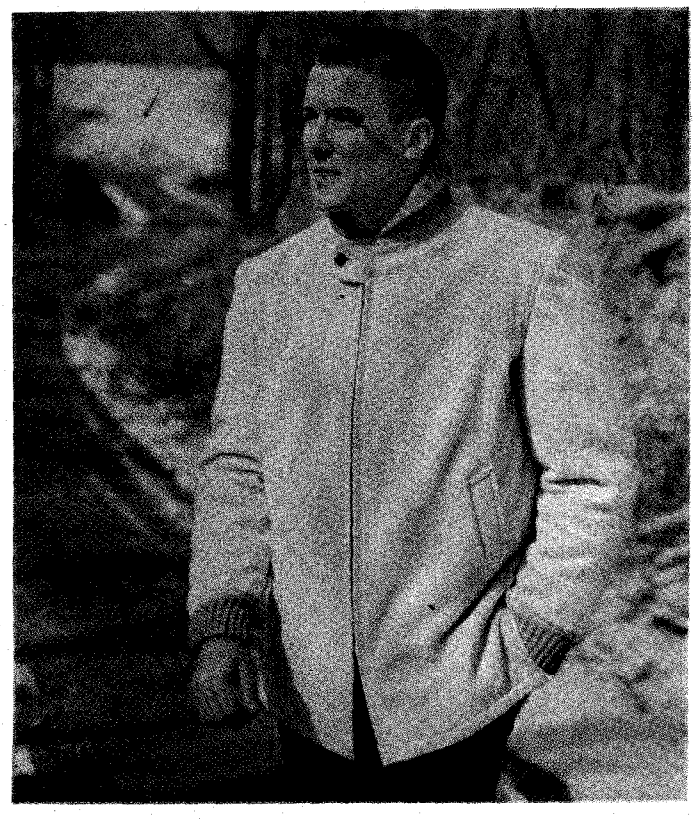
GIVE McGREGOR OUTERWEAR
for new, richer colors and textures in
The Natural Glory of Wool

Most spectacular of gifts—the new outerwear now highspotting Europe's whitescaped playlands from Neufchatel to Nordfjord! In wool's magnificent depth of color, McGregor has recreated it all with exciting, imaginative woolmanship. Rich textures from caressing softness to the rugged vigor of wildest tweed are loomed with America's most advanced techniques. And practical men know by the McGregor label that these gifts are sinewed and tailored for endurance.





Most talked about among snow-bound sports addicts: the strapping Loden Tyrolean (right). Imported from glacial Alp-country, Loden is super-rugged, warm, light, drench-repellent. Strap-closures. With hood. $39.95. Lad's Lodenverse of Loden (zip-closed) reverses to contrasting color (with loop closures). With hood. $24.98. Big and fleecy St. Mary's Jacket with broad bands of rich color. $50.00.

Winter's warmest opposition: the new Camelot. Tab closure at neck, rib-stitched knit collar and cuffs, thick-linked Deepfreeze Zipper. $29.95.

From the blustery border country where Briton meets Scot come the District Checks of this McNab Flannel Shirt. Virgin wool in luxury-light-yet-warm zephyr yarn. $13.95.

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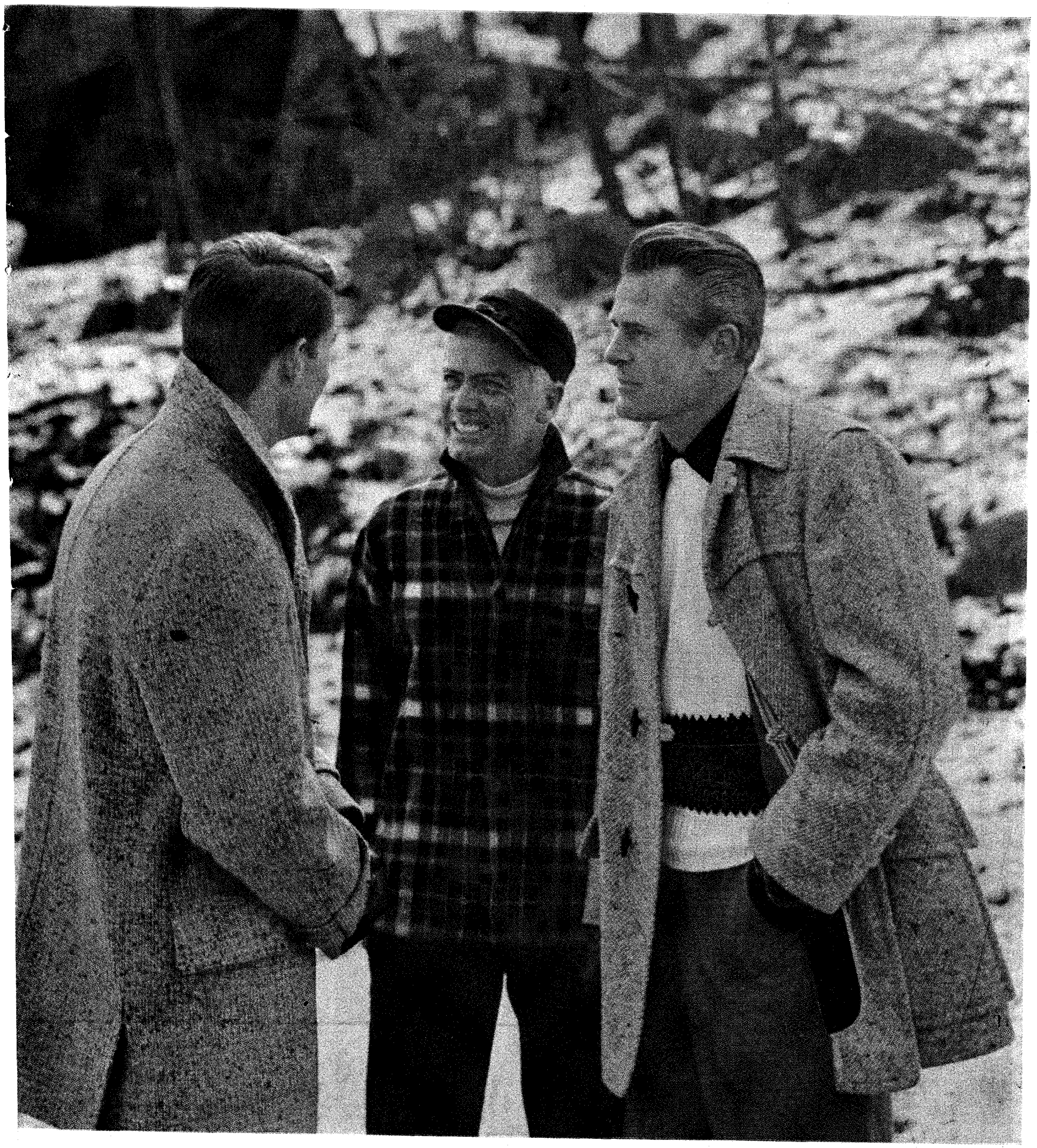

Tweed has never been so elegantly expressed! (left) Brawny El Dorado Tweed Mark II Jacket. Big, burly, deep-fleece lined. Huge pockets. $55. The Pierre Jac (center) the new action coat seen at Mont Blanc. New freedom in flexing pleats, front and back. Snug woolknit collar. $15. Mock Turtleneck Knit. $3. Richly-fashioned Continental Tweed Liner Surcoat, (right) leather zipout lining, loop closures. $55. Viking-inspired Crew Neck Igloo Sweater. $10.

McGREGOR*
SPORTSWEAR

Also boy-sized, boy-priced at better stores. Or write **McGREGOR-DONIGER** Inc., 303 Fifth Ave., New York 16. *T. M. Made in U.S.A.

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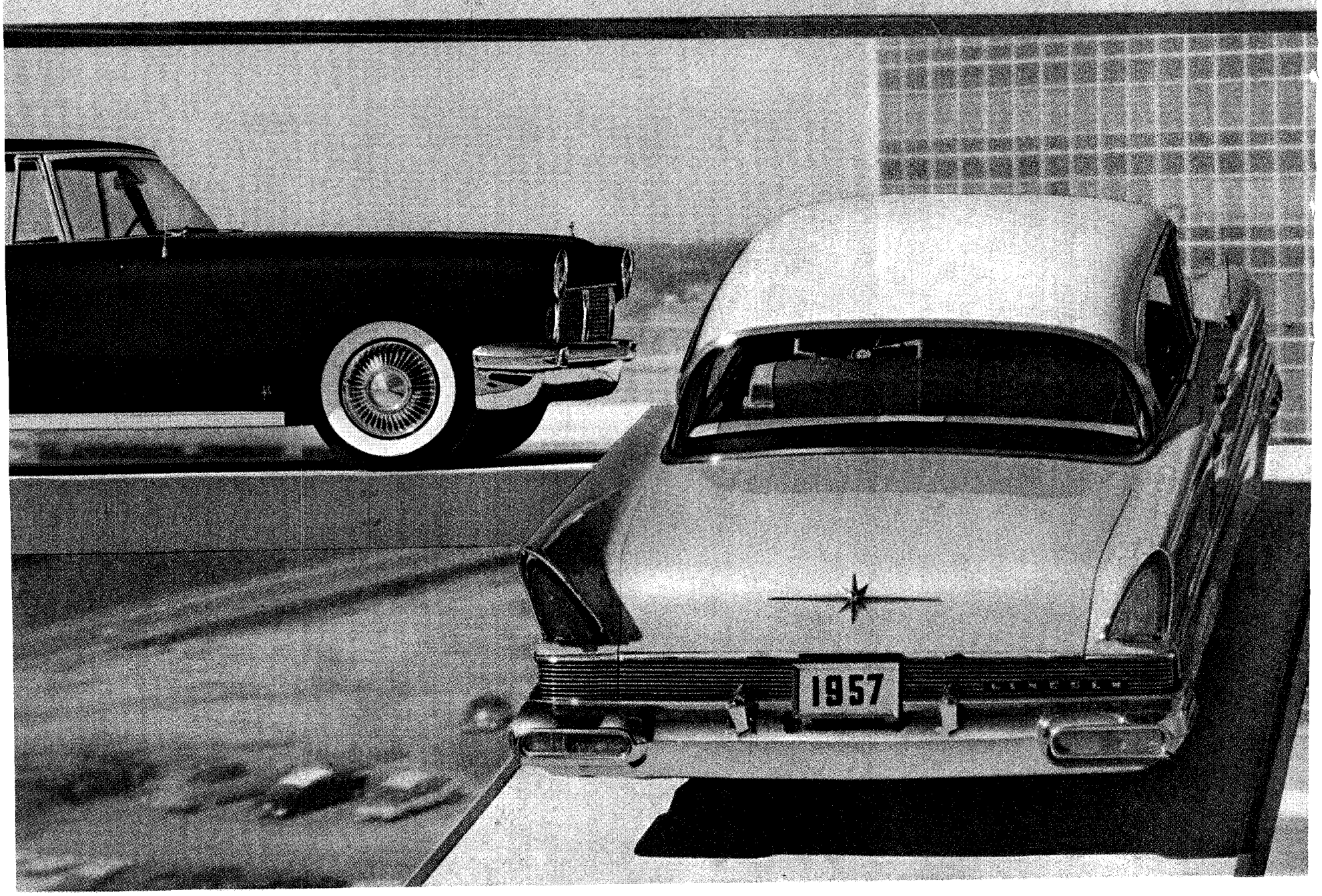
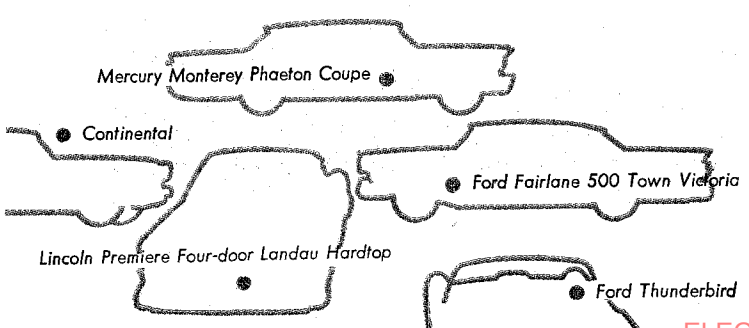
SETTING THE PACE ON THE AMERICAN ROAD



Bold new world on wheels:

The 1957 Ford Family of Fine Cars



FORD • THUNDERBIRD
MERCURY • LINCOLN • CONTINENTAL

- **Mercury with Dream-Car Design**
- **Hardtop styling in every Lincoln**
- **New, feature-rich Fords**

This is the first showing of all of the 1957 Ford Family of Fine Cars in a family portrait. One thing we'd like you to know: our cars are designed and built by a young-minded organization. That is why the way they look, the way they act, the way they feel, endear them to people who enjoy living.

NEW WORLD IN BEAUTY—One look

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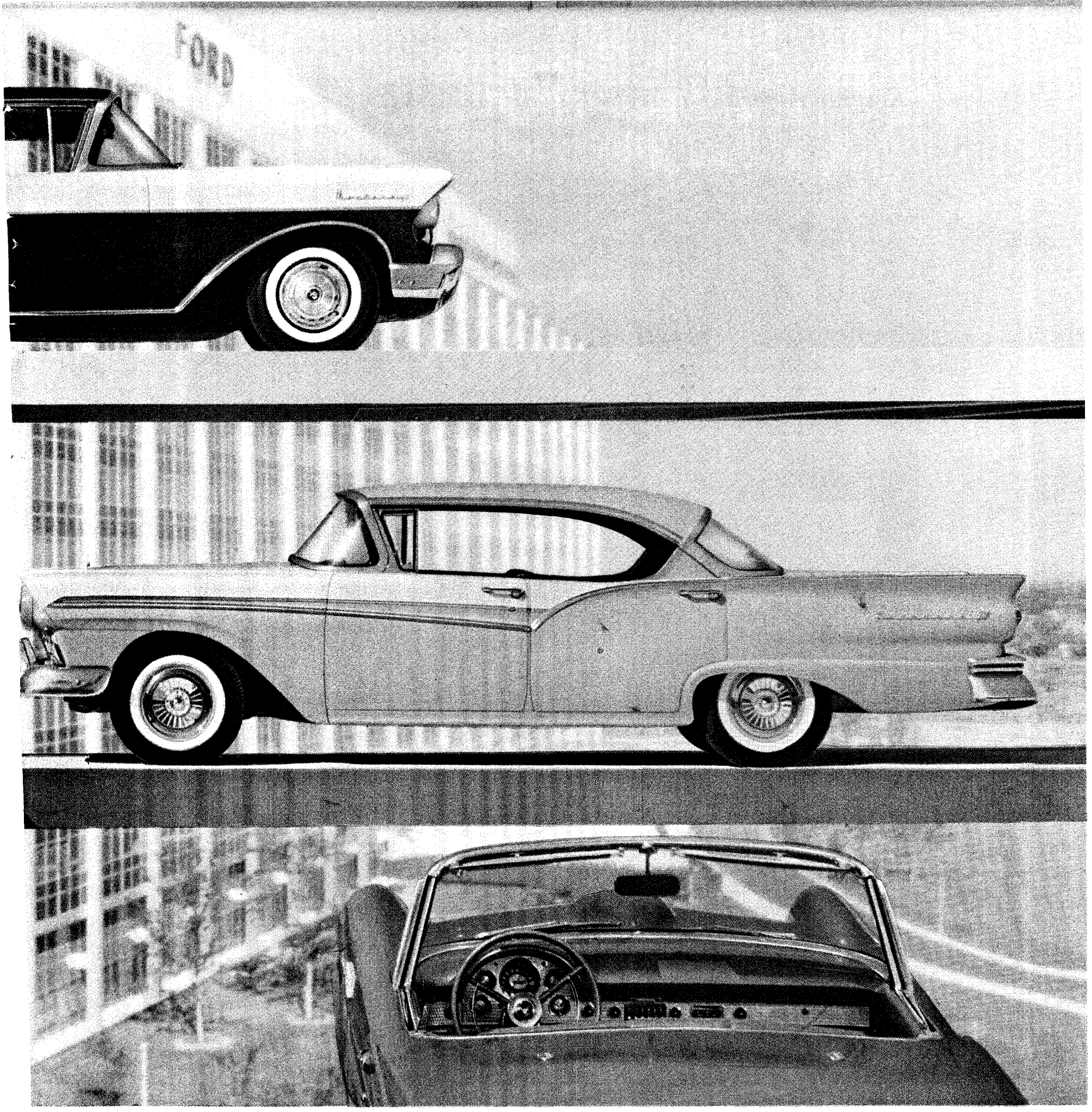


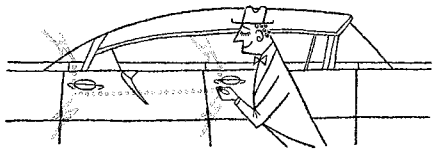
Background: Ford Motor Company Central Office Building, The American Road, Dearborn, Mich.

at our 1957 cars and you'd think they had rolled right out of tomorrow. Mercury, for instance, has completely broken with the past. It is bigger in every dimension and styled to influence the shape of cars for years to come—clean-cut, lean, dynamic — the first dream car in actual production.

Lincoln, emerging from its best selling year, sweeps into 1957 with its widest range of models—hardtop styling in every model, and what seem to be the longest cars on the road since the day of the custom-built limousine.

Now cast your eyes on the completely new kind of Ford. Everything—from looks and length to sheer horsepower—is bigger and better and bolder. But still at Ford's famous low price. There's even a whole brand-new top-of-the-line fleet called Ford Fairlane 500—the kind of feature-rich beauty no one could buy at any price just a few years ago.

NEW WORLD IN CONVENIENCES— Practically everything in our 1957 Family is automatic, including your approval. Take Lincoln's optional electric doorlocks; one flick of a switch locks



all doors automatically. Mercury has exclusive 7-position Keyboard Control, the finger-touch drive that outbuttons and outdates all push-button transmissions. Thunderbird's steering wheel adjusts in or out to your waistline.

NEW WORLD IN PERFORMANCE— Feel the safe passing power of 245 effortless horses in Ford and Thunderbird. Or the response of a Continental engine, bench-tuned to concert pitch.

Or learn the many ways our Family helps you use power wisely. In the Mercury Montclair series, for instance, there's a Power-Booster Fan that saves up to 17 horsepower other cars waste.

FAMILY ROUNDUP— Now you know some of the reasons why our Family is setting the pace on the American Road. For *all* the reasons, see a Ford, Mercury, Lincoln or Continental dealer.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
THE AMERICAN ROAD, DEARBORN, MICH.

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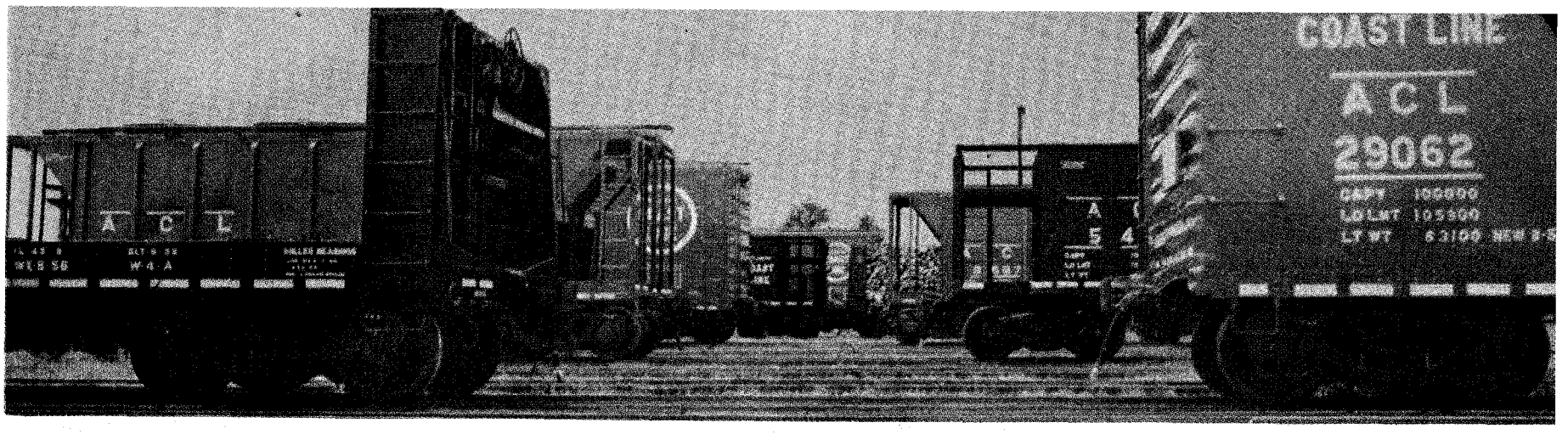

TO SPEED DELIVERIES, CUT COSTS . . .

Largest "Roller Freight" railroad adds 1,800

Atlantic Coast Line is also switching to roller bearings every freight car that goes into the shop for major repairs, now has total of 6,707 cars on Timken® bearings

BY ordering 1,800 more freight cars equipped with Timken® tapered roller bearings, Atlantic Coast Line is investing in the future. They've seen the savings. As experienced railroaders, the Atlantic Coast Line know that Timken bearings bring savings in operating costs—pay a good return on the investment in roller bearings. And they know how faster deliveries by "Roller Freight" help railroads get more business.

ACL first switched 21 cars from friction bearings to Timken bearings in 1949. Their experience in operating these cars prompted adding 925 more in 1951-1952, another 2,000 in 1953. More have been added every year since.

Meanwhile, every friction bearing car going into ACL shops for major repairs is switched to roller bearings. New "Roller Freight" cars plus conversions give ACL *6,707* cars on Timken roller bearings. ACL now has 21% of its freight car fleet rolling on roller bearings.

Timken bearings end the hot box problem caused by overheated friction bearings, the No. 1 cause of freight train delays. Timken bearings do away with hot boxes because they *roll* the load, instead

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7 out of 10 roller bearing freight cars roll on Timken bearings

more freight cars on TIMKEN® bearings

of sliding it. They can cut terminal bearing inspection time 90%, slash lubricant costs as much as 95%.

Like ACL, 53 other railroad and private car owners have seen the advantages of "Roller Freight" to cut costs and improve service. More and more are considering the switch. When all railroads go "Roller Freight", they'll save an estimated $224 million a year, earn about a 22% net annual return on the investment. "Roller Freight" is *rolling*. And all America benefits! The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton 6, Ohio. Cable address: "TIMROSCO".

Only TIMKEN TRADE-MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. *bearings*

roll so true, have such quality thru-&-thru

©1956 THE TRB CO.

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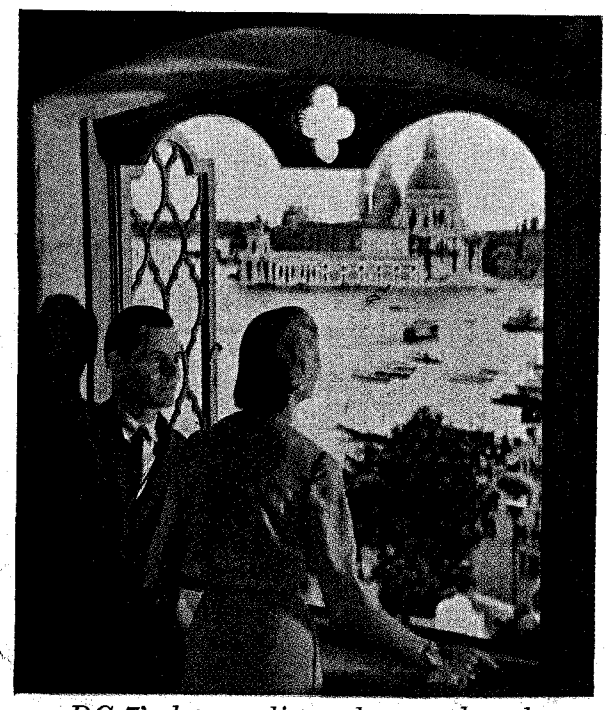
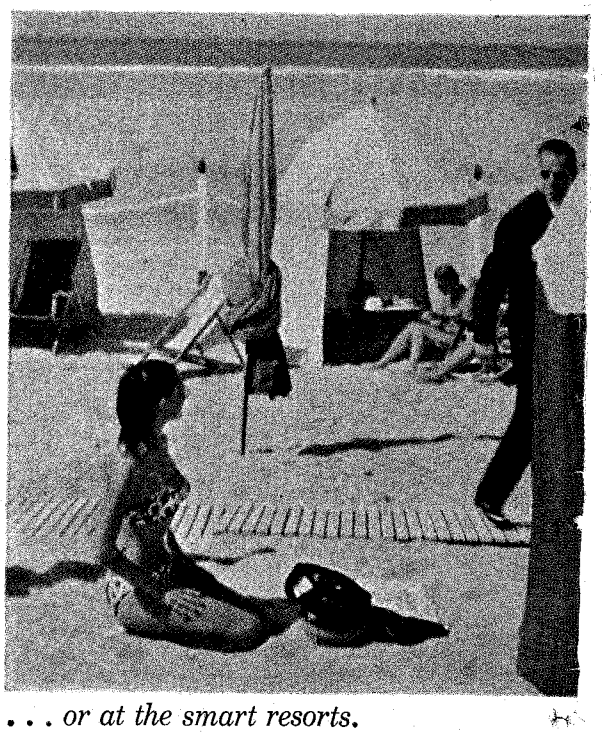
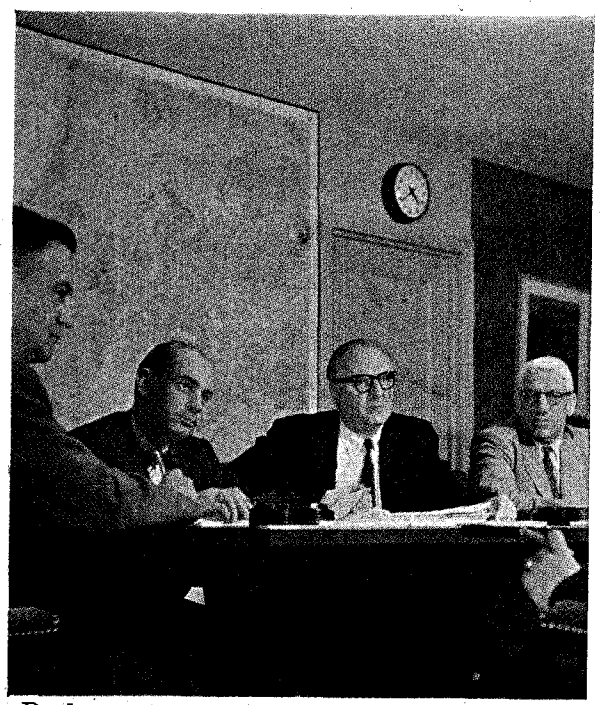


DC-7's let you linger longer abroad . . .

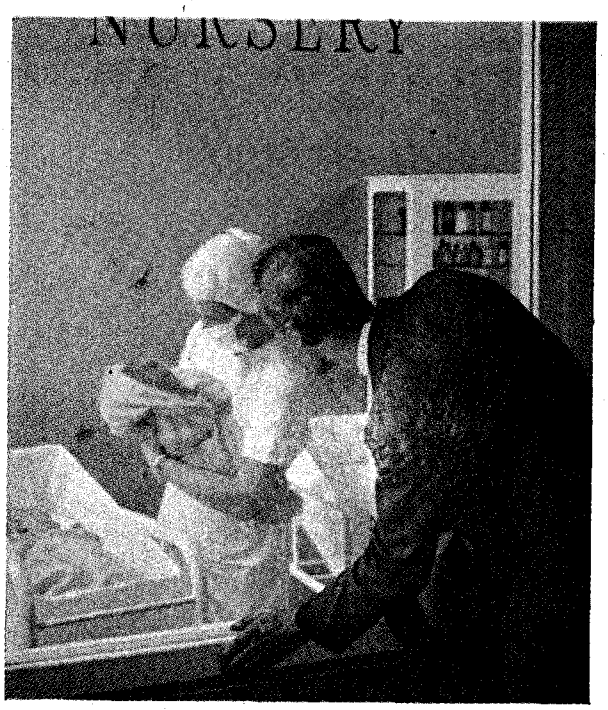
. . . in the romantic old cities . . .



. . . or at the smart resorts.



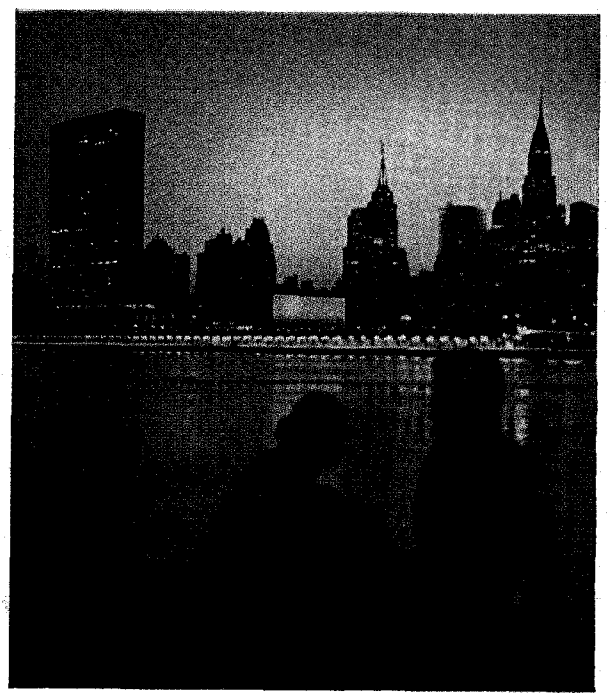
Dads away on business trips . . .



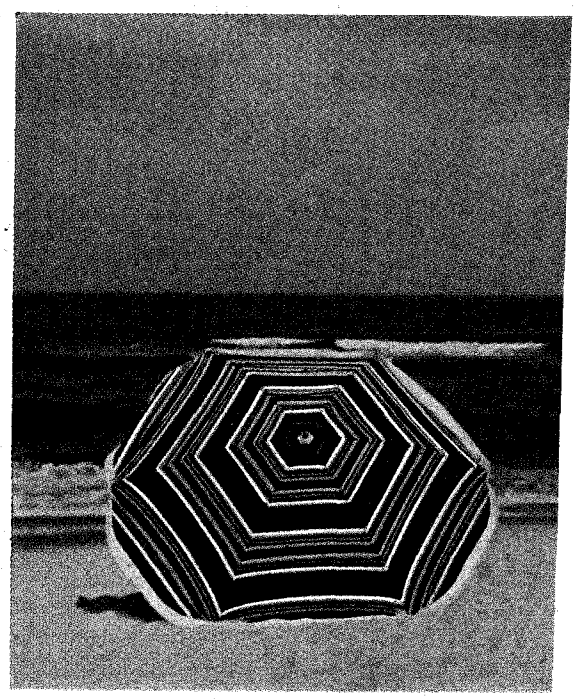
. . . want to get home in a hurry . . .

. . . and the fastest way is by DC-7.

DC-7's speed the guests to the wedding . . .



. . . then the newlyweds to the Big Town . . .



. . . or away from all the world.

These airlines fly the fast, luxurious, four-engine Douglas DC-6, DC-6B, or new DC-7 series airplanes: AEROLINEAS ARGENTINAS • *ALASKA AIRLINES • ALITALIA • AMERICAN AIR LIN EASTERN AIR LINES • JAPAN AIR LINES • KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES • LINEA AEREA NACIONAL DE CHILE • LINEE AEREE ITALIANE • *MARITIME CENTRAL AIRWAYS, LTD. • MEXICANA DE AVIACION • NATIONAL AIRLIN TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD. • †TRANS AMERICAN AIRLINES • TRANSPORTS AERIENS INTERCONTINENTAUX • UNION AEROMARITIME DE TRANSPORT • UNITED AIR LINES • WESTERN AIR LINES • *Cargo Service Only*: FLYI

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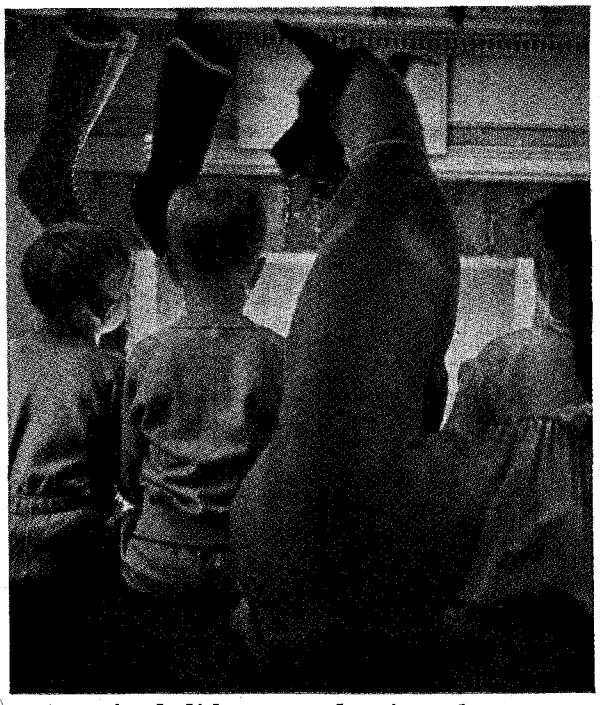
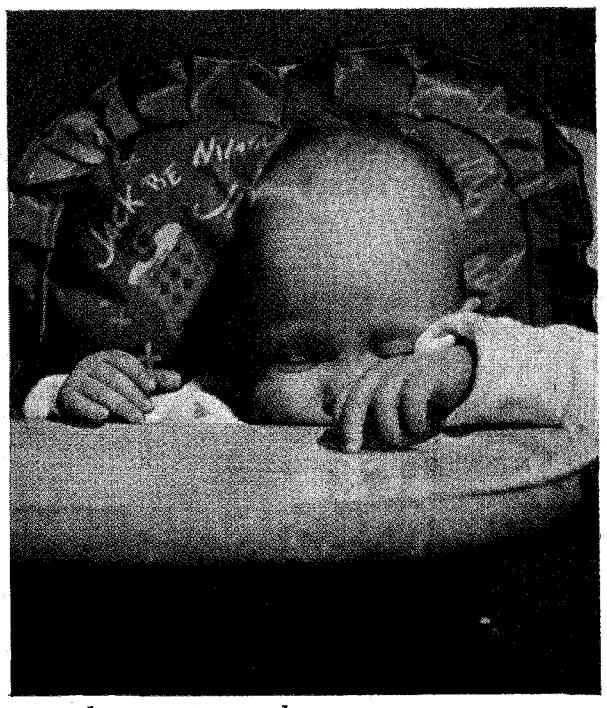
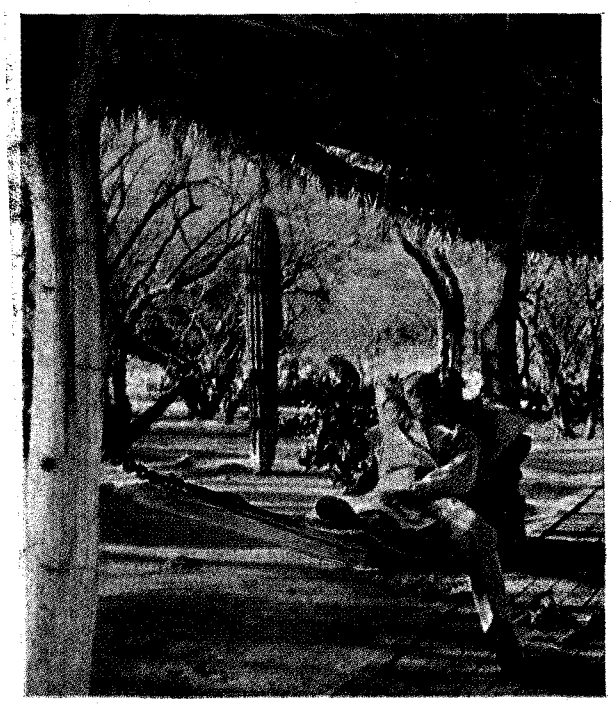
DC-7's bring families together . . .



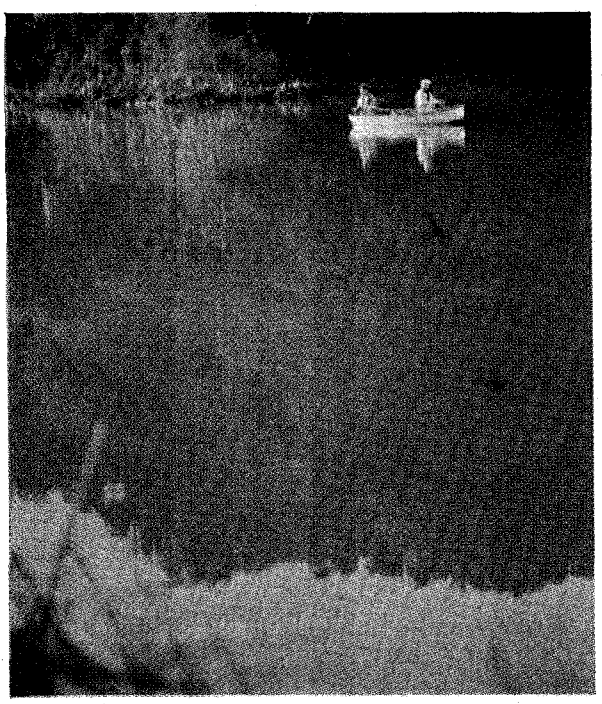
. . . for holidays—and to introduce . . .



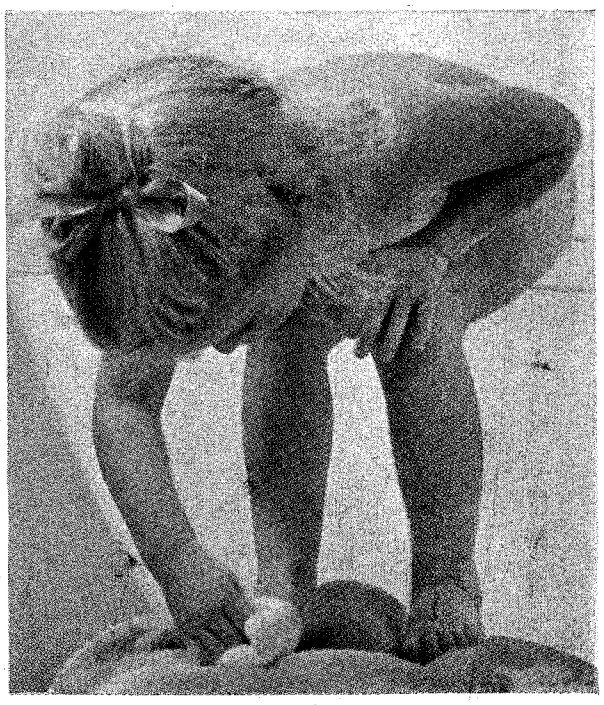
. . . the newest members.



Fastest way to a slower pace . . .



. . . DC-7's are the choice of fishermen . . .



. . . and bathing beauties, too.

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Nothing beats the DC-7—world's fastest airliner

You go up to *50 mph faster* in the new DC-7 than in any other airliner—its top speed is 410! You fly in luxury, too, with scores of new comforts, new conveniences.

Next time, be sure to go by DC-7. See why more people fly Douglas than all other airplanes *combined*.

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Now! An Electric Range

Sauce won't separate!

Presto Electric Sauce Pan watches your cooking! Long-cooked foods won't burn, macaroni or rice won't boil over, sauces won't separate. Food stays warm without overcooking. Metal cover included.

$13.95*

Dutch Treat, automatically!

Presto Electric Dutch Oven. At last, a Dutch Oven with no washing problems! Delicious meats or one-dish meals, automatically! Metal cover included.

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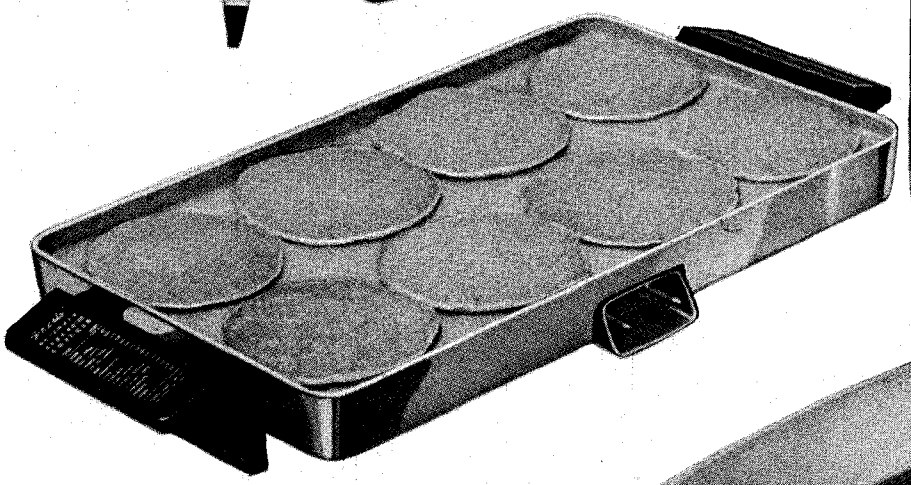

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Presto Electric Griddle. Sit at the table and cook perfect pancakes, hamburgers, sausages. Enjoy greaseless foods because exclusive slide-out drip tray drains off fat.

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Presto Electric Fry Pans. Bacon eggs, hamburgers, just right every time! Two convenient sizes for controlled-heat cooking; big 11-inch size or companion 9-inch size.

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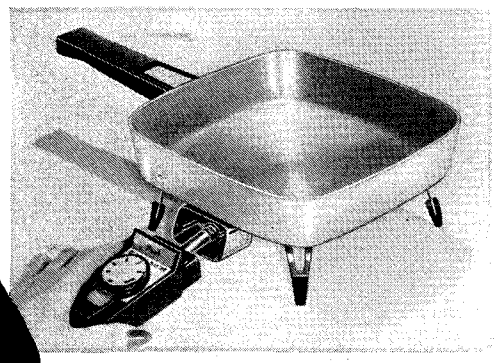
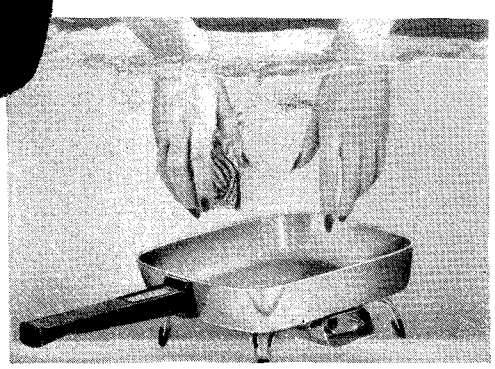
in the palm of your hand !

This one $6.95* Control-Master operates 6 new submersible appliances that fry, grill, bake, roast, stew, simmer and pressure cook—automatically!



PLUGS IN to make *any* Control-Master appliance automatic. One Control-Master operates all six. You save $6.95 with each appliance you add!



DETACHES so each appliance washes under water, handle and all. No worry about handles slipping; wash Control-Master appliances without a care!

Think of the best cooking days you've ever had. The days when the bacon slices are straight and evenly brown; the pancakes light and lacy; the pot roast tender with good beef juices. That's the way cooking can be every day, and all you need is one palm-size Control-Master that brings you automatic cooking for just $6.95.

An electric cooking brain

The Control-Master plugs in to each of six different appliances to cook by controlled heat. You set the temperature, the Control-Master keeps it constant, turns heat up or down as needed. You won't have to keep peeking, prodding, turning. Never again will good food burn while your back is turned! Never again will you have to guess at proper cooking temperatures. Select the heat setting that suits you and your family, and dial it every time for the same perfect results.

Thermostat, pilot light, and heat settings are all in the Control-Master instead of the appliance. That means each Presto appliance can be washed separately, without a care, completely under water.

Save $6.95 on each appliance you add!

One Control-Master runs the entire family of appliances. Once you own it, you save $6.95 on the next appliance you buy, and the next. You could spend hundreds of dollars for an electric range just to get the controlled heat features you enjoy with carefree, economical, portable Control-Master Appliances.

Gift shopping? You couldn't find a gift newer or more exciting. And you'll be solving future gift problems, too, because you can keep adding to her set of Control-Master appliances on each gift occasion. Find out more at your Presto dealer's!

Presto®
Control-Master®
APPLIANCES

NATIONAL PRESTO INDUSTRIES, INC.

Eau Claire, Wisconsin

*MANUFACTURER'S RECOMMENDED RETAIL OR FAIR TRADE PRICE, FED. TAX INCL.
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

Meals 3 times faster!

Presto Electric Pressure Cooker. Just set it and forget it; complete meals 3 times faster. The first submersible automatic pressure cooker **$19.95*** saves money, retains vitamins and minerals, aids digestion.

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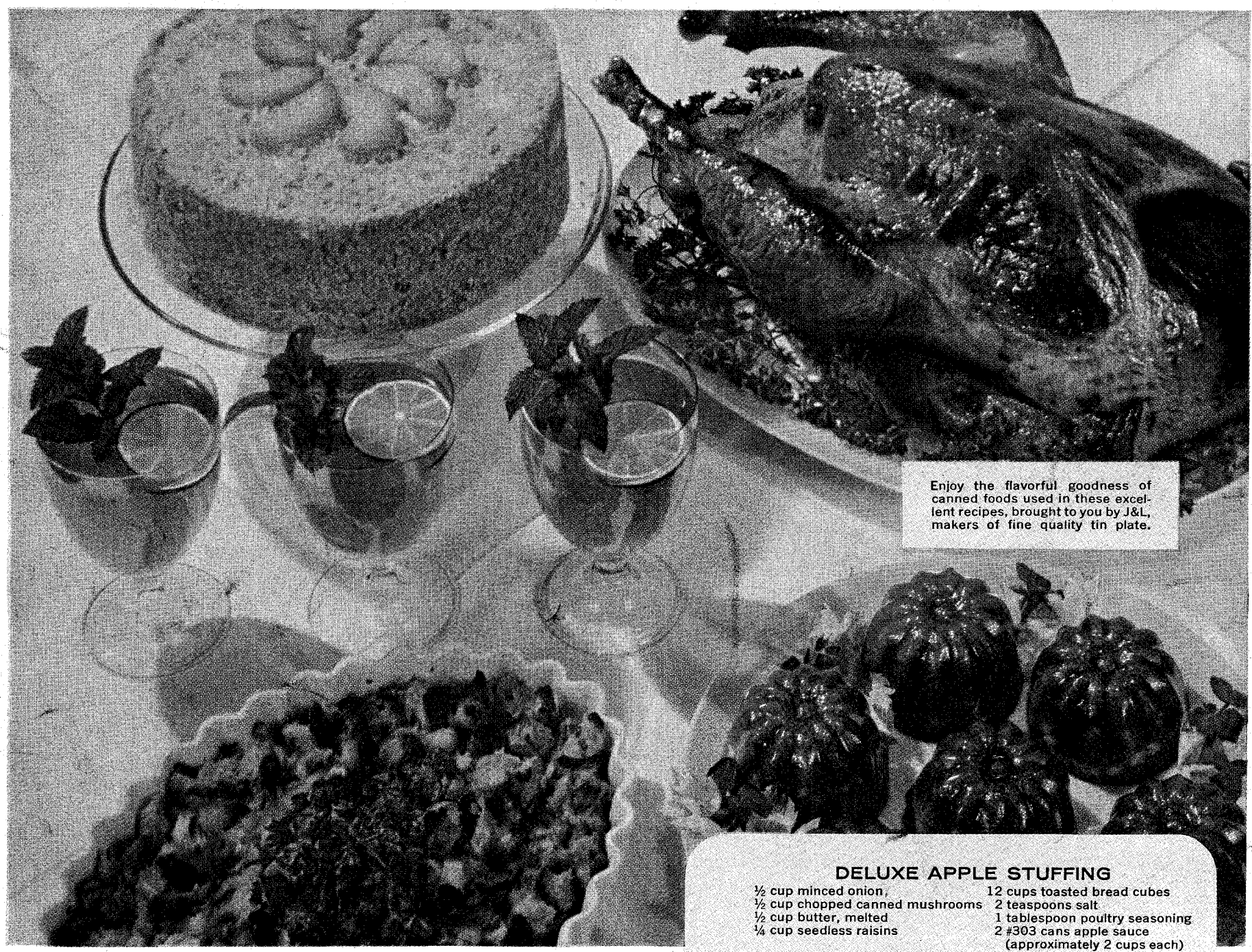
Happy Holidays with Canned Apple Treats



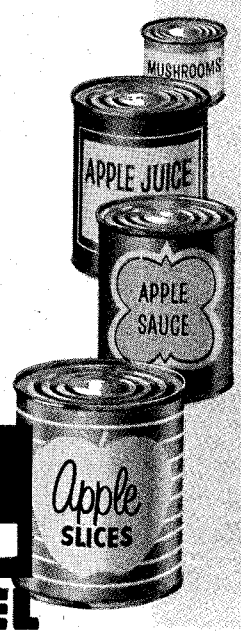
Enjoy the flavorful goodness of canned foods used in these excellent recipes, brought to you by J&L, makers of fine quality tin plate.

New recipes for a full-course Holiday dinner!

Here's a wonderful new way to add "something different" to your holiday turkey dinner this year—with canned apples! Start with an apple juice cocktail . . . stuff your turkey with a tempting new apple sauce dressing . . . serve a jellied apple sauce salad . . . then top off the meal with cream cheese cake made with delectable canned apple slices.

The new dressing's different and delicious! The piquant flavor of apples enhances the taste of your turkey and adds enjoyment to the entire meal. Neither too moist nor too dry, this dressing is just right for spooning—and so simple to fix!

You can enjoy this dinner on a budget, too, because canned foods are your best buy. So many of your favorite foods are packed in handy, easy-to-store "tin" cans, which are really 99% steel. And billions of these cans are made every year from tin plate supplied by J & L—one of the major suppliers of tin plate to can manufacturers.



Jones & Laughlin
STEEL CORPORATION · PITTSBURGH

J&L STEEL

DELUXE APPLE STUFFING

½ cup minced onion
½ cup chopped canned mushrooms
½ cup butter, melted
¼ cup seedless raisins
12 cups toasted bread cubes
2 teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon poultry seasoning
2 #303 cans apple sauce (approximately 2 cups each)

Brown onions and mushrooms in butter; add raisins, toasted bread cubes, salt and poultry seasoning. Mix well. Add apple sauce. Enough stuffing for 12 pound turkey. Any left over stuffing can be put into a covered casserole and baked with turkey for about 30 minutes at 325°F.

JELLIED APPLE SAUCE SALAD

2 envelopes unflavored gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¾ cup boiling water
1 #303 can apple sauce (approximately 2 cups)
1½ cups diced celery
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar
⅓ cup prepared horseradish
Red vegetable coloring
Mayonnaise
6 maraschino cherries
Salad greens

Soften gelatine in cold water; add boiling water; stir until dissolved. Add apple sauce, celery, lemon juice, salt, sugar and horseradish; mix well. Tint mixture an attractive red color using a few drops of red vegetable coloring. Pour mixture into individual molds, which have been rinsed in cold water. Chill until firm. Unmold on plate. Top each with a spoonful of mayonnaise and a maraschino cherry. Garnish plate with light green celery leaves, water cress or chicory. Yields 6 molds.

CREAMY CHEESE CAKE

1 6 oz. package zwieback
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ cup melted butter
1 #2 can apple slices (2½ cups)
⅓ cup brown sugar
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 pound cream cheese
¾ cup fine granulated sugar
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 eggs, separated
½ cup milk
½ cup heavy cream

Roll zwieback into fine crumbs; add ¼ cup sugar and cinnamon. Blend in butter; reserve ¼ cup of mixture for topping. Press crumbs firmly on bottom and sides of greased 8" or 9" spring form pan. Combine apple slices, brown sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon rind and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Cook slowly until apples are rather soft and transparent. Drain apple slices and save several for garnish; put remaining apple slices in bottom of crumb lined pan. Mash cream cheese; beat until light and fluffy. Sift together fine sugar, flour and salt; add to cheese mixture. Beat egg yolk until thick and lemon colored; add 1 teaspoon lemon rind and 1 tablespoon lemon juice; add to cheese mixture. Gradually add milk and cream; mix well. Beat egg whites stiff; fold in. Pour over apples in pan; sprinkle with remaining crumbs. Bake in moderate oven 350°F., for 1½ hours. Cool 1 hour in oven. Cool. Just before serving, garnish top with remaining apple slices.

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The Saturday Evening POST

FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

When Jack heard a step behind him, he almost whirled around. "I beg your pardon," a voice said.

One of fiction's favorite sleuths of all time, the inscrutable Mr. Moto, reappears at last in this exciting adventure by an eminent and versatile American . . .

RENDEZVOUS IN TOKYO

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

Author of The Late George Apley and other prize-winning novels

PART ONE

Jack Rhyce had not expected to see the Russians in San Francisco. The word in Washington had been that Mr. Molotov and his delegation would have left the city several hours before his arrival, and no one could have notified Rhyce of the change of plans without creating undue attention. It had also been a mistake to make a reservation at the Mark Hopkins Hotel, but they had said categorically in Washington that the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the United Nations would be over. Instead, the Russians were just leaving the Mark Hopkins when Rhyce arrived by taxi from the airport. There was hardly time for him to get his bags out before the driver was shooed away by a police escort, and there was nothing left for him to do but stand in the small crowd that was gathering.

"It's the Russians," the bellboy said.

"What?" Jack Rhyce asked. "The Russians aren't staying here, are they?"

"No, sir," the bellboy said, "but Mr. Molotov has been having a cocktail with Secretary Dulles."

"Well," Rhyce said, "good for Mr. Molotov."

It would have looked conspicuous if he had moved backward. The guards were coming out and grouping themselves around the leading limousine. Russian features were hard to classify, and he had been

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out of touch with the problem for quite a while, but he was sure two of them were officers high up in the NKVD. He could only hope that the recognition was not mutual; not that there would have been any great harm in it. After all, nothing could have been more natural than that he should be in San Francisco at this particular time. Still, he would have felt easier if he had not encountered the Russians just when he was on the point of flying to Japan.

"The one with the glasses is Mr. Molotov," the bellboy said.

Jack Rhyce had not seen Mr. Molotov for quite a while, but he was not likely to forget him, with or without glasses, since they had met twice on social occasions and had once exchanged jokes over caviar and vodka, at the end of the war, when Rhyce had been traveling with one of the American missions. His expression was exactly the same as it had been in Moscow when he had slapped Jack Rhyce on the shoulder.

"Young man," Mr. Molotov had said, "let us touch glasses in token of a lasting friendship between our two countries."

"This is a great honor, sir," Jack Rhyce had answered.

"No, no," Mr. Molotov said. "You and I both are men."

"Yes, excellency," Jack Rhyce said, "and all men are brothers."

He was younger in those days, with a lot to learn. He had made his last speech in Russian,

Illustrated by William A. Smith

"Young man," Mr. Molotov said, "let us touch glasses in token of a lasting friendship between our two countries."

when the foreign minister had been speaking in English.

"Young man," Mr. Molotov had said, "you speak Russian not badly."

Jack Rhyce instantly realized that by showing off his Russian, simply because he was proud of being top of a language class, he had called attention to himself. His chief had spoken to him very roughly about it afterward, and the chief had been absolutely right.

There was no way for him to discover whether any of the Russian party recognized him or not. Mr. Molotov, beaming, waved to the crowd. Then the car door closed. They had his dossier, of course, but they had him connected with Washington and Berlin. There was no reason whatsoever for them to believe that he was going to the Orient. Still he wished that he had not seen the Russians.

Jack Rhyce had been a guest in so many hotels that he could instantly catch the atmosphere of any place in which he stopped and could immediately fit into its background. For heaven's sake, as the chief had once told him, never chaffer too long at a hotel reception desk, and as rapidly as possible get up to your room, and never be seen hanging aimlessly around the lobby. Experience had taught Jack Rhyce that the chief nearly always was absolutely right.

"Would you please hand me my brief case, son?" he told the bellboy.

The way you handled a brief case could make you look like a traveling salesman or a corporation lawyer. It was better at the moment, Jack Rhyce thought, to be placed as a corporation lawyer. He printed his name carefully in block letters on the registration card.

"The name is Rhyce," he said, "John O. Rhyce, from Washington, D. C. I don't suppose you have any letters waiting for me? Or telegrams or messages?" He spoke in a gentle, cultivated voice whose accent was difficult to identify.

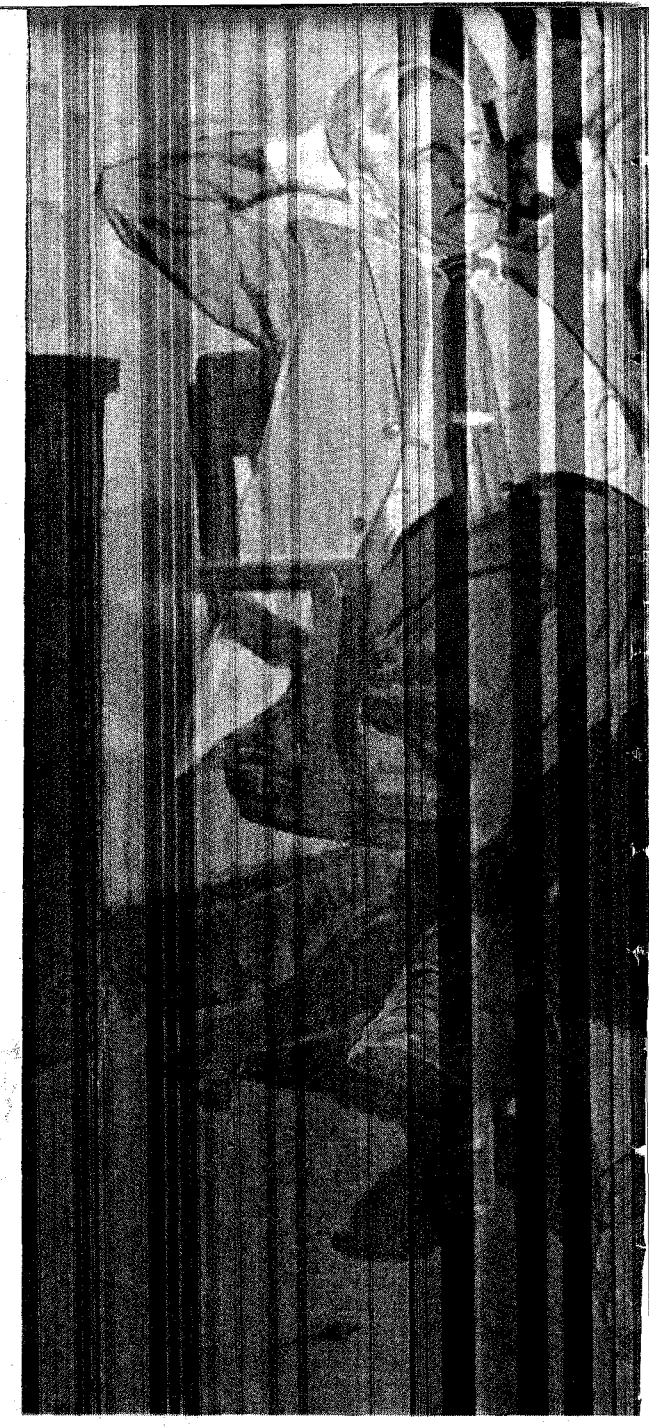
"No messages, Mr. Rhyce," the clerk said, "but we do have your reservation. . . . Front, Room Five-fifteen." . . .

If his guess was right, he would be in the middle of the corridor, and he always slept more soundly there than at either end. It was a pleasant, airy room which looked toward the bay.

"Well, thanks, son," Jack Rhyce said. "That extra quarter is for showing me Mr. Molotov."

Until the bellboy left, he stood gazing admiringly at the view, but as soon as the door was closed he started on a tour of inspection which was as routine as a plane checkup. No transom, the door lock sound and in good order, no balconies or closely adjoining windows, no air shaft in the bathroom. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, ample time in which to make a final appraisal of all his personal effects before he went to dinner.

First he examined his passport. Unlike several others that he had carried, it told his true history except for his occupation—height five feet eleven, hair light brown, eyes blue, no distinguishing marks or features. His place of birth was Lincoln, Nebraska, where his mother and his elder sister still lived, as a matter of fact. His date of birth was January 13, 1920. His occupation was educator. A good deal of thought had been given to his photograph, and the general result was useful, in that it only



vaguely resembled him. There was no disguising his high broad forehead, or the arch of his eyebrows, or the firmness of his jaw, but if he changed his expression he could repudiate the whole document, if necessary.

Next, he turned to his brief case. He had been taught and he understood the great importance of cover. The proper odds and ends and letters in a brief case could be of the utmost value, and one of the rules of the game was that one never could be too careful with cover details.

The latest advices were that Japan was getting hot again, and with a tensing in the Pacific area there was bound to be increased interest in any strange American in one of several quarters. Thus he expected and hoped that someone would go through his personal effects, either during his stopover in Hawaii or directly after his arrival in Tokyo, and the sooner this happened the better, as far as he was concerned.

He placed his brief case on the writing table and drew out its contents, placing the items in a neat row. He was satisfied with the way everything looked. There was, for instance, a small box of deodorant powder which confirmed his new personality, since affable people who wished to please dreaded perspiration. The New Testament which was also in the brief case he had felt was too obvious by itself, and he had compromised by adding a small volume of the sayings of Buddha, published by

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the Oxford University Press. Both these volumes were also well worn, with many cogent passages marked in his own writing. The letters indicating his family background gave him particular pleasure. He could not forget the work which had gone into the one from Omaha, Nebraska. Not only the words but the handwriting accurately revealed the writer's character. It read:

Dear, darling Bunny: I am so pleased and so proud that this wonderful chance has come to you after so many years of working so hard for other people. I know you don't know much about the Japanese, any more than I do. But we both know their hearts are in the right place. I would be worried about the Oriental women that you are going to meet over there if I did not have a mother's knowledge of a devoted son. Send me a post card every day, and happy landings. MUMSIE.

Although Jack Rhyce admitted that the letter might seem exaggerated, at the same time, people who skimmed through brief cases often required definite leads, and the Oedipus complex was universal. After all, there could be little sinister about a mother's boy.

The second letter was written in a girlish hand on the stationery of the Department of Sociology of Goucher College. It read:

Dear Jackie: I'm going to miss you terribly. But seriously, sweetie, although I don't like to be a "bore," I do think the time has come for you to make up your mind. This doesn't mean that I don't love you dearly, sweetie, but a girl can't stay waiting all the time for any man, can she? I know your mother is a darling, but honestly, I don't feel that she need interfere with a happy marriage. But we both have to do our part. I simply can't do everything. And so as you wing your way over the ocean, I hope ——

Jack Rhyce did not read the rest of it, because he was familiar with the contents.

Both letters showed signs of constant reading. For the past two weeks he had spent a half hour perusing them before going to sleep, and his fingerprints proved it.

Connecting him with the Asia Friendship League had been the chief's idea. It happened that the chief had known the man who had given the money to form the league. He was a Texas oil millionaire named Gus Tremaine, who had established a charitable trust for tax purposes. He was most co-operative after the chief had talked to him, and he had called and written the chairman of the Asia Friendship League personally. Jack Rhyce now had the letter written to him, as a result, on the league's letterhead.

Dear Mr. Rhyce: It is a real delight to hear from Mr. Gus Tremaine that he has commissioned you, on his behalf, to make a survey of our work in the Orient, and to write a general report for him. This is just the sort of thing we like, and we like it all the better when it shows Mr. Tremaine's interest. The main ideal behind our organization, endorsed by all the fine people whose names you see on the left margin of this letter, is in one word—good will. Our concept is simply to help folks to help themselves.

Well, anticipating a word from you, and looking forward to being of any help to you in any way I can, in what I honestly predict will be for you a real eye-opening adventure,

Cordially yours,

CHAS. K. HARRINGTON.

This letter also showed signs of repeated reading. It had interested Jack Rhyce from the beginning.

As soon as he had received the Harrington letter, Jack Rhyce had asked to see the chief, who listened carefully when Jack had read it aloud.

"Well," the chief said, "what's so funny about it?"

"I didn't say it sounded funny," Jack Rhyce said. "I said I thought it sounded phony."

"I wish you wouldn't bother me about these details, Buster," the chief said. "We're giving it everything we've got, and then, when we come up with something, you merely say it's phony."

"I only mean," Jack Rhyce said, "I sort of get the idea that this whole Friendship League setup sounds a little too good to be true."

"Have you read their literature yet?"

"No, sir."

"Well, read it," the chief said, "before you make any snap judgments. Of course, it sounds like a front (Continued on Page 55)

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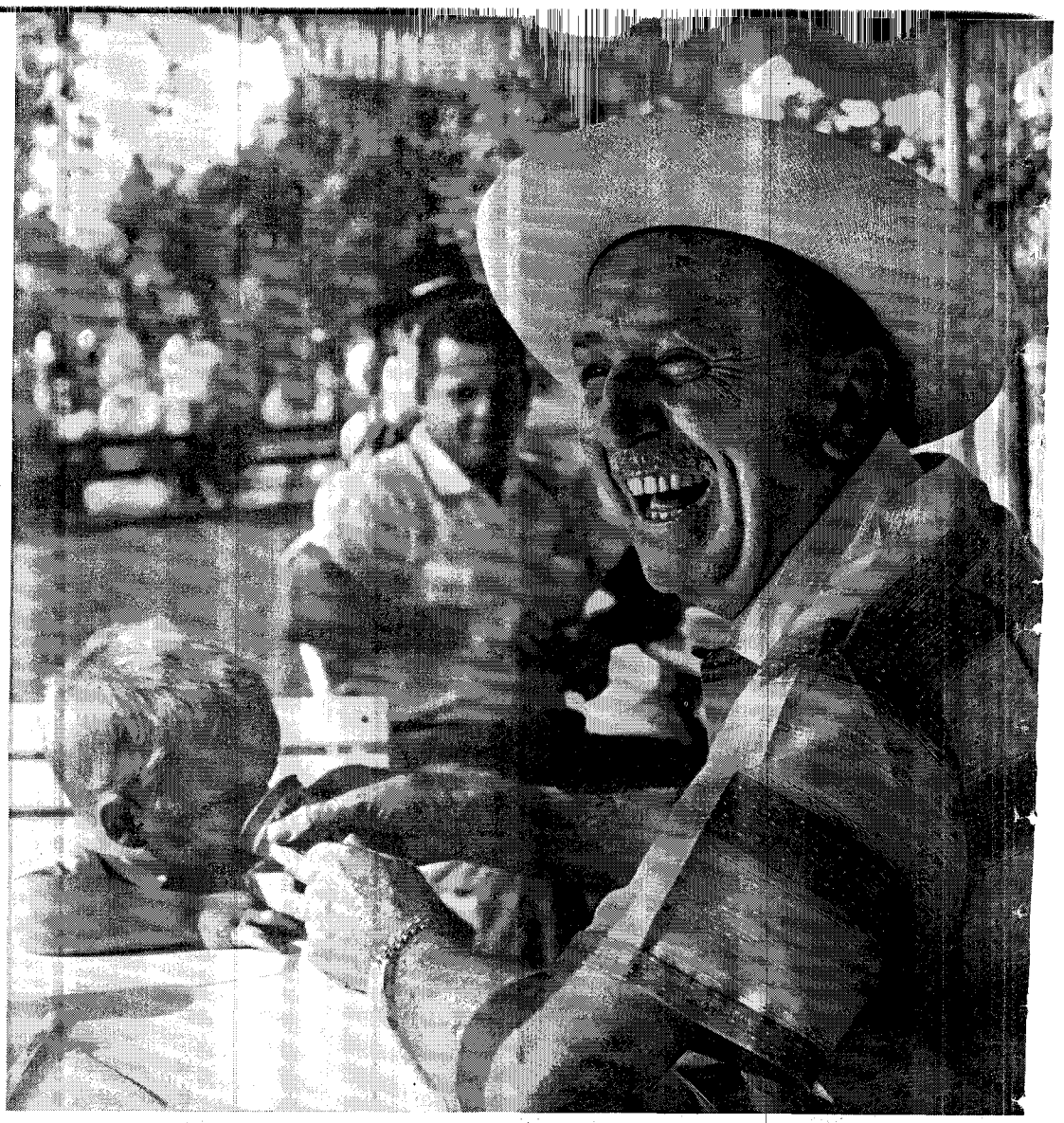
My Dad, Walt Disney

Part Two

Hard Times in Kansas City

By DIANE DISNEY MILLER
as told to Pete Martin



The Walt Disney of today, with hard times long behind him, and his grandson, Chris, at Disneyland.

At the age of twenty-one, Walt was bankrupt—and through with cartooning forever. That's when he decided to give Hollywood a whirl.

The author and her family take a Disneyland Sky Ride. Walt and his wife, Lilly, are behind them.

One of the reasons why I've been elected to tell my Dad Walt Disney's story is that he clings to a stereotyped notion that my younger sister, Sharon, is The Beauty and I am The Brain. I know I'm not The Brain, but Dad thinks I am because I read a lot as a child.

My sister, Sharon, and I have reversed the roles that Dad assigned to us mentally when we were teen-agers. He always said that Sharon would be married and would be a mother first, while I'd be the intellectual-type career woman. Things didn't work out according to Dad's plan. Sharon has begun to pursue a career (modeling) and she's fast becoming an intellectual, what with taking poetry courses.

Still, Dad's always saying to me, "Why don't you wear something feminine, Diane? Why don't you dress like a woman instead of wearing a shirt and blue jeans?" If I do get all gussied up, he doesn't notice it. On the other hand, he listens to what I have to say because of the "intellect" label he's pinned on me, and when Sharon says anything he pays no attention to it. To him, she's just Sharon the Look girl talking.

When Sharon emerges from her room dressed for a date, he looks at her and says, "Everybody look at Sharon! Isn't she lovely? Sharon can really wear clothes." And he often says to me, "Why don't you wear something soft and clinging? You can look like a woman if you try."

And I'm the one who has two babies.

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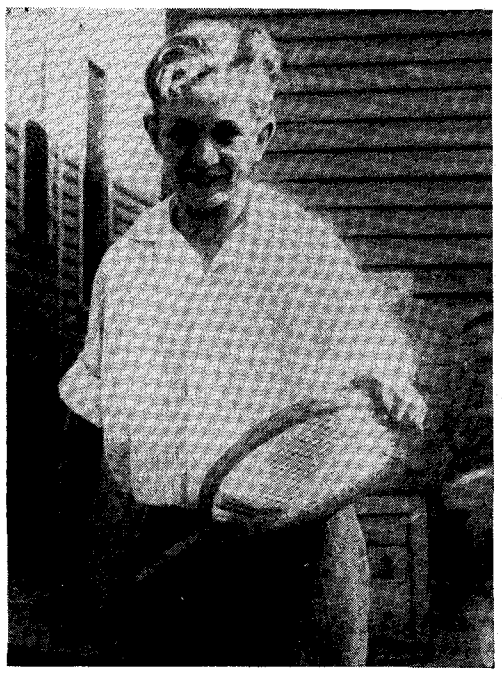
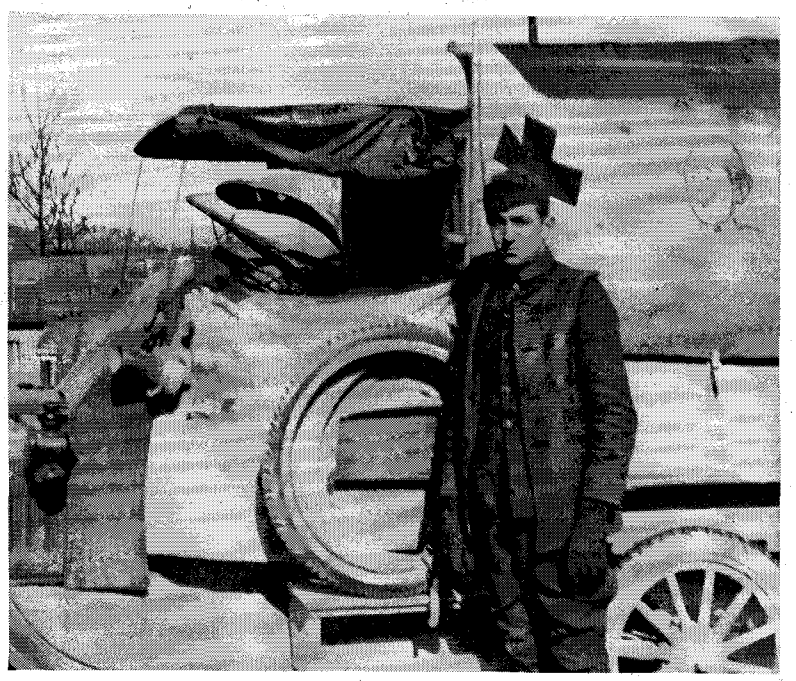
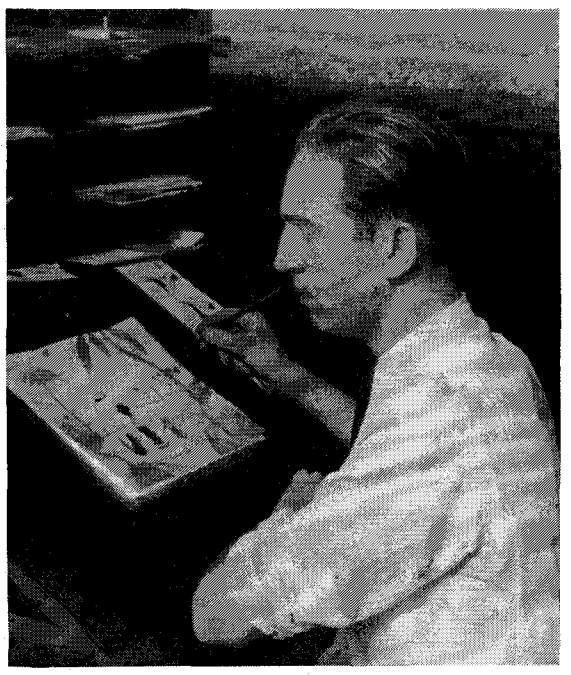
EVEN AS A KID, WALT WANTED TO BE A CARTOONIST



When he was 14 years old (*above*) Walt talked his father into letting him attend art school.

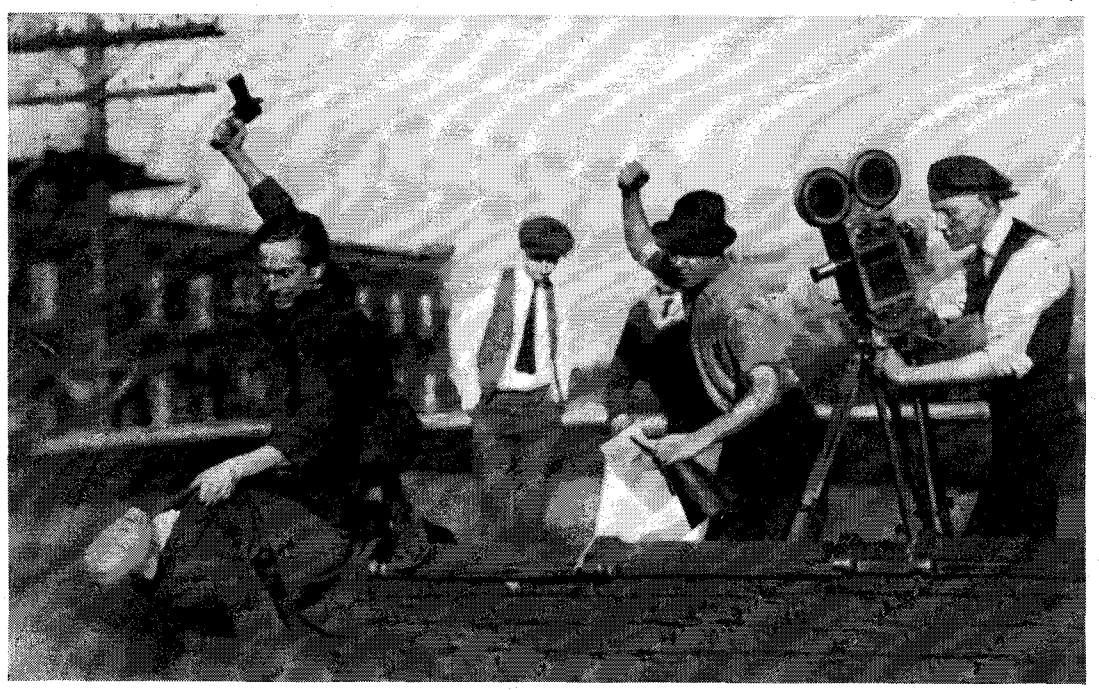


He was too young to enlist in World War I, but went to France as a Red Cross driver. He saved enough money overseas to go into business as an artist.



One of his first projects was a series of animated cartoons called Laugh-O-Grams.

Kansas City, 1922: Walt organized a company to produce short melodramas and cartoon films. When business fell off, Walt (*gun in hand*) turned to acting. However, even this drastic measure failed to save the company.



Early days in Hollywood: Walt (*third from left*) with his brother Roy (*extreme left*) and the staff of Alice in Cartoonland.

It's high time I mentioned my husband, Ron Miller, again, although of course this story is primarily about Dad. After all, I'm married to Ron who's a very promising rookie offensive end on the Los Angeles Rams pro football team. He's the father of my two children, and he's all-important in my life. But it's hard to talk about him without indulging in extremes. He's terribly honest and terribly sincere, and these are the two qualities which attracted me to him first when I met him. I remember that when I was at U.S.C. I was afraid that if a boy fell in love with me, he'd shy away from asking me to marry him because he wouldn't want to stand in my Dad's shadow. Or I'd go to the opposite extreme and suspect boys of taking me out because I was the daughter of a famous man—but when I met Ron it didn't seem possible to me that he would take anyone out whom he didn't really like. He doesn't bother with people to whom he's not really drawn.

Both my parents have liked Ron immensely from the start. What's even more important, they respect him. I think Dad was impressed with the fact that Ron would take no nonsense from me. Dad insists that I'm stubborn and spoiled, and I insist that if I am they are inherited traits (and you know from whom), although I constantly strive to overcome them.

But even if I'm not really a Brain, I'm learning how to pump my father. The trick is to bear in mind that he's proud of his long memory. Prime him with a question about his boyhood, and he'll spill stories by the hour. At least he did it for me.

Recently I opened one of our quiz sessions like this: "Dad, think back. Way back before you created Mickey Mouse. What was the first character you drew? If you can remember."

"I remember perfectly," Dad said. "It was Rupert, a horse."

Rupert, he explained, was not a cartoon invention. He was a real horse. His owner paid Dad to draw Rupert's portrait in colored pencil. Dad was eight years old at the time, and his sketch brought him the first artist's fee of his career—five cents. (Continued on Page 70)

NEXT WEEK . . .

Diane tells about her father's first struggles in Hollywood, where he fell in love with his secretary and decided to make a career out of a mouse.

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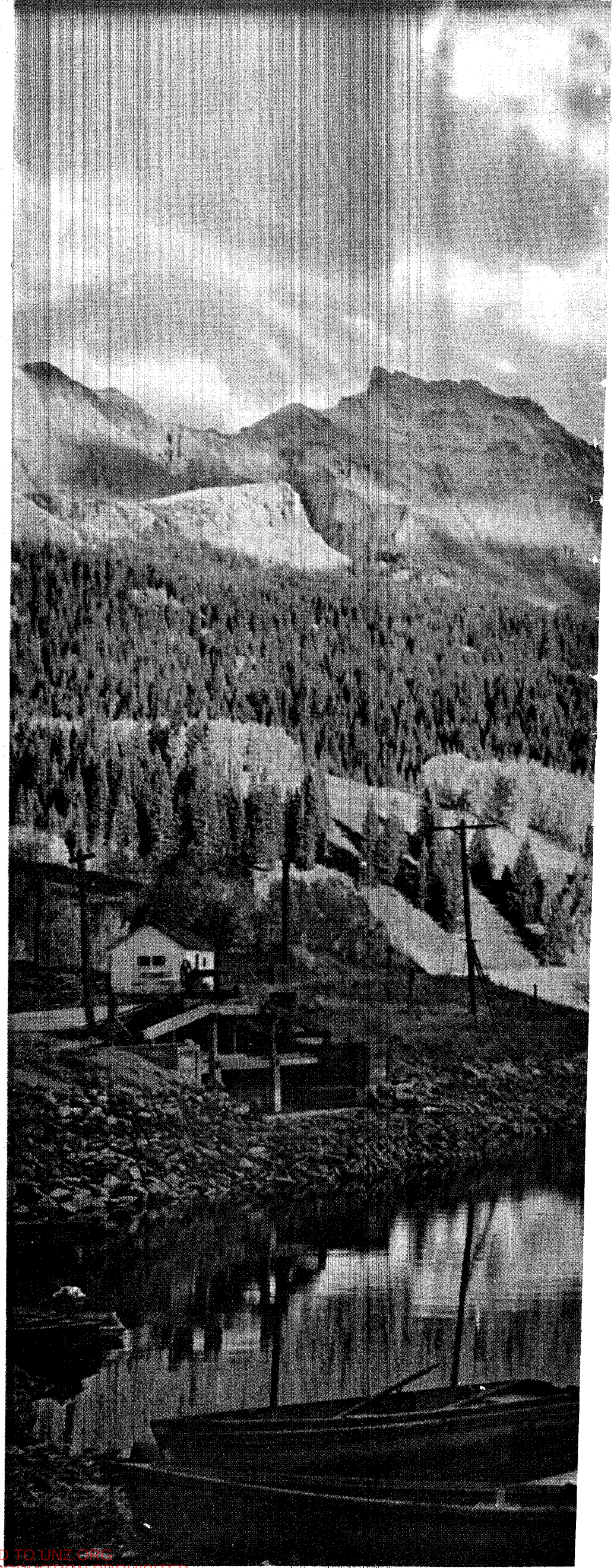
The Face of AMERICA

Unexpected Lake

Nature built some of her most fabulous scenery in the high Rockies of Southwestern Colorado. And mighty adventurers left footprints and fanciful names in these mountains: To westward lie the Rio Dolores—River of Sorrows—and its tributary, the Disappointment. The peaks in the background are named for the Archangel Michael. The people in the foreground are two miles east of Lizard Head Pass, six miles south of Ilium, four miles west of Ophir. This little lake, called Trout Lake, a two-mile-high surprise to the traveler in these unfrequented parts, provides rich sport for anglers—but it's man's doing, not nature's. It is actually a hydroelectric power reservoir. Who lives here? A few vacationists, in the summer; but in the winter no one but Byron Brown and his wife. He tends the dam machinery in the buildings at left for the Western Colorado Power Company. Do the Browns ever get cabin fever from the lonely life? It's too soon to tell. One of Byron's predecessors, Tom Jennings, lived here alone for fifty years, and he liked it fine. ● Photograph by Jack Breed



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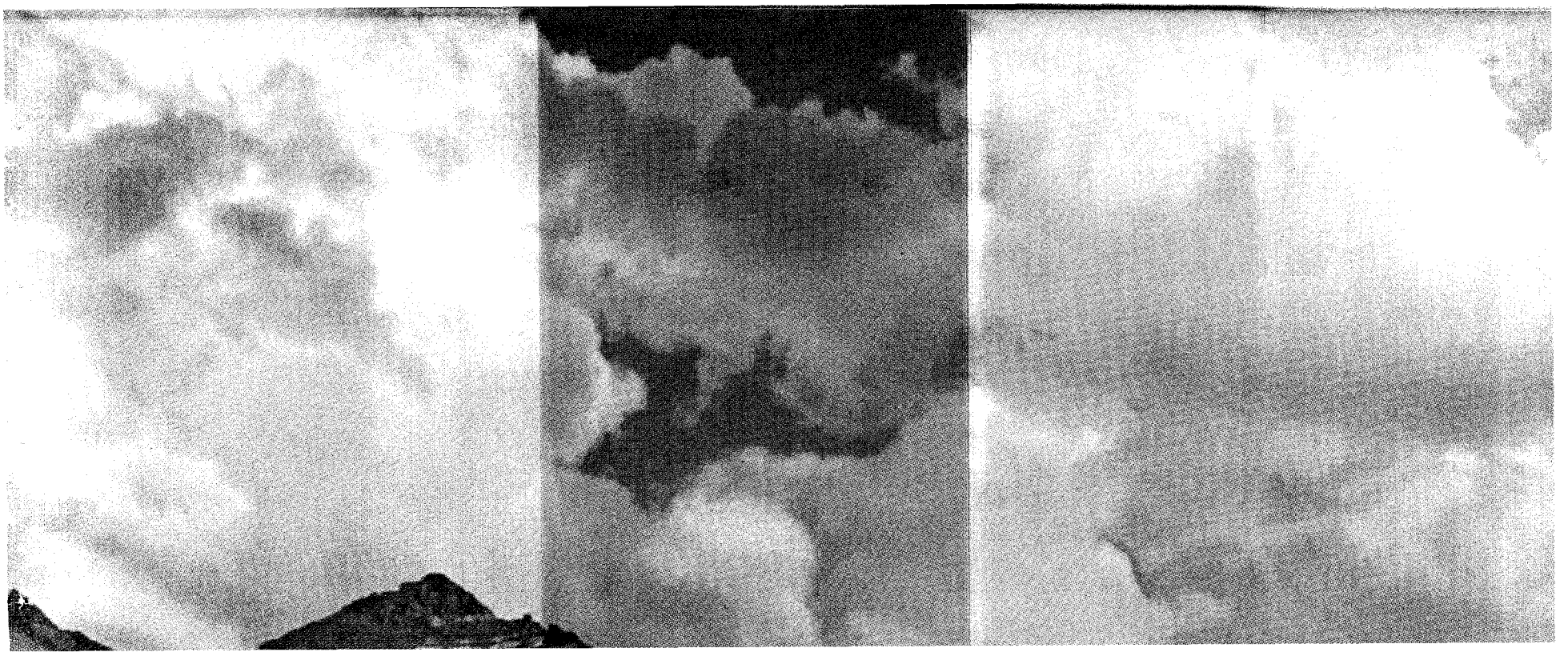

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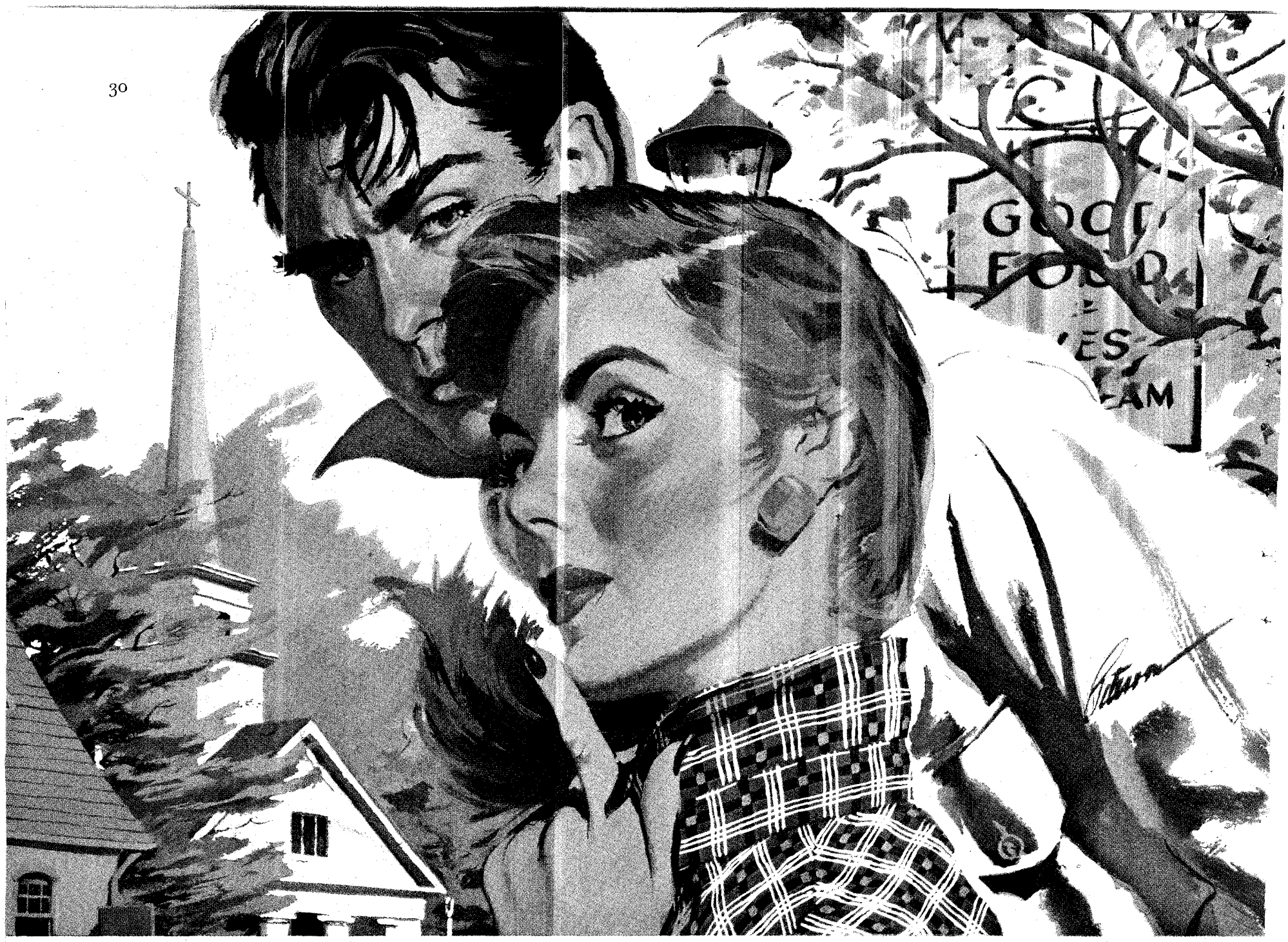

"Miss Willoughby," John tried to explain, "there is nothing personal in the tax."

The Man She Didn't Want

What chance does a guy have with a girl who owes him money?

By RICHARD STERN

Right from the word go there was trouble, as, I think, most anybody but John Bonnyweather might have foreseen. There is something about people who own dogs; or cats or canaries or white mice, for that matter. Come to think of it, there is something about people, period—a fact that had, up to then, escaped John's notice.

The dog census got under way on a Monday at about half-past eight. Luther Perkins phoned his first report in to the town office at ten. Luther played a fair brand of local-high-school basketball and wore his pimples with a certain aplomb and could high-jump close to six feet, which, under the circumstances, was lucky.

"I'm doin' pretty well," he said, a little breathless. "Eighteen dogs, one bite and three near misses. Just thought I'd let you know. I'm headed for the Willoughby place now."

"It is not necessary," John said, "that you come in contact with the dogs, Luther. This is not a poll. Merely canvass the owners and find how many dogs they have, and what sex."

Luther stood his ground. "You've got it wrong side to. The dogs come in contact with me. There's one poodle who's tried to get himself counted three times. You'd think he was votin' for his brother-in-law, or maybe even runnin' for office."

"That will do," John said. "Carry on."

"Old Doc Willoughby's place," Luther said. "Remember that. In case I don't come back. He has a horse pistol and a temper."

"Nonsense," John said, and he hung up and returned to his other official duties.

It is not a large town, ours, but John had the idea that some of the slack could be shaken out of it. He was right, of course, as far as that went. A town needs taxes—among others, dog-license fees—and the elected administrations, being composed of local people, neighbors, so to speak, had been a mite careless in the dog-license-fee matter. The census was a logical idea; it was even legal. John Bonnyweather was not a man to let matters slide.

It was ten o'clock, as I have said, when Luther's call came in. It was not quite eleven when Sue Willoughby, the old man's granddaughter, appeared. (Continued on Page 111)

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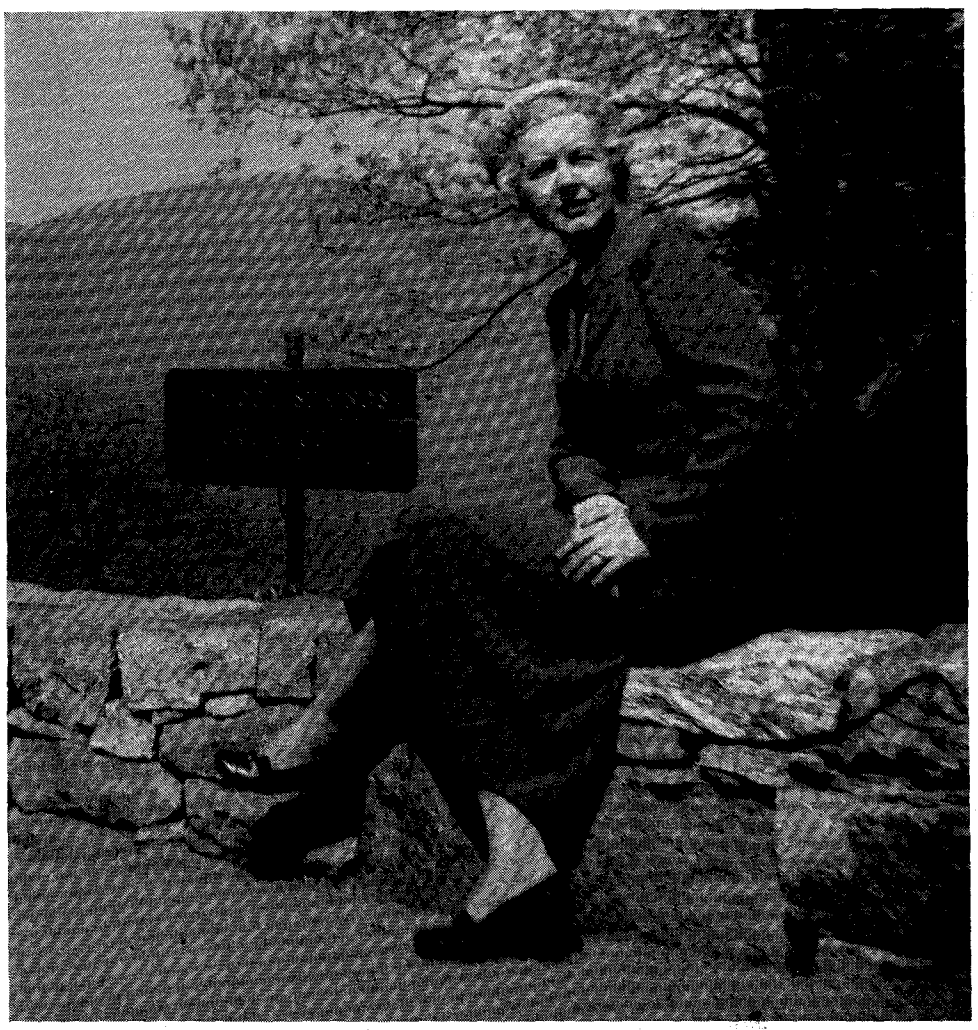
My Wife Died of Cancer

By JAMES B. BALL

A husband tells how his wife faced her last days. She left an unforgettable message for the living.



Mrs. James B. Ball. She refused to give in to despair in the face of death.

My wife was a recent victim of cancer. A few days after her death I found among the papers in her desk a message she wanted to share with others. It was written, as she carefully penciled on the manuscript, "to help someone else facing a similar situation."

Word that Ruth had cancer came to me by long-distance telephone. She had gone from Indiana, where we had recently moved, to her former doctors in Chicago for a minor facial operation while I was on a business trip in the East. My call to her surgeon brought the shocking news. I joined Ruth at the hospital as quickly as possible. It was lymphosarcoma, essentially a disease of the lymph system, we were told.

Her doctors are noted for aggressive measures in dealing with cancer, which accorded with our wishes. Maximum X ray, with its painful aftereffects, was prescribed in an effort to localize the disease. "A terrific dose," was the comment of the radiologist who administered it.

There followed three months of, by turns, hope and anxiety for both of us; and for Ruth, pain and emotional tension produced by her fight against a weariness that was at times almost overwhelming. Sometimes, in the small hours of night, release was possible only by liberal use of codeine and Scotch whisky.

One evening early in March, with emotional control in delicate balance, she confided, "I'm in trouble again." I made a poor try at reassurance, for there was dismaying evidence that the extreme efforts to check the cancer had failed.

The next day we consulted with the surgeon in Chicago. To Ruth's question as to what was ahead, he gave an answer in which the death sentence was adroitly expressed. "There's no cure, of course. We'll do occasional surgery of a 'cherry picking' rather than an exhaustive nature. Your prospect is comparable to setting out to swim the English Channel. Not many can make it, but anyone can try. If you want to make a try for it, we'll go along with you. Check in at the hospital tomorrow. We'll operate the following morning, using a general anesthetic."

From that moment a change came over her. Release from emotional tension was apparent. That evening in our hotel room she spoke calmly of our parting and her wish that I go on without sorrow or regret. By the time of the operation she had reached such emotional ease that the surgeon's order for general anesthetic was changed to a local for the two-hour session in surgery.

Chemical and drug therapy were started after surgery. The doctors' report to me was that she would have two years at most and this was later confirmed by consultants. I withheld this fact from Ruth, but I know now, from the message she left, that she knew intuitively what was ahead far better than I—better, even, than her doctors. Actually, we were to have five months together.

After our return home, Ruth supervised decoration of a little house we had bought. We moved into it on April twentieth, her fifty-first birthday. The emotional calm which had come with the doctor's pronouncement remained with her. She accepted her growing weakness, recognized that she was equal to one major activity each day, and with frequent rest periods accomplished much—arranging kitchen and closets, adapting curtains, draperies and furnishings where funds didn't suffice for new.

We made the most of a trip to New York for consultation by doctors at Memorial Center, taking our first ride on a DC-7, visiting favorite haunts, and enjoying exciting hours of shopping for our new home. Doing the house together had meant so much to us that Ruth was apprehensive that I might not be able to go on living in it alone.

With mingled hope and doubt we had set a date for an open-house party in June to which Ruth invited some fifty friends. By patient, piecemeal preparations, she made it. The co-operation of thoughtful friends enabled her to feel afterward that her first and last party in her new home had been a modest success.

Later, I was to know, by the date on the message she left, that it was written a few days after this party, during my absence on a trip, some six weeks before the end.

Here it is. She titled it simply:

The Pressure's Off

Now that I know I have cancer of the lymph system, and have had the best therapy and treatment known for this type of cancer, including surgery, chemicals and a great deal of X ray, the pressure's off. I know that it is very likely that present-day knowledge of this type of cancer leaves doctors quite helpless and that it probably cannot be stopped. Someday in the not too distant future. . . .

But do not feel sorry for me. I've had a good life, and now (Continued on Page 122)

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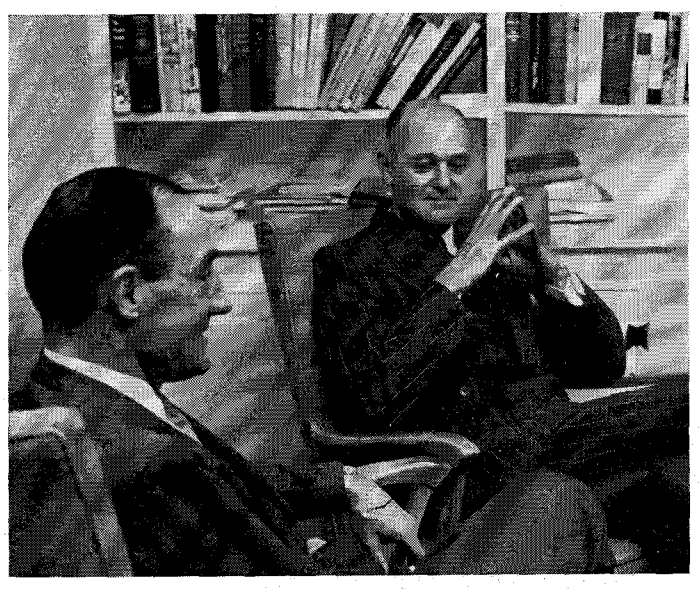
GEORGE KENNAN . . .
Our former ambassador
and No. 1 expert on Russia
predicts that

The Soviet Will Never Recover

A remarkable interpretation of recent events in Eastern Europe

Reported by
JOSEPH ALSOP



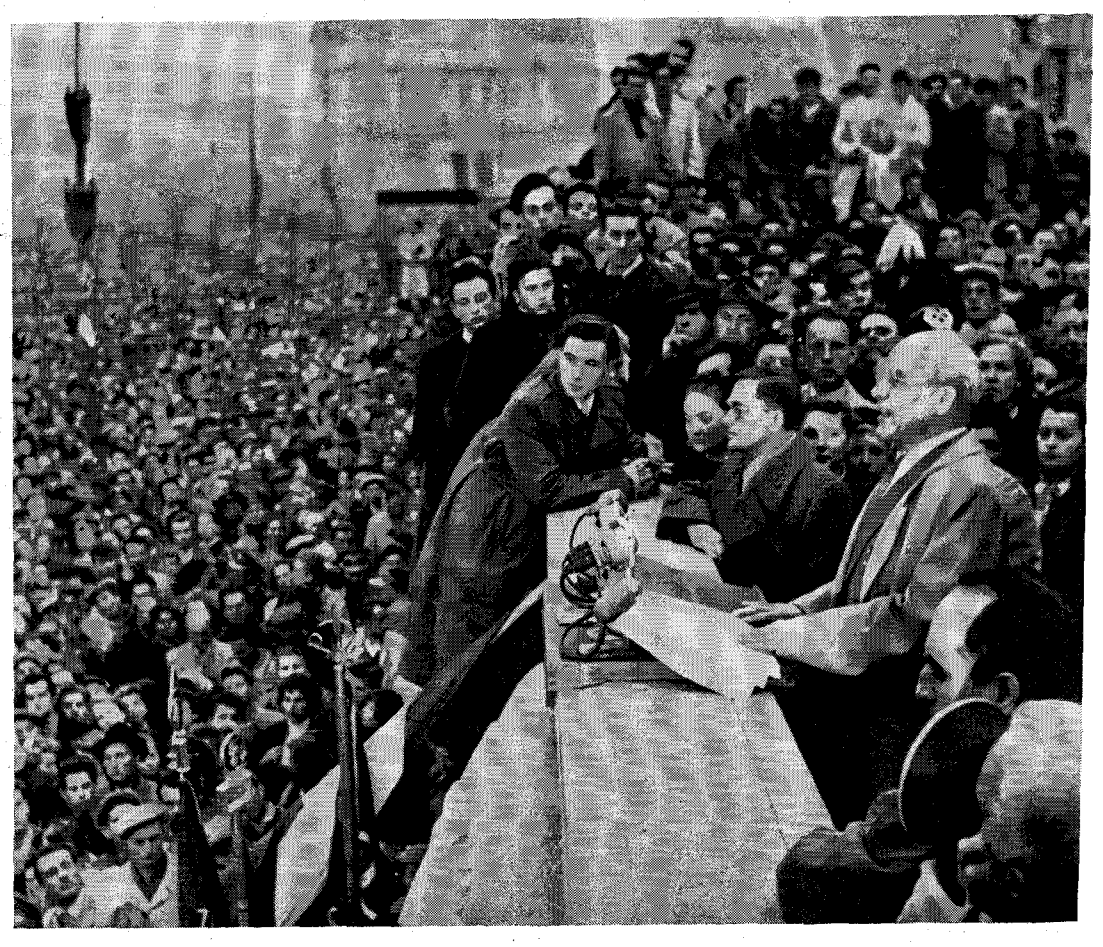
Alsop and Kennan, who says, "What we have seen . . . may be the beginning of the disintegration which will carry deep into Russia itself."

Moscow's bells had hardly ceased tolling in triumph for the surrender of Germany, when the counselor of the American Embassy began to write a memorandum on the postwar prospects of the victorious Soviet Union. In that memorandum of eleven years ago, the embassy counselor gave special attention to the new satellite empire in Eastern Europe. This empire, he correctly foresaw, the Kremlin would not willingly abandon. But after sharp criticism of the mistakes of American wartime dealings with Stalin, he concluded his memorandum with an astonishing forecast.

After "nine or ten years," he said, "Russia will probably not be able to maintain its hold successfully . . . over all the territory over which it has today staked out a claim in Eastern and Central Europe." It was not too bad to be only one or two years off, since everyone else was completely wrong.

This prescient counselor of embassy was then an obscure Foreign Service officer, but not long thereafter George F. Kennan became famous as a leading American expert on the Soviet Union and its problems. His prescience did not fail him, either, in the years that followed. Kennan alone, for instance, began to worry about the danger of such an attack just before the aggression in Korea; Kennan and his successor as our ambassador to the Soviet Union, Charles E. Bohlen, were again almost alone in warning of probable Chinese intervention in the Korean fighting.

A Polish naval cadet exhorts a group of anti-Russian demonstrators in the port of Danzig.



Wladyslaw Gomulka, the Communist Party leader who led Poland in her defiance of the Kremlin, tells a Warsaw crowd that the Russians will withdraw.

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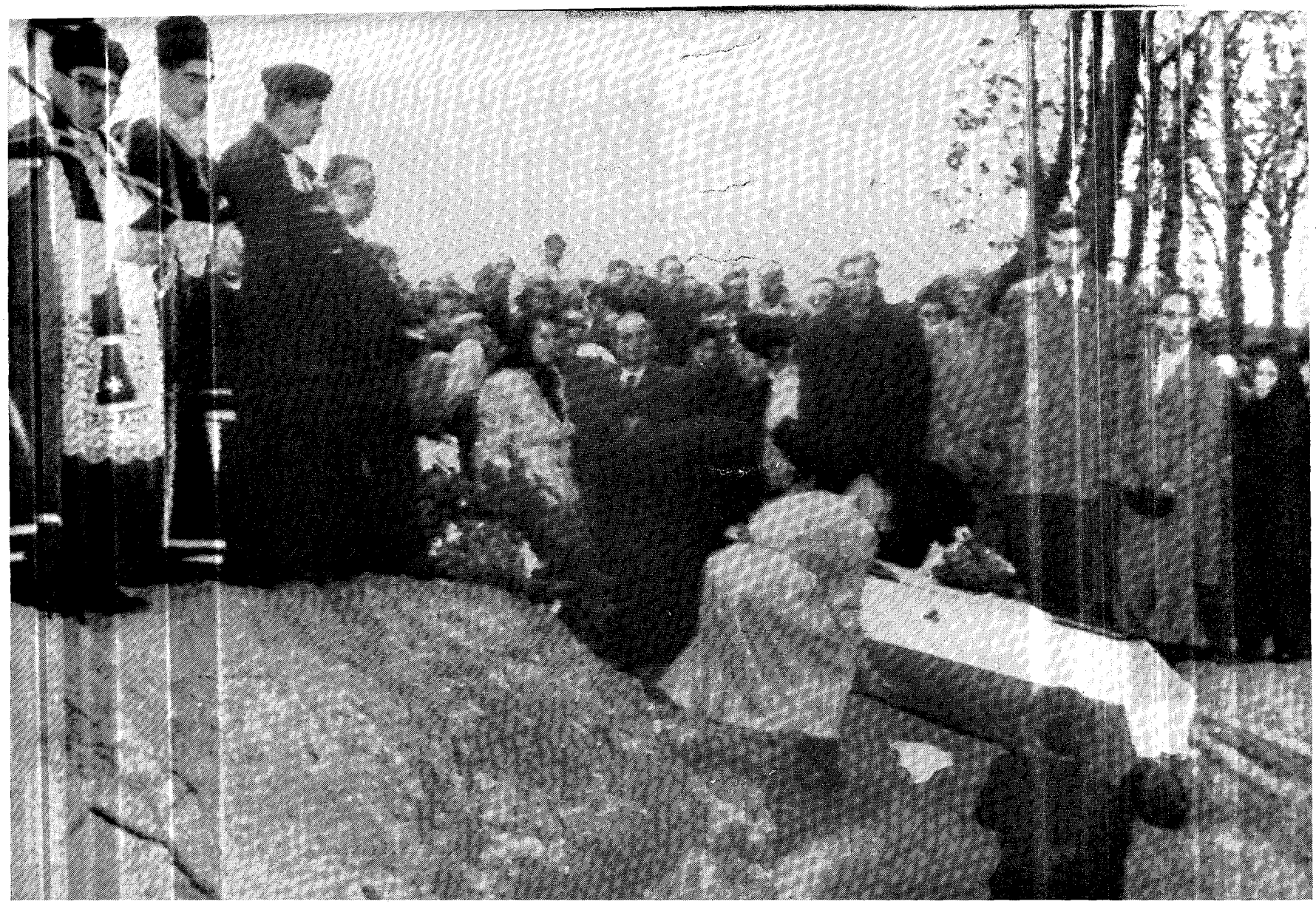


A mass funeral for more than 70 rebels shot by Red police in Magyarovar, Hungary. The Polish and Hungarian uprisings, the author believes, prove that Russia no longer can rely on the satellite armies and police.

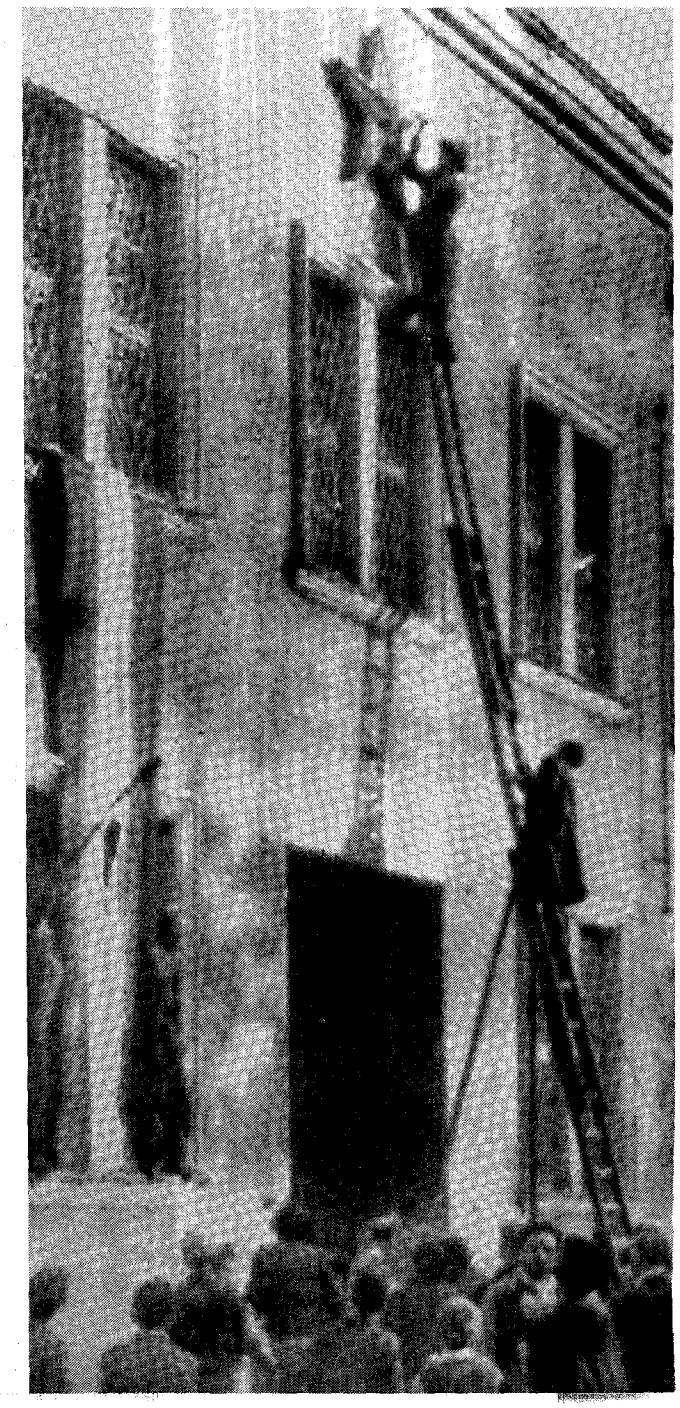
In these circumstances, no one seemed better worth consulting than Kennan about the probable meaning of the vast changes that have suddenly begun to take place in Poland, Hungary and throughout the Soviet satellite states in Europe. The results of this consultation of George Kennan are remarkable indeed. He now forecasts, for example, that the same deep human forces which have so dynamically altered the drab Eastern European scene will eventually bring on similar and perhaps even greater changes in the Soviet government itself. But it is better to let George Kennan, currently Professor of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, New Jersey, speak for himself, as he does in the following tape-recorded interview with Joseph Alsop.

—The Editors

ALSOP: George, let me start by asking why you think your lonely prophecy of 1945, of an eventual breakaway from the Soviets in Eastern Europe, is being so dramatically fulfilled today?

KENNAN: Well, it's the kind of question that has to be answered by beginning at the beginning. And to begin with, Russian statesmen, long before the Soviet era, have always tried to establish Russian domination over the peoples of Eastern Europe; and they've always run into trouble. The Eastern European peoples have always had a higher standard of living than the mass of the Russian people and they have also been much further advanced in constitutional (Continued on Page 117)

Budapest: Demonstrators topple a statue of the despised Stalin. "In general, in the satellite countries the communists never had more than five per cent of the people on their side," says Kennan.



Young "Fighters for Freedom" tear down the Red Star at Security Police headquarters in Kecskemet, Hungary. Surprisingly, the youth, supposed to be ardent Reds, have been leaders in the revolt against communism.

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"Oh, Joe," said Cathy happily, as they toured their house. "Isn't it just beautiful?"

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He swore to avoid women completely.

And one hour later he was

Practically Married

By HANNIBAL COONS

Lieut. (jg) Joseph R. Blatchford, USN, stood at the mirror in the plush hotel in Hollywood, vigorously brushing his blond crew-cut and singing the Air Force song. People think that Navy men don't like to sing the Air Force song, but this is incorrect. Navy men love to sing the Air Force song—a little off key, with a touch of the nasal. Helps keep the Air Force in its place.

But at the moment Lieutenant Blatchford wasn't mad at the Air Force; he wasn't mad at anybody in this whole wonderful, suddenly warm world.

On the way to San Diego after two years in the frigid Aleutians, and with a fourteen-day leave to loll around Hollywood among the sunshine and the movie stars, who could be mad? It was going to be the most restful leave a boy ever had.

Because this time he wasn't going to get mixed up with women. No, sir. None of that. Not this time. Reporting in at a new station was too important. He was going to go to concerts. Visit the art galleries. Lie in bed and blow his cornet at the ceiling like Bix Beiderbecke. Hit San Diego in *good* shape, clear-eyed and firm of hand; Lieutenant Blatchford reporting, sir; glad to be aboard. After he'd been in San Diego a few weeks, and had started getting things under control, he might venture out a little socially, possibly starting with a USO dance. But at the moment, no women. None.

That was his plan, and he carried it out for nearly forty-seven minutes. At the end of which time he saw a girl, and followed her into her lair as nimbly as Samson stepping into the lady barber's.

What happened was this: On the way out to a simple, nourishing dinner, he thought he might as well stroll down past CBC and see if they had a ticket left for some nice relaxing comedy show during the evening. So far, still sound strategy. Get the ticket, have dinner, see the show, get a magazine and home to bed. Rest, complete rest.

And the trouble was that they didn't have any tickets left, and on the way out he saw this tremendous line of people waiting to get into some program that was evidently just a dandy, and in the line was this gal Air Force officer, and she had sea-green eyes, honey-colored hair and a bosom swelling with pride in the Air Force. A fellow warrior. Before he even knew what was happening, he had zipped to her side, was lifting his uniform hat and smiling warmly, and asking her if she had an extra ticket. To anything.

And the further trouble was that the program was Honeymoon House, and she had an extra ticket, and just then the ushers opened the doors and he was swept into the place like a cork in a washing machine. Into the jaws of death.

Because there was just no program in this world he hated worse than Honeymoon House. The radio version came over Armed Forces Radio, and with little else to do in the Aleutians, he had listened to it on countless nights, writhing in agony. It consisted of a Happy Charley m. c., and an endless parade of simpering engaged couples who told Happy Charley all about how they'd first met, and when they'd first kissed each other, and just everything, oh golly, and then they competed in the Big Romance Quiz for electric blankets, ha-ha, and all sorts of equipment for the nursery, ha-ha-ha-ha, and Joe and the other guys in the Aleutians considered it outstandingly sickening. Plus a little crooked—because when any of the couples got anywhere near the big Jack Pot Prize, the completely furnished Honeymoon House smack in the middle of the movie stars, the (Continued on Page 88)

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

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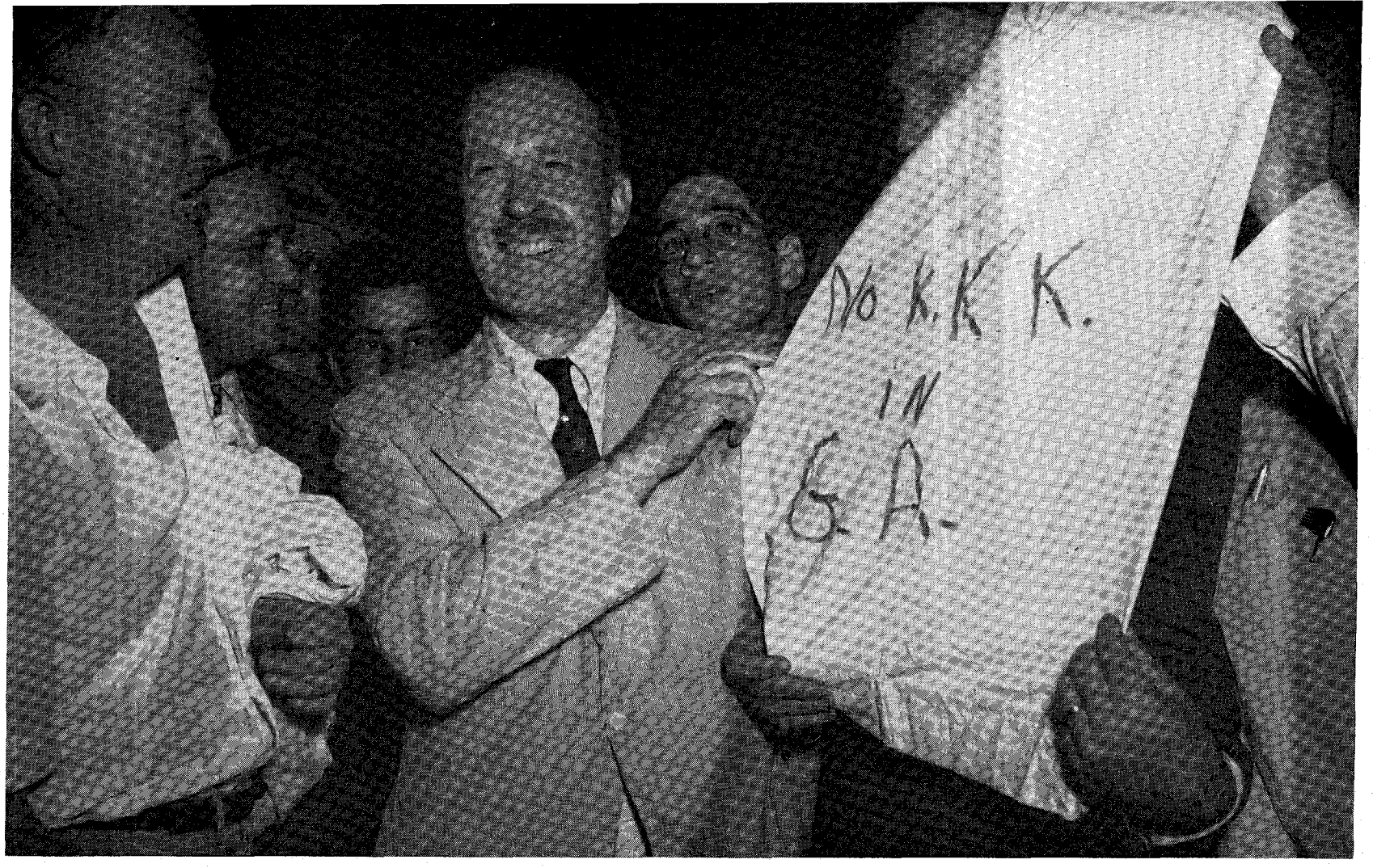


In 1946, after a dare from the Ku Klux Klan, the author (center) went to Atlanta and denounced the Klan for bigotry and intolerance.

Confessions of "an S.O.B." CONCLUSION

How to Make Enemies

By DREW PEARSON

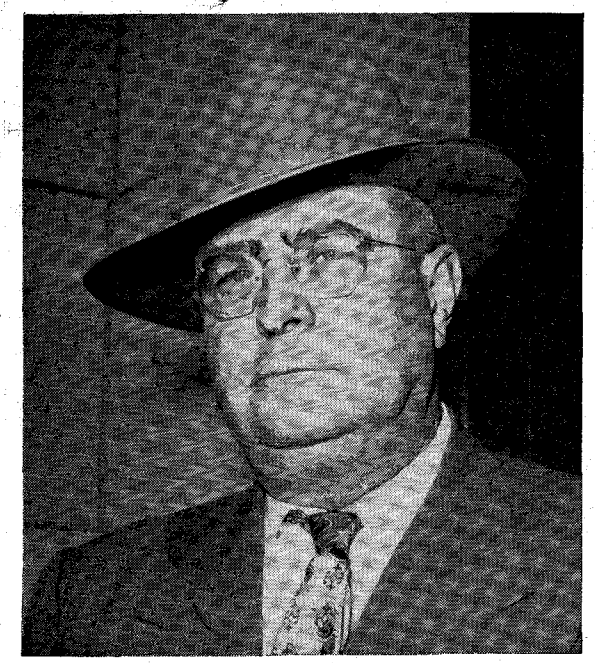
As a self-appointed prosecutor, Pearson helped convict four Congressmen of crimes. But he has spent $340,000 in eight years on "libel defense."

Frequently I have been called an opportunist. My wife, in critical moments, has called me a showman. My harsher critics call me an exhibitionist. And since I am trying to confess the truth—despite Harry Truman's allegation that I never tell the truth—I must admit that these descriptions are somewhat correct.

When I was a youngster working my way through college, I had a job one summer organizing parades for the Chautauquas. I hated it. Yet, in those good preradio days, it was necessary to let people know you had arrived, that your tent was up and you were ready to sell tickets.

Many years later, in 1947, I applied the same principle to the (Continued on Page 148)

Pearson helped expose Congressman Walter E. Brehm for taking illegal campaign contributions.



He rounded up the witnesses needed to convict Mildred Gillars, alias "Axis Sally," of treason.

The one libel suit that Pearson failed to win ended in a $40,000 settlement in favor of his former friend, Norman Littell.

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Boss, You're a Crook!

By HERBERT DEPEW

John had taken it long enough. He was through being a whipping boy.

John Platt saw his lovely wife eye his bulging brief case as he came tiredly up the walk. She kissed him and said, "You work too hard."

John gave her a weary smile. "I wish I could have a night off, but we're going into court next week, and old Dalrymple isn't going to lose this case."

"Not while you're expendable," Helen said. "Even in your sleep you mumble a stream of legal footnotes." She closed her blue eyes, gave a ladylike imitation of a manly snore, and muttered, "See New York Laws c. 852 People versus Jones 215 New York 186 New York Supreme Court Fourth Department 1901." She opened her eyes. "Furthermore, it's years since you've had a real raise."

John looked about for compensating circumstances. They lived in a fine neighborhood and their suburban home was in keeping. Their two children were in the accepted private school. His wife was the prettiest girl in town, a rallying point wherever more than two males were gathered together. And John hoped he was on the way up in his law firm.

"I'll bet," Helen said, "if you marched into the front offices of Dalrymple, Bollinger, Meadowcroft, Freyvogel, Beekman and Finucane and said you were going to live like a human being from now on, they'd shake in their twelve boots."

"I can just hear them rattle," John smiled at her. "But seriously, a senior partnership in our firm is a choice plum, and I can't risk losing the chance."

"I know," Helen said. "Five years of trying, working day and night. They're whipping a tired dog."

"Horse."

"Dog, horse. I thought you'd have tonight off, and invited that young Smith couple who just moved in across the street, for bridge. He's an attorney from Chicago—not your kind of attorney—he has nights off. He looks ten years younger than you."

"Maybe he is."

"Nope; same age. He works for a humane law firm, Jones and Brown."

"Who and who?" John asked in amazement. "No law firm can have a name like that!"

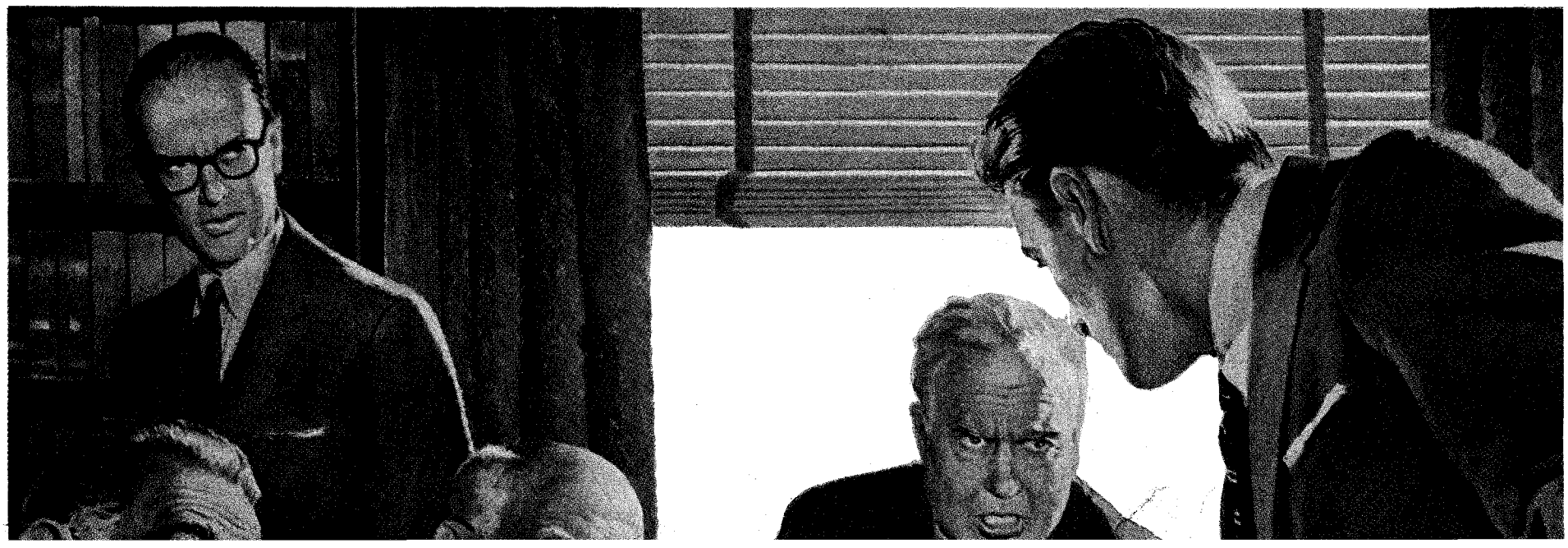
"His does."

"It's fantastic," John said. "Gad, if they ever made him a partner! Jones, Brown and Smith—they'd be out of business in a week. Tell you what, Helen, let them come over. I'll work after the bridge game. I promise to sleep until nine in the morning."

Inside, John took a stock certificate from his brief case and handed it to Helen. "You're a stockholder now. I had it made out in your name."

(Continued on Page 132)

"Are you calling me dishonest?" Dalrymple blurted.



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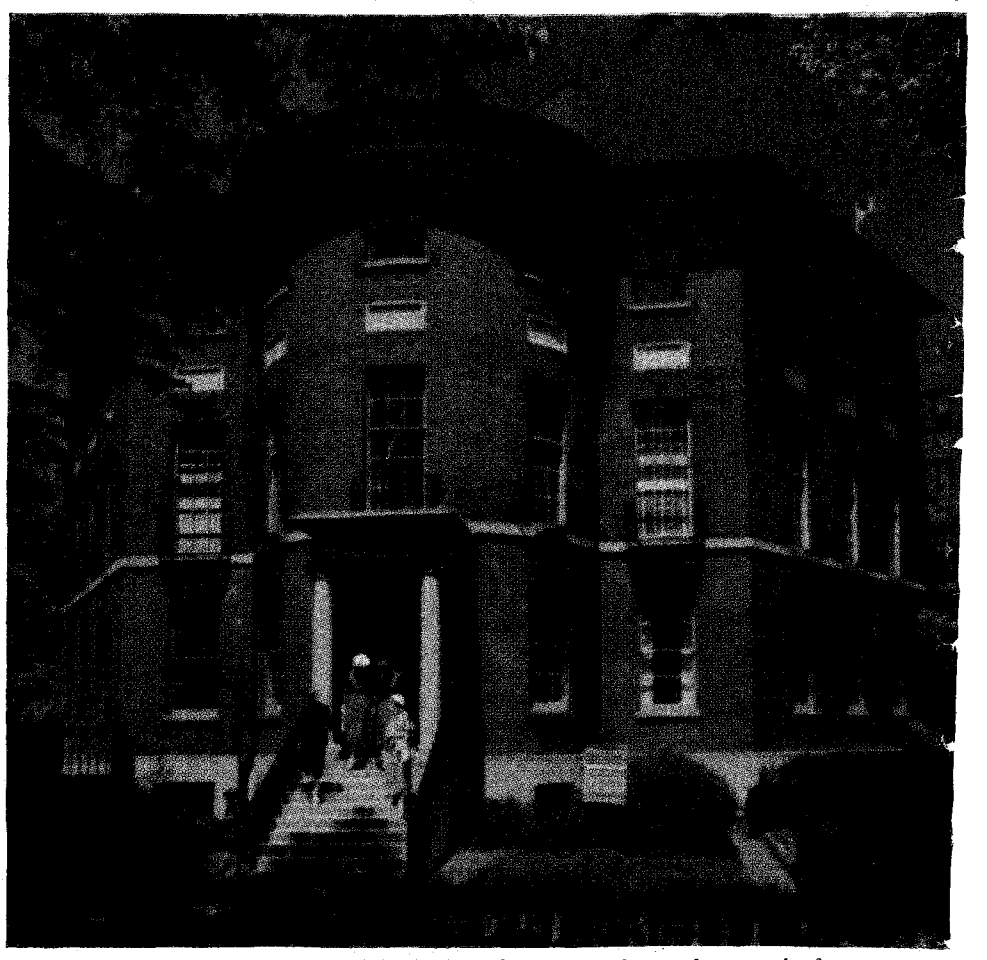
House With a Charmed Life

By ARNOLD NICHOLSON

One of the oldest, loveliest buildings in the city of Washington has a strange history . . .



"The Octagon." It has six—not eight—sides, plus a curved protuberance in front.

Some buildings, like people, seem destined for good fortune. Born with charm and personality, they accept the triumphs and survive the disasters of a busy life to reach a gracious, colorful old age. The Octagon, national shrine and home of the American Institute of Architects at New York Avenue and 18th Street, in Washington, fits this description. The Octagon is first of all a historic monument, kept open to the public by the architects, who in recent months completed a renovation of the house in anticipation of their institute's centennial in 1957. Its shrine room is the famous circular chamber where President Madison signed the Treaty of Ghent, which brought the War of 1812 to an end. The Madisons resided in the Octagon for a year after the British burned the White House.

The Octagon's escape from the torch and subsequent use as the President's home were part of its good fortune. Just as remarkable were its construction, and its acquisition and restoration by the A.I.A. In both instances the Octagon was the focus of attention and a fortunate starting point for men who played major roles in making Washington one of the handsomest cities in the world.

Our capital is an architects' city. Maj. Pierre Charles L'Enfant, who discovered the aesthetic values of "magnificent distances" as a student in Paris, planned it that way 165 years ago. He laid out broad diagonal avenues, parks, circles and a mall to create vistas and pave the way, in his words, for future "aggrandizement and embellishment"—an assignment that generations of men with drawing boards have worked to fulfill. Their skill in that task has created our historic symbols of Federal Government in the great dome of the Capitol, the livable dignity of the White House and the majesty of monuments to Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson.

The architects, however, have not confined their "aggrandizement and embellishment" to the buildings of Government. They have dressed the tree-lined streets of the District of Columbia with costly and impressive homes and headquarters, as well. The Octagon, of graceful and unusual Georgian design, was the pace setter—in fact, it was completed in 1800, before John Adams and his family moved into the unfinished White House.

The District of Columbia at that time had little more (Continued on Page 139)

Wm. Thornton (*left*) designed the Octagon. John Tayloe (*right*) was its first owner.

Mystery of the house: What was this tunnel for? No one knows.

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Photographs by Frank Ross

t. In this room President Madison signed the treaty that ended the War of 1812.

years restoring the Octagon, hold their annual party in the walled garden.

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The native American game of craps was introduced at Monte Carlo six years ago, but the Casino's croupiers still are baffled by crapshooters' jargon and antics.

Dirty Work at Monte Carlo

How three Las Vegas con men, equipped with 164 pairs of loaded dice, tried to take this old gambling den to the cleaners.

By TONI HOWARD

These are the custom-built, fraudulent dice the swindlers brought from Los Angeles, Calif. Casino inspectors found them two milligrams overweight and too dark a shade of green.

MONTE CARLO.

The idea was a solid one. Let Prince Rainier run off to America to woo and win the beautiful commoner from Philadelphia. Let the United States and the tiny theatrical principality of Monaco enter into a romantic hands-across-the-sea alliance, and let 1500 journalists celebrate it in song and story. Let the Stars and Stripes and the Monégasque flag fly side by side from the Prince's Palace in the clear Mediterranean breeze. But let it not be said that such mundane sentimental distractions could alter the course of true gambling. Pomp and pageantry may come and go, but a galloping pair of dice is a lovely thing to watch, and perchance fade. And romance or no romance, the New World can still teach the Old World a thing or two, especially in the eternal verities of Snake Eyes, Big Dick and Seven-Come-Eleven.

In short, although the year 1956 may be known to some as the year of The Wedding, it is also the hundredth anniversary of a world-renowned gambling parlor called Monte Carlo,

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The three thieves from California in the hoosegow at Nice under guard of an *agent de la République.*

an establishment that occupies a luxurious corner of Prince Rainier's hereditary real estate and pays an equally luxurious share of his expenses; an establishment that still clings to the old nineteenth-century humanist tradition of cleaning its customers with artistry, and so might now be ripe for a little twentieth-century applied science.

With something like this in mind, on the nineteenth of February of this year three rather rumpled-looking Americans climbed out of the plane from Paris into the mild winter sunshine of the French Riviera and told the taxi driver to take them to the Ambassador Hotel in Monte Carlo. Felt hats discreetly pulled down over their foreheads, they made the trip in tense but companionable silence, and, on arriving at their hotel in Monte Carlo, went immediately to their rooms.

In spite of their American passports, they were not what the *concierge* behind the desk regarded as typical Americans. Obvious boss of the trio, he who barked out the orders and gave the tips, was a spectacled sixty-year-old Oriental named Jason Lee, a Korean with the flat brown face, suspicious slit eyes and twice-broken nose of a man who has garnered valuable experience in both East and West. According to his passport, Mr. Lee was a Los Angeles businessman on his way to Tokyo, where he had important import-export connections. His main reason for coming to Monte Carlo, he said, was not gambling—as one might have thought—but marine salts, which he wished to buy in the Mediterranean and sell to Japan. Traveling with Papa Lee as companion and confidant was Philip Aggie, also of Los Angeles, an unassuming little man with gold teeth, long, sensitive fingers and quick, observant eyes. Aggie was also supposedly on his way to Tokyo in the interest of marine salts, his ticket and expenses paid, and closely watched, by the globe-trotting Mr. Lee.

The third man was an odd ball named Arif Shaker, a big, laconic, dark-haired Lebanese-American whose English, when he spoke at all, combined a thick Levantine accent with a simplified underworld syntax. Shaker, too, was a businessman from the Los Angeles area, but, unlike the others, he wasn't going to Tokyo, he wasn't going anywhere; he didn't care about marine salts at all, or indeed about anything much. An unruffled giant, his value to the trio seems to have been based more on mass than on momentum. Following at the heels of the boss man Lee, he and little Aggie made a perfect Mutt-and-Jeff escort.

Had the *concierge* but known, there was something heroic about this threesome—Jason Lee and his modern Argonauts, in search of the Golden Fleece. But *concierges* are notoriously unimaginative, and this one, not swallowing any of that marine salt, put them down in his mind as run-of-the-mill gamblers and promptly forgot all about them.

At five the following afternoon, the three men, quiet as always, left the hotel and made their way through the gardens of Monte Carlo toward the Casino. On the way they separated company, and then, one by one, strolled into the big, drafty, crystal-chandeliered gambling room known to (Continued on Page 124)

They tried to break the bank at Monte Carlo. Philip Aggie's nimble fingers rolled too many sixes. Arif Shaker, the silent strongman, got caught with the goods. "Papa" Jason Lee, a broken-nosed Korean-American, and master mind of the conspiracy, lost his nerve at the crucial moment.

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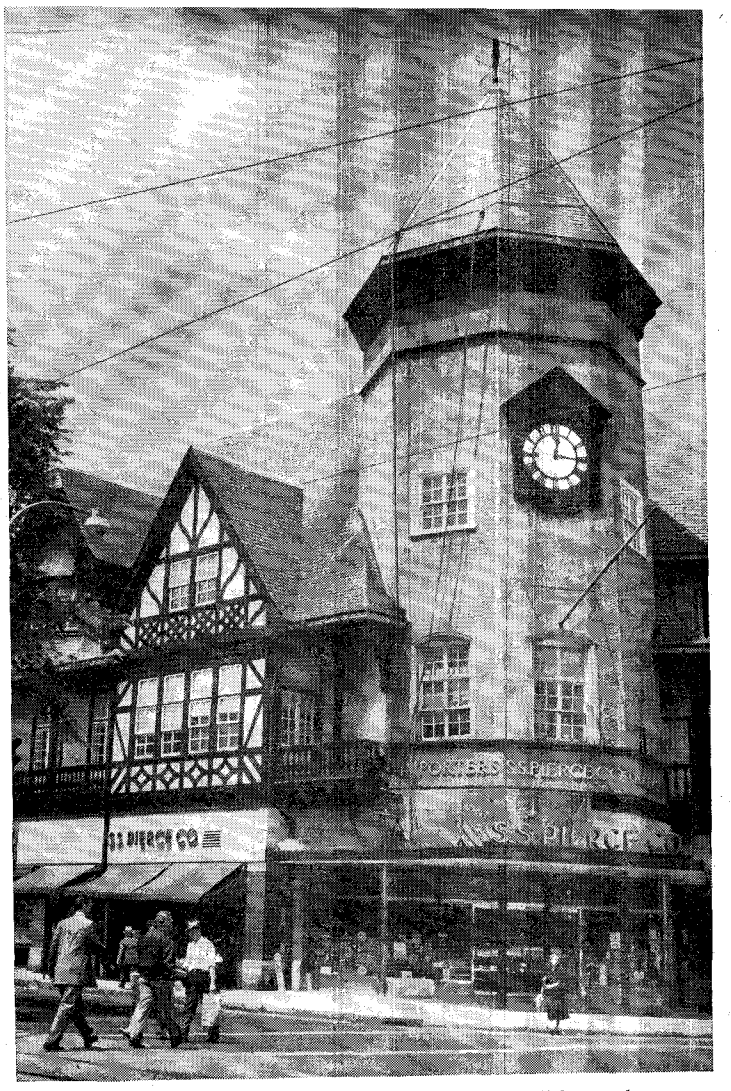
They Coddle Their Customers

By HAL BURTON

Ostrich-egg recipes, birthday cakes for dogs, or beans to be delivered in darkest Africa—such orders are routine at S.S. Pierce, purveyors of food to those who think the best is hardly good enough.

What was good enough for papa is good enough for Miss Gertrude Chadwick, eighty, who shops at the Copley Square store in Boston, just as her father used to do when she was a child.

How to glamorize a wedding cake: Alice Heath applies silver "dragées" (sugar-coated bits of nut and fruit) to the icing. She has decorated cakes for sixteen years, now teaches others her art.



S. S. Pierce's eight stores vary from Old English to ultra-modern. This one, in Brookline, Mass., opened in 1892.

The firm of S. S. Pierce Co., which for 125 years has stocked the larders of Boston and New England with foodstuffs both staple and exotic, is trustingly regarded by its customers as a family grocer able to accomplish the impossible. That this confidence is well-founded was established, fairly recently, to a degree that not even the most captious Back Bay matron could challenge. The proof was a letter to the Boston Traveler, a daily newspaper conducting a prize contest entitled, How I Got My Man. To no one's amazement, a winning entry identified Pierce's as the medium through which a lovelorn secretary finally captured the heart of her bachelor boss, a young man dead set against marriage.

For months on end the author of this anecdote had cast sheep's eyes at her immediate superior, only to find him singularly impervious. Then came the turning point. The boss wandered past her desk as she was perusing The Epicure. This handsomely printed magazine is published semiannually by Pierce's and distributed to more than 100,000 connoisseurs of fine food. The items catalogued range from bakery goods to smoked whale steaks and tinned rattlesnake meat—a selection from the 24,490 assorted comestibles, cosmetics, potables and tobacco products to be found on Pierce's shelves.

"When he saw The Epicure on my desk," wrote the happy girl, "his eyes lit up. He, too, was interested in good food, and liked to try his hand at cooking. We used to compare notes about recipes from The Epicure that we had tried, and I would keep him informed of the weekly 'specials' that might appeal to him.

"One night I invited him to my apartment for dinner. I fed him a dish straight out of the magazine—

(Continued on Page 143)

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Leslie Chadwick Browning, the firm's cuisine authority, samples a mixture of rainbow-trout pâté and beluga caviar with a garlic puff. He has 10,000 recipes and household hints on the tip of his tongue.

Photographs by Jacob Lofman

Sampling the aroma: From left, Norman Pierce, Vassar Pierce, board chairman Walworth Pierce, and Charles Cogman, wine expert.

S. S. Pierce keeps the limousine trade happy by never saying "No." Pleasing customers like this lady alighting at Chestnut Hill, Mass., the store grosses $30,000,000 a year.

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"There they are!" someone shouted at the sight of the two Texans. "Let's get 'em! I got a rope here!"

He was the only law in a brawling cattle town: One man against the

Lynch Mob at Cimarron Crossing

By THOMAS THOMPSON Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

Drum rolls of rain rattled across the wooden awnings of Cimarron Crossing's false-fronted buildings and the sound beat against Deputy Marshal Clint Bentley's ears like echoes of the gun fight that had set off the trouble. He stood by the window and looked out at the Kansas town, a tall Texan with anger in the set of his shoulders and worry in his eyes, a grown man who was suddenly conscious of the fact that he was only twenty-one years old and looked younger. Behind him, the wounded man on the cot drew air sharply through his teeth, a quick protest against pain, and Clint Bentley cursed.

Without turning, he said, "What the devil gets into them, Brick? The Civil War's been over fifteen years. Do they want to start it up again?"

The man on the cot didn't answer, but the kid in the jail cell down the hall started laughing shrilly. "They'll start it, all right, rebel," he said. "And when they do, I know where to get me another Texan. I'm looking at him now."

Bentley turned swiftly, taut nerves driving his anger. "I should have pistol-whipped you until you couldn't talk, Mathers," he said. "Keep pushing me and I'll do it yet."

Marshal Brick Dillingham shifted his weight on the cot the doctor had set up for him here in the office. The marshal's left leg was mangled by the stray bullet he caught when he rushed into the saloon to try to stop the shooting. He was an old man who looked as if the constant Southwest Kansas winds had dried all the juices from his body. His face was gray, his lips pulled tight with pain.

He said, "Take it easy, Clint."

"It'll be Tony Coford that starts it," Clint said hotly. "Why not let me bring him in?"

"You got no charge against Tony Coford," Brick said. "You couldn't hold him. You throw

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him in jail, you'll make a hero out of him, and that's the last thing you want to do."

In his cell, Bud Mathers laughed softly, a swaggering eighteen-year-old with a practiced sneer. He had just shot a man and he liked the feel of it. It showed in his eyes, in the mirthless savageness of his grin. He pressed his lean face against the bars of his cell door and called to the young deputy, his voice taunting, "You're so anxious to lock everybody up, rebel, why don't you start with your brother-in-law? Johnny Tarbell was in on it."

Clint started toward the cell and Marshal Brick Dillingham stopped him. "Johnny didn't have a gun, Clint. Neither did Tony Coford. If they had of, I'd 'a' had you bring them in."

"You didn't say Johnny was with them," Clint accused.

"I didn't think I had to say it, Clint," Brick said quietly. "Johnny always is with them lately, ain't he?"

A new tiredness tugged at Clint Bentley's shoulders. He had been married six months and he had done everything he could to make friends with Betty's sixteen-year-old brother, but he had failed. Moody, resentful, caged by his age, Johnny Tarbell was following the pattern and advice of Tony Coford and Bud Mathers straight down the line.

He turned back to the window and looked out at the soaked town, and he could see the river, running wide and brown. Yellow mouths of foam lipped at seal-black tree stumps that turned soddenly in the flood. Three Dodge City-bound Texas trail herds had piled up there, waiting for the flood to subside, and fifty or more Texan riders had been thinking of the warmth of the town and a drink and the sound of a woman's laugh. It could have been as simple as that. Four Texans had ridden into town today, not looking for trouble, and one of them had got a bullet in his chest just because an eighteen-year-old kid had to prove he was tough. And now Tony Coford and the rest of Bud Mathers' friends wanted to push it further.

"You have any trouble taking the guns off those other two?" Brick asked.

Clint shook his head. "They're all right, Brick. I knew both of them down in Texas. That kid Bud Mathers shot is a friend of theirs, that's all. They're just waiting to see if he's gonna live or die."

"They won't wait long," Bud Mathers said from his cell. "Tony will get a gang together. He'll drag those two Texans out of town on the end of a rope."

"If that kid dies, you'll get a rope, Mathers; don't forget that," Clint said.

"If I'm here," Mathers said.

Clint stared out the window, and across the street he could see the two Texas men, friends of Prentice, the wounded youth. The two were waiting, their faces set in an angry worry that was straining toward the breaking point. The two men wore yellow slickers and they stood on either side of the door of the doctor's office, unmindful of the rain that fell straight down in heavy leaden drops.

Clint turned suddenly, a desperation in his voice. "Shag Holliver knows about it by now, Brick," he (Continued on Page 107)

"Clint, sometimes I'm scared," said Betty. "I try not to be, but sometimes I can't help it."

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Post Scripts

The Gift

For me? Why, what a surprise, my dear!
Whatever is it?
(She was slow enough in getting it here.)
It's simply exquisite!
(Right out of Bumble's Basement yet!)
But you shouldn't have bought me
Anything so expensive, pet!
Though you couldn't have brought me
Another gift I'd adore like this,
Truly, you couldn't!
But you shouldn't have done it. . . .
kiss! . . . kiss! . . . kiss!
(The heck she shouldn't!)

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Help Wanted: Male

After twenty years of abstinence, I finally went looking for a steady job. Frankly, I am amazed at the way things have changed in the last two decades. When I first started down the rough road of life, you had an interview with a kindly old gentleman in a frock coat and mutton-chop whiskers. He judged you by if your fingernails were clean and your hair cut. He watched to see if you'd pick up a heavy dictionary that was in your path. If you picked it off the floor, it denoted neatness and thoughtfulness.

Then you were asked questions about your Sunday-school attendance, your affiliation with the Boy Scouts and your family background. You were asked for a sample of your penmanship too. In those days people wrote out stuff. They didn't just press a button and have a secretary come down out of the woodwork.

Finally you were asked to state your reasons for wishing employment in the Carter Surrey Fringe Company. You were expected to reply that you wished to start at the bottom and work your way slowly to a position of influence and that you didn't care how long the hours were. You were then hired at twelve dollars a week, which was enough to support a family of nine in those days.

Today it is different. I was interviewed by the company psychiatrist first, and in my bare feet. Your bare feet are supposed to make you lose confidence.

I next went to a human-relations expert who sought to judge my personal charm, if any.

Step Three was a thorough physical. The company doctor said I was in surprising shape for a man of seventy. I happen to be close to forty.

Finally I was given a set of intelligence tests. I had to put blocks together; to choose the appropriate color for an executive-suite wallpaper, and to answer a riddle. Then I was given exhaustive quick-thinking tests, such as:

"If *3* is to *5* as red is to blue what is Faith to Hope?"*

"If your mother-in-law and your beagle were in danger, which one would you rescue?"

"A *man has a 3-quart can and a 1-quart can* and a rowboat and two missionaries. He can only take one missionary across the lake at a time and one container. How many missionaries will he take until all the missionaries are on one side and he has filled a seven-quart container?"

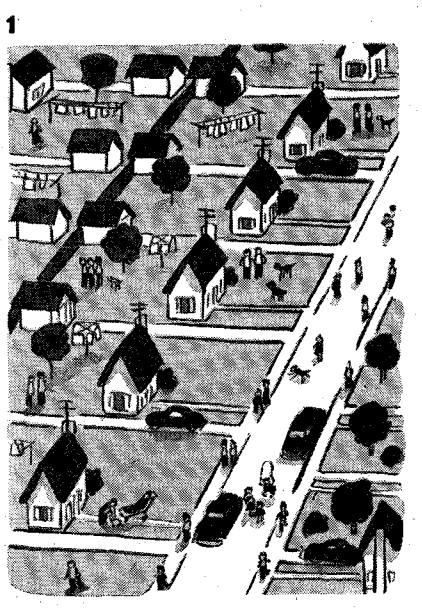
I passed all the tests and got the job. I'm glad to report that they find me excellently suited for the shipping department.

*The correct answer is "second cousin."

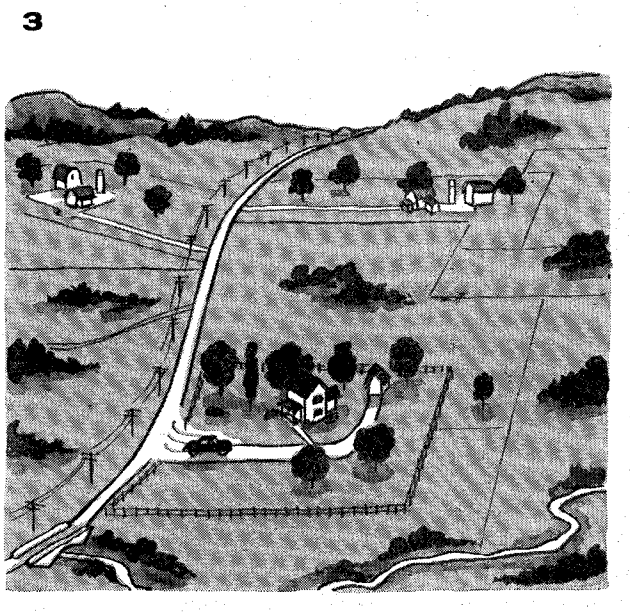
ROBERT FONTAINE

AWAY FROM IT ALL

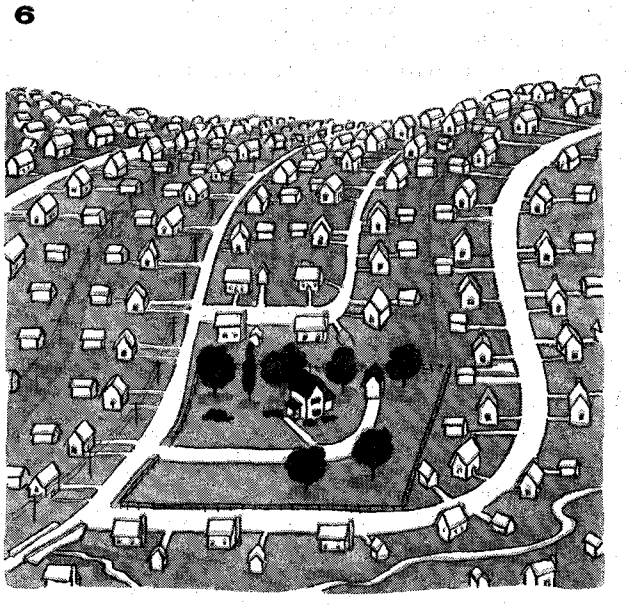
By Ted Key



"Listen to this, 'Secluded, remodeled colonial, heart of farmland, two acres, twenty miles from city, privacy. . . .'"



"We'll take it."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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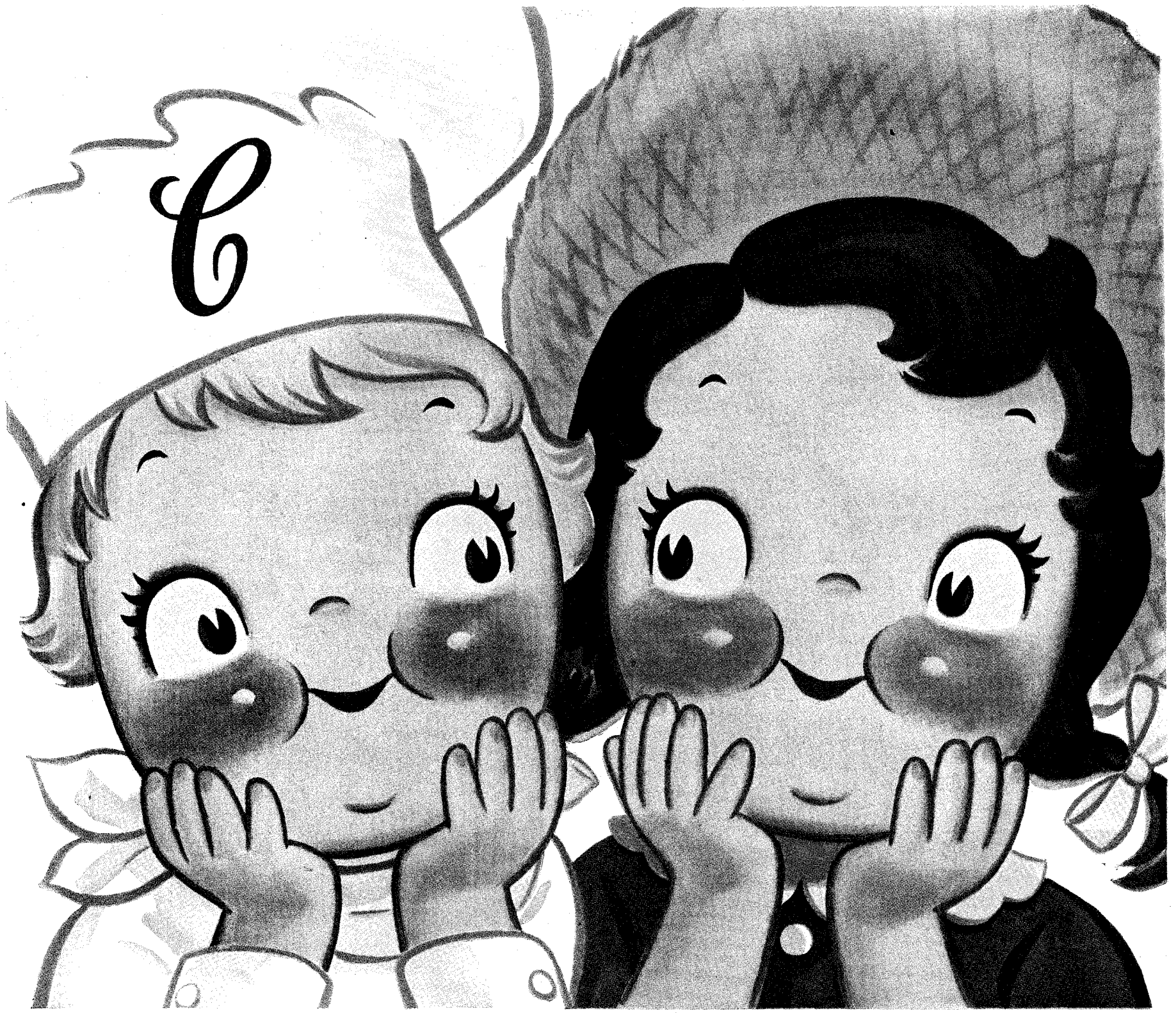


The Campbell Kids first appeared in trolley car advertising for Campbell in 1905. Since then they have cavorted their merry way through many thousands of advertisements—to the delight of 3 generations of Americans.

Why the Campbell Kids are always rosy-cheeked

Folks used to say that you were painting your cheeks from the inside when you ate the right kind of food.

If you look at it that way, you can easily see that the Campbell Kids come by their healthy color honestly.

For the Campbell Kids symbolize soup. And soup is a blend of many foods—foods containing vitamins, minerals, and proteins that help put a rosy glow on cheeks of all ages.

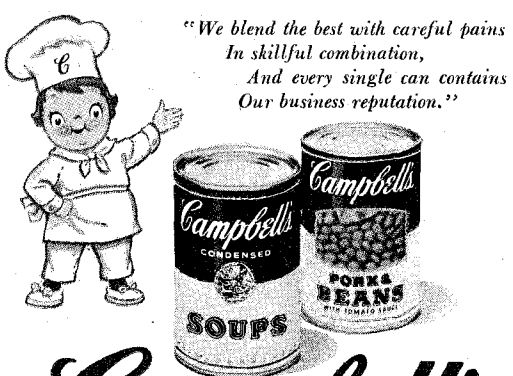
What are the reasons why Campbell's Soups are so nourishing?

First, they contain a variety of wholesome vegetables and meats. And variety itself is an important element of nutrition.

How Campbell's Soups look and taste plays an important part, too. According to some nutritional authorities, good flavors and appetizing appearance increase the flow of digestive juices and help you enjoy food more.

The trouble Campbell takes to bring you both nourishment and flavor is typical of the infinite care we take not just with soup, but with everything we make. It's part of living up to the spirit as well as the letter of our well-known motto:

"*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"



Campbell's

Soups • Tomato Juice • Pork & Beans
V-8 *Cocktail Vegetable Juices*
Franco-American *Products*
Swanson *Products, including* **"TV"** *Brand Dinners*

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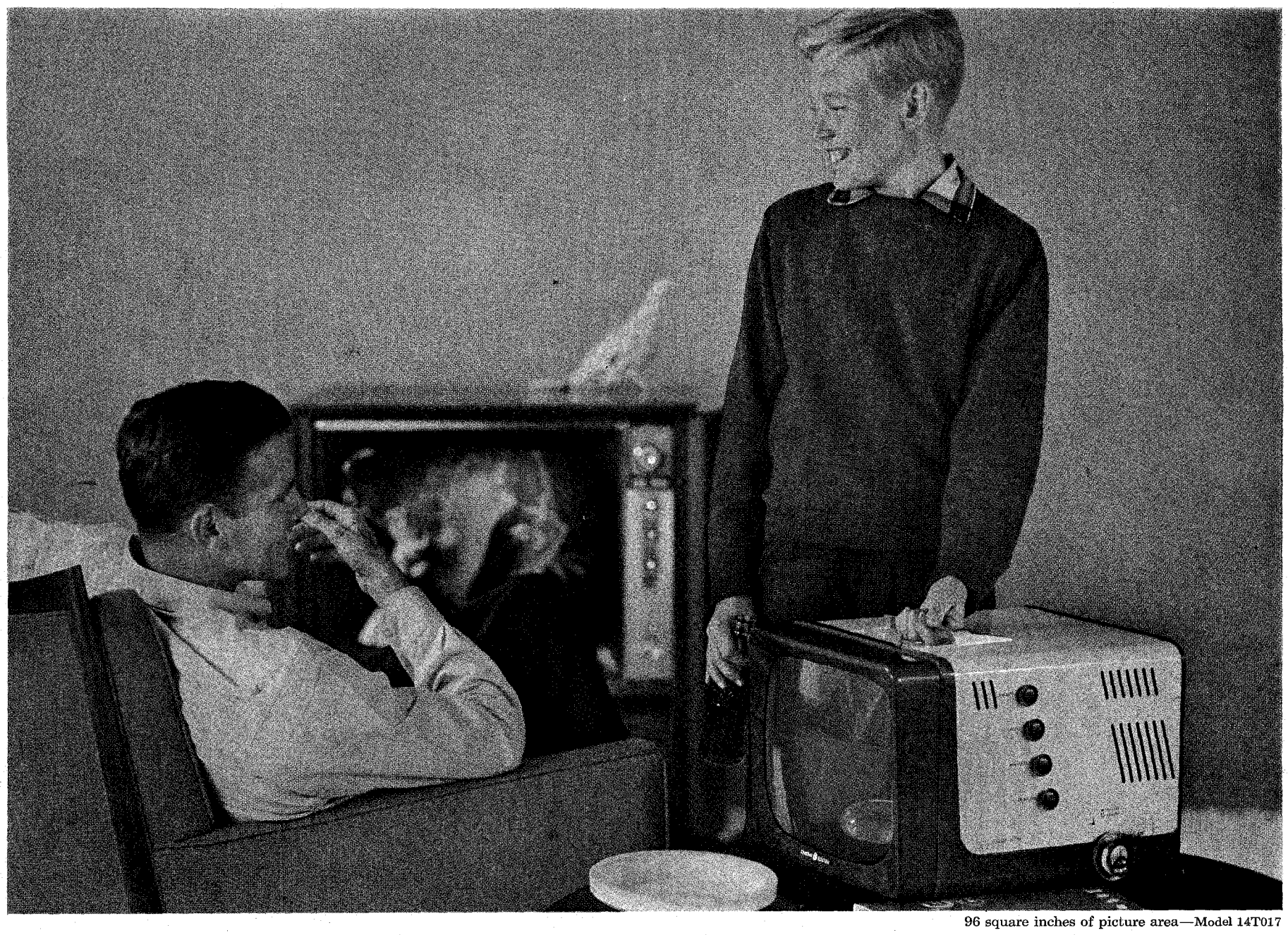


96 square inches of picture area—Model 14T017

It's all yours, Dad . . . I'll take the General Electric Portable!

No wonder this is TV's most popular portable . . . it weighs only 26 pounds, performs like a console!

LOOK HOW a General Electric Portable can add to fun at your house—

Now you can enjoy *your* favorite programs while the kids see theirs. *And* you can sit and watch *anywhere you choose to be.* For this set—aptly named the "Companion"—goes where you go, from room to room, outdoors in summer, even away on trips and vacations. You see, it weighs only 26 pounds.

Yet wherever you plug it in, it gives a clear, sharp picture. That's because it's equipped with an aluminized picture tube, a dark safety window which helps to deepen contrast, and a built-in antenna. Just like high-priced consoles.

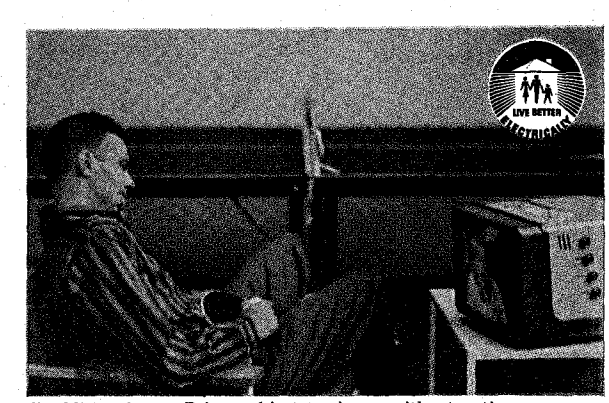
So start thinking about this new idea in television, and see your G-E dealer soon.

Ask about other sizes, too—the "Big-Screen" which weighs only 32 pounds, and G.E.'s handy new "Personal"—weighs less than 13½ pounds, costs as little as $99.95.*

There are 5 handsome color combinations to choose from—take your pick. But HURRY—the Christmas rush'll soon be on! General Electric Company, Television Receiver Dept., Syracuse 8, N. Y.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



*Manufacturer's suggested retail price which includes Federal excise tax, one-year warranty on picture tube, 90 days on parts. UHF at small additional cost. Prices subject to change without notice.

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One of John Audubon's famous prints shows two manly ruffed grouse trying to catch the attention of a blasé hen before starting a wing-beating jam session.

Drummer Boy of the Woodlands

The curious life of the ruffed grouse, a courageous, foolhardy and foot-loose fowl that woos his ladyloves with a boogie beat.

By George Heinold

Noontime found my wife and me a mile downstream from the rural bridge where we began fishing. The sparkling little river already had rewarded us generously with trout. It was a gorgeous spring day; one whose air was something you could drink. You could almost see the buds bursting into leaves. Trudging the mile which separated us from our car seemed a waste of effort. We decided to build a campfire and stick-broil some trout to eat with our sandwiches.

Laura has a knack of broiling trout over birch, which invariably results in an affliction for which I have a most pleasant remedy: head against a mossy log, hat over face, and slumber as blissful as a raccoon's. One hour of this makes a new man out of me; two hours, a new boy. But that day I wasn't able to avail myself of enough of the remedy to become either a new man or boy. After perhaps fifteen minutes' sleep, I awakened, aware that someone was shaking me.

"George, come alive!" Laura was calling in an anxious voice. "We've got to hurry back to the car! There's a thunderstorm brewing!"

Reluctantly I lifted the brim of my hat. My eyes were assailed by brilliant sunlight. Puzzled, I sat (Continued on Page 96)

When he's really warmed up, a drumming grouse can be heard for a mile.

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WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE WHISTLE BLOWS!

Autoworkers like Bill Ballinger now roll homeward at an easy 55 MPH where once they battled one of the world's biggest traffic jams

Bill Ballinger, autoworker, is one of two million persons in Wayne County (Detroit), driving one of its million automobiles. So congested were city streets five years ago that it took Bill a full hour to drive six miles to work, and another hour to return. But today his home-to-factory driving time is less than half an hour. Thanks to the Lodge Expressway, which runs three blocks from his house, he has five more hours a week—more than ten additional days a year—at home with his family.

The small picture shows the interchange of the John C. Lodge and Edsel Ford Expressways in downtown Detroit. Nearly completed, they will total 23 miles and cost an estimated $205 million. Their value is incalculable to many thousands of Detroiters like Bill Ballinger in savings of time, vehicle wear-and-tear, property damage—and lives.

This expressway system is just a part of Michigan's highway plan, which is scheduled for completion by 1970. For the years 1956 and 1957 the budget exceeds $300 million for improving, modernizing and constructing more than 1700 miles of road. 455 of these miles will be four-lane, divided highway.

Passage of Federal Highway Aid brings fulfillment of Michigan's plan closer than originally predicted. But highway-minded Michigan people know that even with Federal Aid, good roads can be had only through the support of taxpayers in the individual states. A sound highway program saves far more than it costs. Find out from your State Highway Department what you can do to help get better roads in your own state.

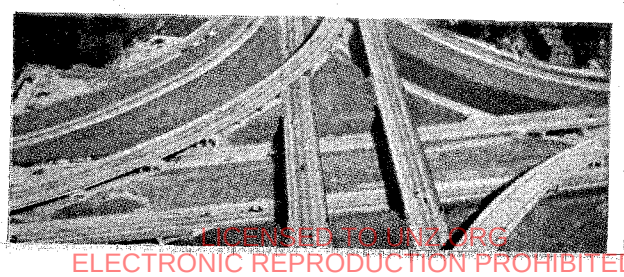
Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

CATERPILLAR

Caterpillar and Cat are Registered Trademarks of Caterpillar Tractor Co.

DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

Wherever you see Caterpillar machines working on your roads, you can be sure your state is getting its money's worth.



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Something hard and unmistakable jabbed against Archy's back. "You got your eyeful, snooper," a voice said. "Now reach."

The Secret of Shining Brook

Archy should have listened when he was warned. "Clear out of here," Moffitt had told him, "or else."

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Never had Archimedes Bolivar Butts seen a more dramatically beautiful woman than Nadine Clark. He found it hard to believe that this was the female his boss had termed "a black widow."

Archy Butts had been sent by William Makepeace Hawks, president of Trans-Oceanic Oil, to investigate the jinx that plagued Canada's Shining Brook Field, and to snarl whatever scheme Nadine Clark was hatching. The jinx seemed to be related to the New York murder of J. A. Baldwin, president of Gandolin Oil. The sinister Leon Moffitt had been in New York at the time of the murder; now he was at Shining Brook, along with a reefer-smoking gunman named Bones Leary. Boots Quinto had been Baldwin's secretary; now she was hiding out at Shining Brook's Pansy Grove store with her alleged aunt and uncle, the Magins.

Sgt. Douglas Van Patten, of the Mounties, came on the scene when the body of Seth Bowen was found in Archy's car. Bowen had been chief of the detective agency employed by J. A. Baldwin to investigate Nadine Clark.

Archy's head was swirling with this confusion of events. He decided to take a walk with the enigmatic Boots Quinto. They were exploring a backwoods area when they came upon a baby-faced man with the body of a Roman gladiator. Archy recognized the man to be Fisherman John, an unscrupulous fanatic who called himself a messiah.

While Archy was questioning John about the death of Seth Bowen, a shot rang out. Boots begged Archy to leave, and Fisherman John suggested, "Go while the going is good."

V

The talk, after the evening meal, that whiled away the time in the clubhouse, was mostly shoptalk: oil, the experiences of the day, difficulties encountered and overcome, the breakdown of earth-moving machinery, problems presented by muskeg. There was talk of the proposed pipe line to transport natural gas from the fields to Vancouver, and the international difficulties encountered in extending that pipe line into Washington, Oregon and even California. There was discussion of the great pipe line winding to the Great Lakes, across the Straits and on into New York State.

Most of the young men on the staff had come from the States, had been trained in Pennsylvania or California or Texas. So there was some political discussion, with congressional elections coming in November. There was a domino game, occasional poker, a little contract bridge. But it was chiefly oil that engrossed them and dominated the conversation.

An argument was in progress as to the merits of the Alberta method of handling oil lands as compared to the private-enterprise system in the United States. South of the border, most oil-producing lands had long since passed into private ownership, had become private property before oil had been discovered, so that the only way the state could take a (Continued on Page 88)

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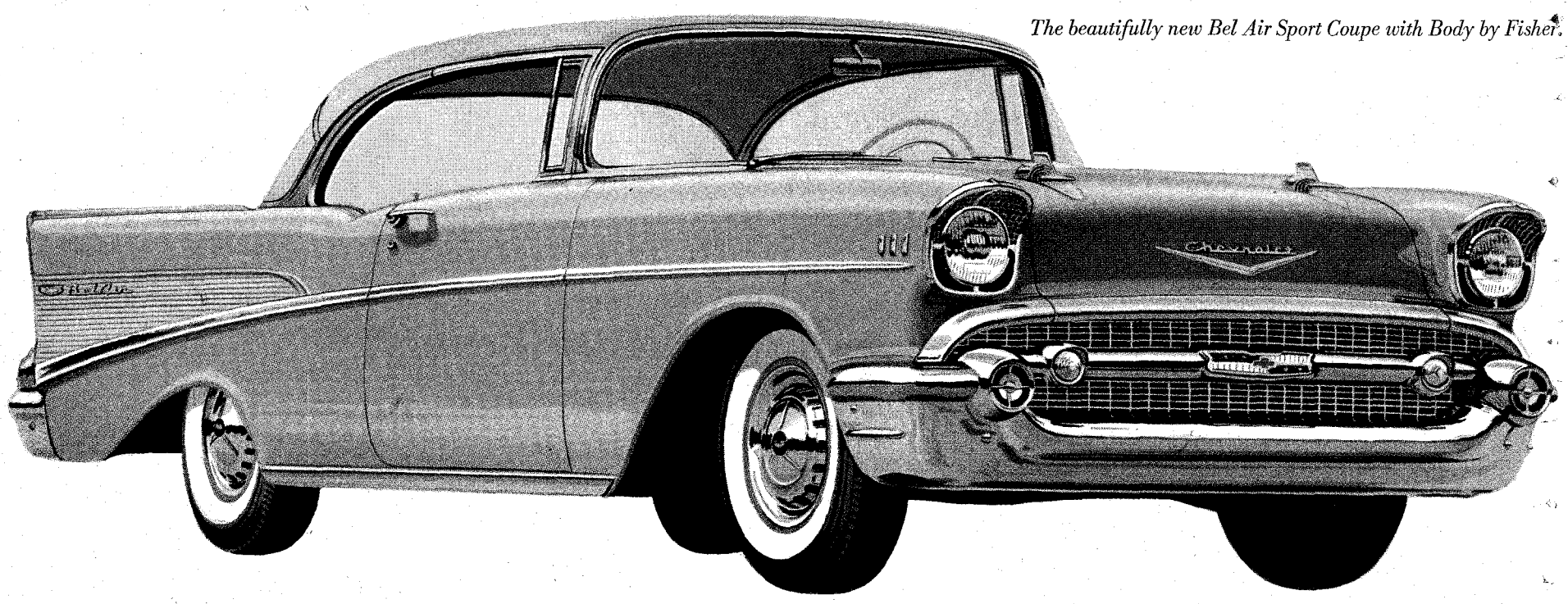
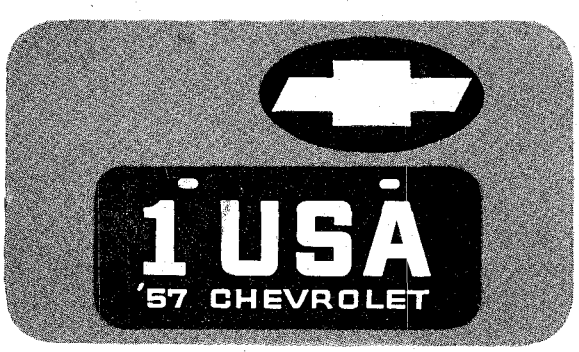
The beautifully new Bel Air Sport Coupe with Body by Fisher.

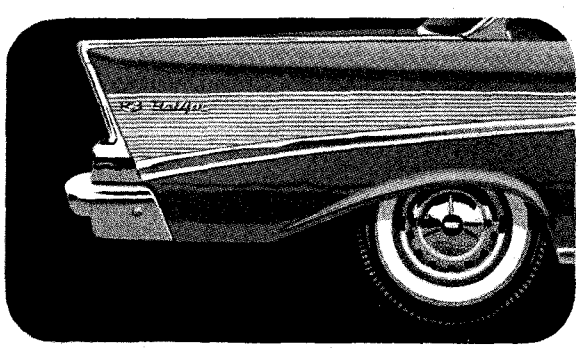


THERE'S THE GREATEST

For '57, Chevrolet comes up with a daring new departure in design! Plus new power (even fuel injection!), a new automatic drive, new ideas right down to the wheels. It's Sweet, Smooth and Sassy!

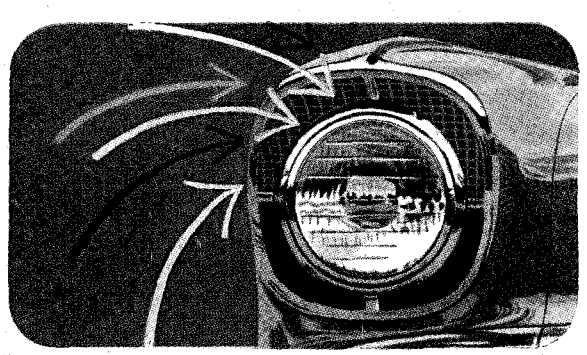
Chevrolet's great design team has come up with a whole galaxy of sparkling new advances. You can *see* that a block away, in Chevy's proud new bumper-and-grille front, in the bold flare of its rear fenders, the clean-lined simplicity of its integrated taillight assembly. You can *feel* the difference, instantly, the moment you nudge the accelerator on any of Chevy's superb new engines. Matter of fact, there's so much that's new and wonderful about this new Chevy you can spend fascinating hours just getting acquainted with 1957's most distinctive car. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.





LOOKS LONGER . . . AND IT IS!

Those longer, lower lines are no illusion. The '57 Chevrolet measures up to them. It *is* longer and lower—and every inch a beauty!—new style story inside, too.



HEADLIGHT-HOOD AIR VENTS

Here's a smart idea—ventilation air intakes are combined with the headlight bezels for a new note in styling. And it's cleaner, high-level air, too.

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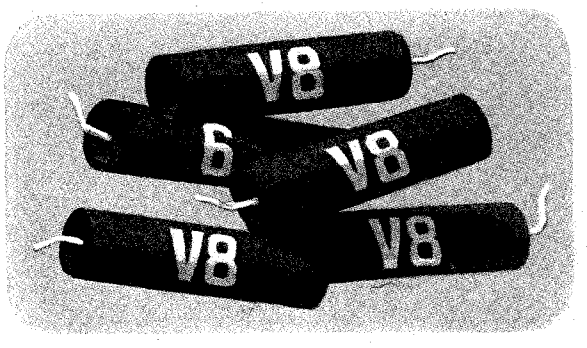
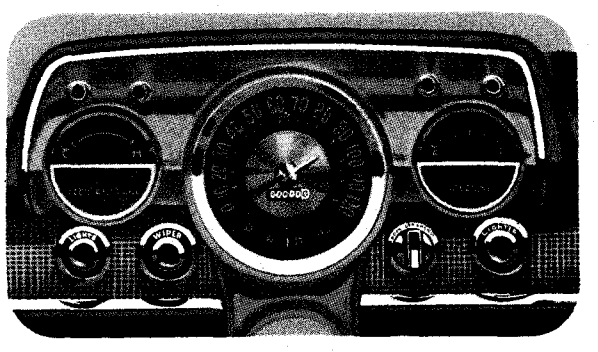
NEW TRIPLE-TURBINE TURBOGLIDE*

It's the last word in automatic drives. Super-smooth—and there's even a HILL RETARDER position on the selector, for safer control on the steepest down grades!



PERFORMANCE REACHES NEW HIGHS

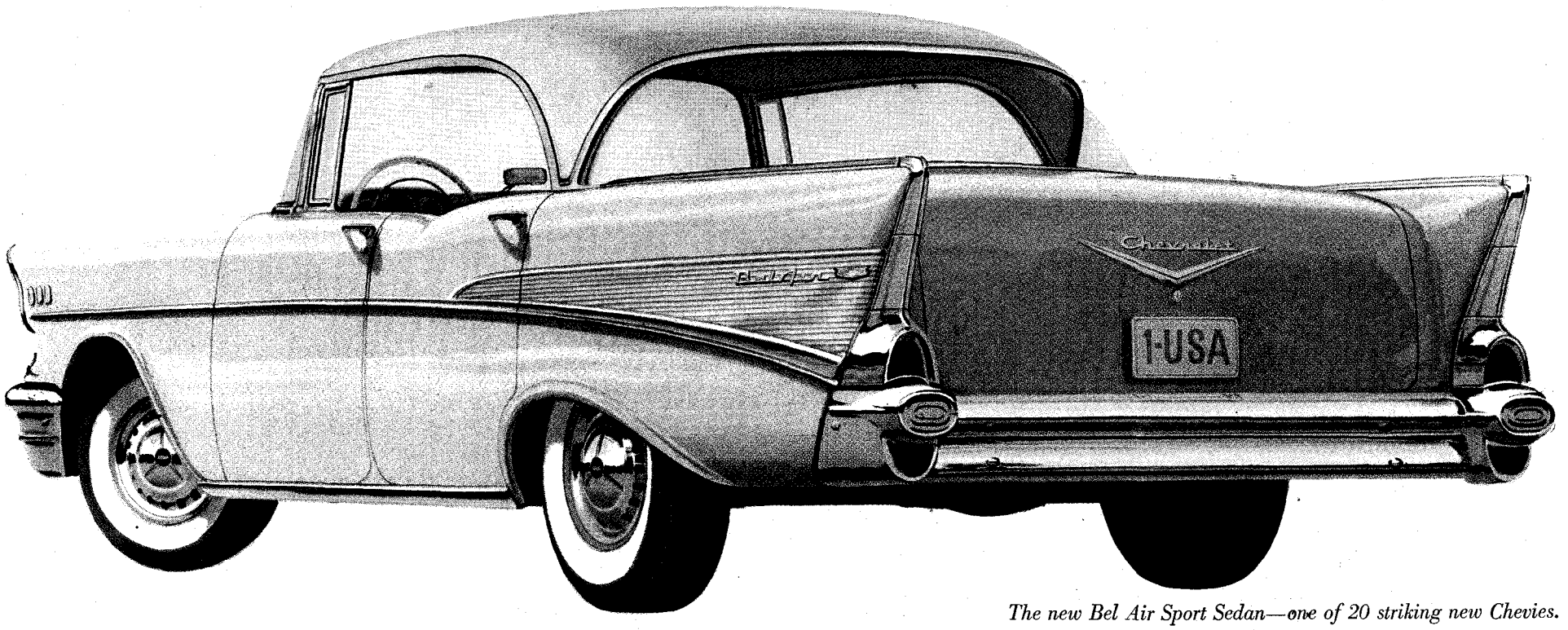
A superb 6 and four silken V8's. Power options up to 245 h.p. Also a special 270-h.p. V8 and Ramjet fuel injection engines with up to 283 h.p. available at extra cost.



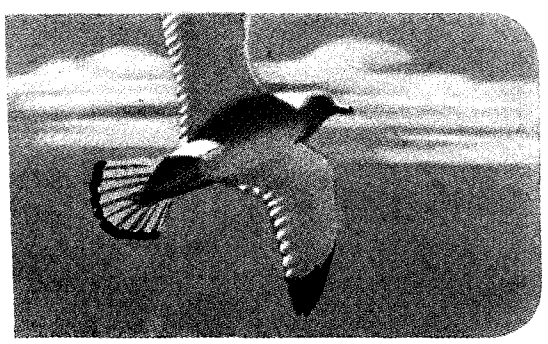
COMMAND POST CONTROL PANEL

A deeply hooded cove, directly in front of the driver, houses all instruments, controls and gauges. Control knobs are recessed for greater safety, too.

CHANGE IN CHEVROLET!

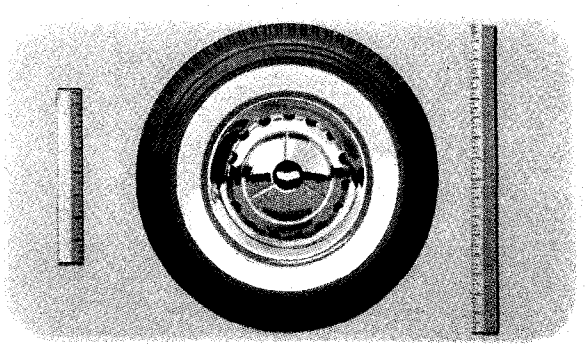


The new Bel Air Sport Sedan—one of 20 striking new Chevies.



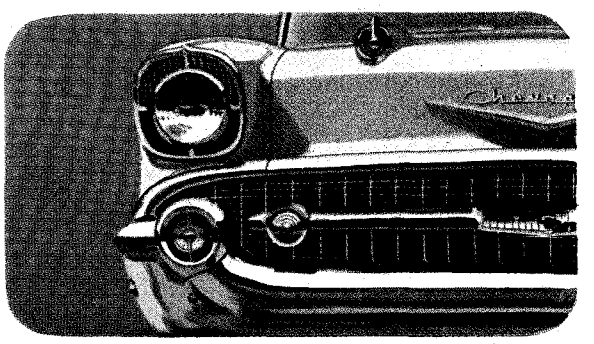
N EVEN FINER POWERGLIDE*

ıe world's best liked automatic transmission is en finer. Proved by millions upon millions of ıner miles—performs even better for '57!



NEW SIZE WHEELS AND TIRES

Chevy now has 14-inch wheels, 7.50 x 14 tires. The velvety ride is even softer because air pressure is reduced to a new low of 22 pounds.



DRAMATIC NEW FRONT END DESIGN

The front bumper is now styled as one unit with the grille for new massiveness and uncluttered purity of line.

**Optional at extra cost*

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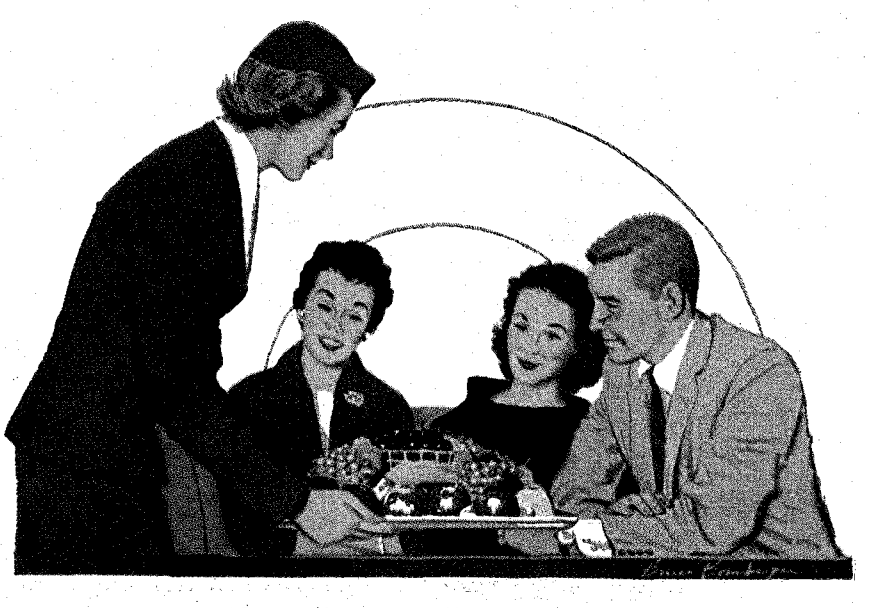

many other "extras" at no extra cost!

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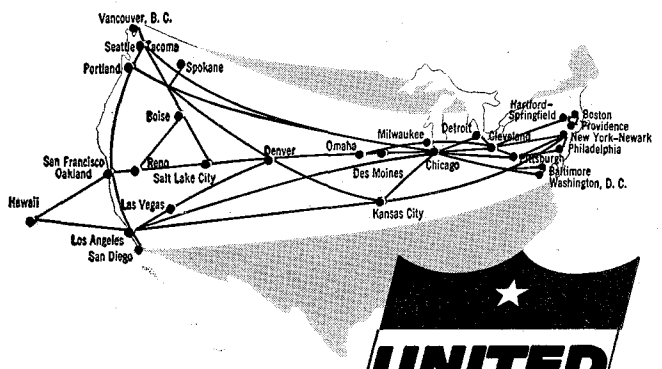

UNITED AIR LINES

There's a difference

when you travel in the Mainliner® Manner

* "Red Carpet" is a service mark owned and used by United Air Lines, Inc.

Rendezvous in Tokyo

(Continued from Page 25)

organization, but as far as we can see, this one is harmless, although Bill Gibson has not reported on it yet. Frankly, I never thought of this outfit to cover you until I saw that the Tremaine Foundation had set it up. Gus and I were in the war together. He's a Texan. Do you like Texans?"

"Not always," Jack Rhyce said.

"Well, I think maybe you ought to meet him," the chief said, and looked hard at Jack and smiled in a frigid way. "You see, Gus is like you, Buster. He just doesn't believe that the world is full of people who want to do good by spending other people's money. But you're going to understand it. You'd better start learning because we're going to turn you into one of those people."

When the chief got started, he had an orator's ability to begin in a slow, haphazard manner, and then, with no appreciable effort, to pull everything together.

"Incidentally," he said, "I wonder if you have ever read Heaven's My Destination, by Thornton Wilder. I don't suppose so, because it was written when you were in short pants, except that, of course, they weren't wearing them when you were a boy, were they? I wish you would read it before you go to sleep tonight because his central character is a do-gooder. Some people thought he was funny, but he wasn't. You're giving me your full attention, aren't you? You see, your cover is a do-gooder and you've got to understand the species."

He stopped and gazed at Jack Rhyce, but of course Jack was giving him his full attention.

"The thing to keep clearly in mind is that this individual you're going to represent, whom I call a do-gooder for want of a better word, is a distinctly modern type. I don't know that it's a happy thought, but the do-gooder who is now running madly all over the world is basically one hundred per cent American. I wish that he would exercise birth control, but he doesn't. He only wants to teach it to the Hindus. I'm afraid the do-gooders aren't a dying race. Do-goodism in its purest form is new in the world. Maybe it's our greatest hope, but it's also our biggest danger—seriously."

"You mean certain people and ideologies take advantage of it?"

"You're smart today, Buster," the chief said. "Do-gooders are unrealistic. The older models thought things through, but we don't think. We feel. The same used to be true of you, but I trust you're getting over it."

"How do you mean—it used to be true with me?"

"Do you remember," the chief asked, "that damn-fool remark you made to Molotov just after we yanked you out of the paratroopers, about all men being brothers? That's what I mean—it was do-goodism. I damn near sent you back to the Army after that."

Jack Rhyce was startled. The truth was you never could tell what the chief would remember.

"I agree with you, sir," he answered. "I hope I'm better now."

"But I don't want you to be better now," the chief said. "I want you to be a do-gooder. I want you to throw yourself into it."

Jack Rhyce thought it was amazing how intricately the chief's mind could work.

"It might help," he said, "if you were to tell me just why you've selected me for this spot and what I'm supposed to do when I get there in Japan."

For a moment the chief looked annoyed, but finally he nodded. "Maybe you've got a point there, Buster. You know I never play fun and games with anyone intentionally, don't you? I think it's early to give you the breakdown, but maybe you've got a point."

He paused and tapped his desk with his pencil.

"All right," he said, "Question Number One: You're going out to the East because you're not known there. Europeans, and especially Americans, stand out like sore thumbs in the East. Orientals are experts about people, as you'll find out, and that's why we are working so hard on your cover, but it won't help indefinitely. They find out everything eventually."

"What about Sorge?" Jack Rhyce asked. "He lasted quite a while."

"Sorge," the chief said. "Exactly. Sorge had a good cover. But the Japs got him in the end, and made him sing. He must have forgotten his pillbox. I want you to keep yours handy, Buster."

They were both silent for a few seconds. They were professionals, and there was no need to underline anything.

"All right," the chief said, "Question Number Two: You're going out to assist Gibson. You'll be under his orders." And then he lowered his voice, "Gibson's got the wind up and he doesn't scare easy. He thinks the commies are planning a political assassination and anti-American demonstrations in Tokyo." The chief pushed back his desk chair and stood up. He selected another chair and drew it close to Jack.

> More people would drive repossessed cars if they could get them back from their children.
>
> ANTHONY J. PETTITO

"Gibson's vague. But you know as well as I do that he's damned intuitive. He says a new personality is running things." The chief's voice dropped to a still lower note, "An American personality, Gibson thinks. He asked for you particularly."

"Did he say what the personality is doing?"

"Damn it," the chief said, "Gibson was necessarily vague. That's the trouble with this Cold War. It's all vague. It isn't a question of stealing the secret plans. It's organization and propaganda and sudden ugly incidents, and our side hasn't learned yet to organize or to understand what people want."

The chief described a circle in the air with his right hand.

"All we can do is to sketch this character," he said. "He's an organizer, a new mind in the apparatus. There's been a sudden marked change in Japan, according to Gibson's estimate. The neutralist intelligentsia are getting more neutralist. There's more anti-Americanism, more procommunism. The communist choral groups are getting better. There's more and better red literature in the bookshops. There are new ideas. It's Gibson's notion that all this is only the prelude to large-scale disturbances. You'll have to see him to get it straight or maybe you'll even have to see the character."

This piece of exposition impressed Jack Rhyce (*Continued on Page 59*)

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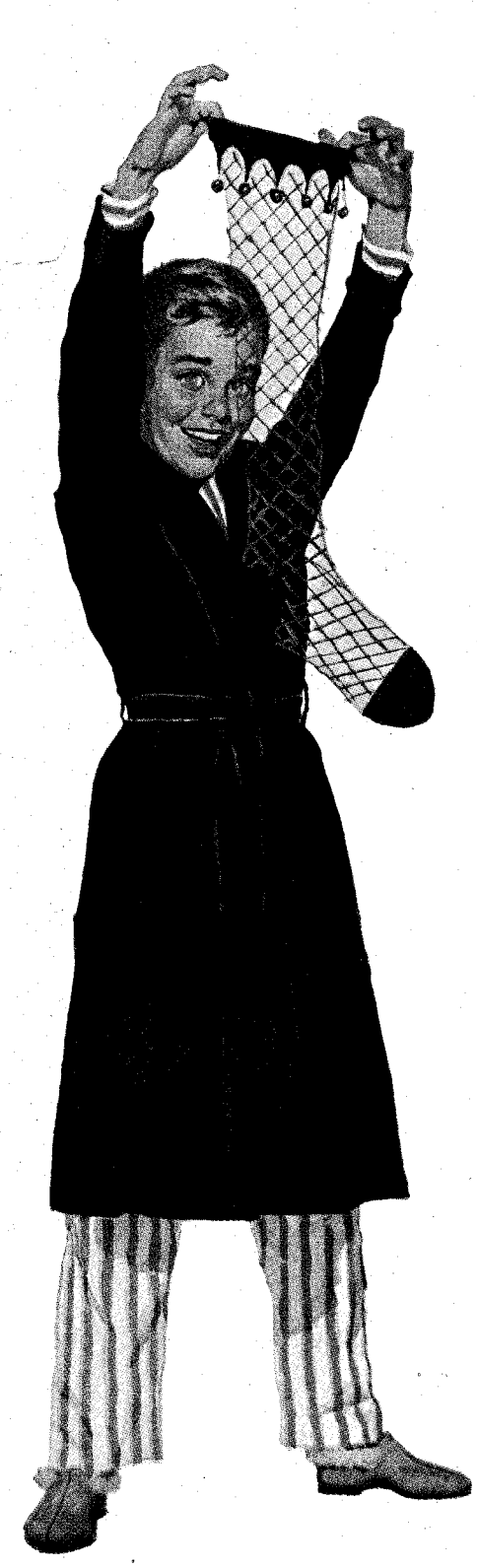
A word to
women before
the holidays...

take a good look
at the men
in your life



90% of what
you see
is their clothes!

Dress 'em Right - you

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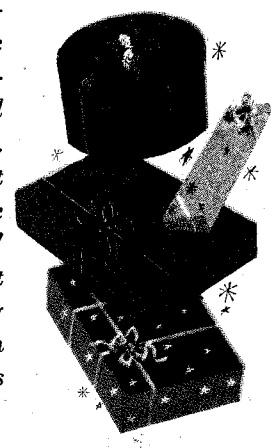
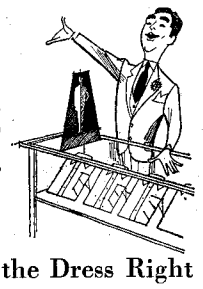
Help them **Dress Right** for the holidays ...and all year!

What to give that hard-to-please (and aren't they all!) man — or boy — on your gift list? Want to lift his spirits all year long? Then give him something that will make him *look* better—to you, to himself, to everyone else who sees him.

Why *do his clothes—the way he looks—make such a difference? Because when he's dressed right, he feels right . . . more confident, more at ease. Then, whatever he does, he does it better! He has more fun. Just the way you gals enjoy a party more when you've got a new dress and a fancy hairdo!*



When you look in his closet or bureau next time . . . take a good look. You'll find lots of room for gift ideas. What does he need to Dress Right —every day—for his job? What would he have fun wearing on his next vacation? How's he fixed to go out in the country or out on the town? Maybe he'll go head over heels for hats and socks . . . or sweaters and jackets and handkerchiefs.

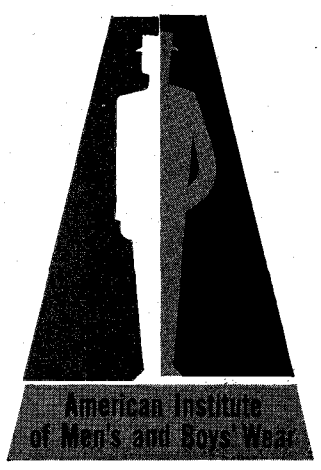


Where can you get help and advice about what's right in men's and boys' clothes? Drop into your favorite men's wear store or department store. (Look for a store that displays the Dress Right symbol.) The salesman will know what styles are right, what's new, what colors most popular. For more fun at the holidays—and all year long, give *all* the men in your life gifts they can wear . . . to Dress Right!

Yes, ma'm, night and day, at work and at play

what they wear never stops talking about them!

can't afford not to!



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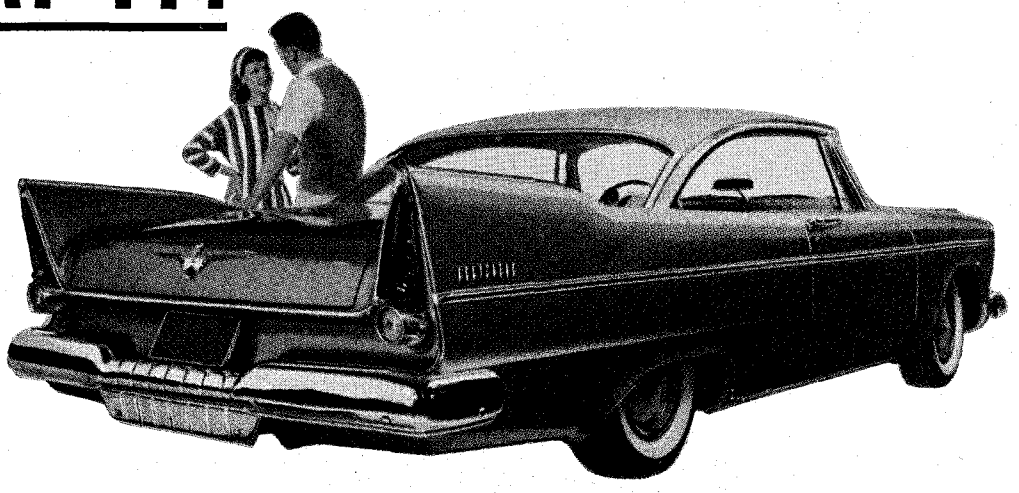
1960 is as near as your Plymouth dealer.
Drive this *great* automobile *today!*



SUDDENLY, IT'S 1960 ➤ PLYMOUTH

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(*Continued from Page 55*) because it lacked the chief's usual balance.

"Maybe I haven't quite followed you," Jack Rhyce said. "It seems to me everything you say sounds like the usual Moscow technique."

"I'm sorry if I gave you that impression. Actually yours was my own initial reaction, until I examined the orders to organizers and all that sort of thing. It's all gayer. It doesn't taste so much like castor oil. You'll find you almost enjoy it. Do you think I'm getting away from my point?"

"I know you couldn't do that, sir," Jack Rhyce said, and he was quite right, because in the next few words the chief pulled everything together.

"They like everything American. That's the point," the chief said. "They don't fall for anything Russian. And this new propaganda has an American touch. It has jazz and neon lights in it. It's damn clever. And I think Gibson's right—it's dangerous. Communist-made Americanism always is, because it can form the background of serious disturbances. Frankly, I wouldn't say that Japan is very firmly in the camp of the freedom-loving nations. Why should it be? Well, we lost China, and God help us if Japan goes communist. We'll be in the grinders then, and frankly, Gibson thinks there's a hell of a better chance of its happening than there was six months ago. Something new has been added from America and things are accelerating."

Jack Rhyce knew that the chief had not given all the details yet. Certainly the organization in Japan was not so ineffective that it had not turned up a few concrete facts.

"I hope you're going to tell me what's been dug up," Jack Rhyce said. "After all, I have personal reasons for being curious."

"Oh, yes," the chief said, and he sat down behind the desk again. "I've made a few mental notes. Of course, we have our contacts in the left-wing organizations, but as far as we can make out, none of our people has seen this individual. However, there is reason to believe that he has been to Japan several times. We think we know his cover name. It's Ben Bushman. There's a lot of talk about a Ben in all the recent intercepts. The man who is really master-minding things out there is a Russian named Skirov, who comes over to Tokyo to meet Ben. Gibson thinks there's a meeting due pretty soon. I don't need to ask you if you know about this Skirov, do I?"

"I know who he is, all right, sir."

The chief smiled faintly, indicating that they both understood that the question had been a joke. Skirov had been on the Moscow first team for a long while, and the latest evaluations had placed him close to the first ten in Moscow.

"I suppose it's too much to think you'll run into Skirov over there," the chief said, "but if you should, you know what the orders are regarding him, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"No matter what it costs," the chief said, "don't forget the sky's the limit if you contact Skirov. There's just a hope that this new one—this Big Ben—may lead you to him, but I doubt it. Skirov never sticks his neck out. That's why your main mission is this Big Ben. I want him located and taped."

"There's no personal description of him yet, is there?" Jack Rhyce asked.

"Nothing that is definite. He may be big because he's referred to occasionally as Big Ben. Once the phrase 'the Honorable Pale-Eyed' was found in words contiguous to Ben's. All we have about our boy are theories. It looks as though he were energetic, and therefore young. If he's young, he must have some sort of war record. I'd say he was college-educated. He must have been in the East for a while at one point, because our bet is that he has a smattering of Japanese and a little Chinese. This might put him in the preacher class, but I doubt it. It would be easier to think of him as the son of a missionary. He must have a vigorous, engaging personality—be quite a ball of fire, in fact—but he isn't in our files. There's one thing more that I'm pretty sure of. It looks to me like a safe bet that Big Ben has been in show business."

"What makes you go for that one, sir?" Jack Rhyce asked.

"The communist drama groups in Japan," the chief said. "You know how the communists have always used folk drama to make their little points. I saw a lot of their plays before the war, in China. Now, according to Gibson, these productions, which used to be excruciatingly dull, have been jazzed up. Pretty

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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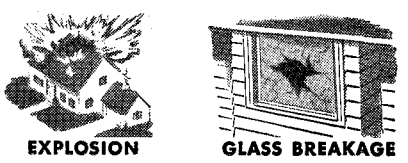

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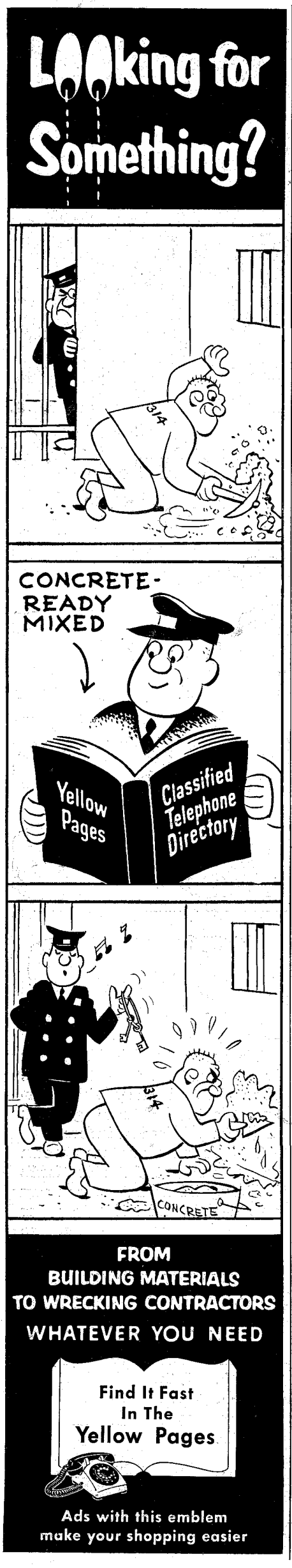

girls are singing blues, and there's soft-shoe and tap dancing."

"He sounds like someone in the Hollywood crowd," Jack Rhyce said.

"It could be. Naturally we've given some thought along that line, but Hollywood is more of a generic term than a place. For my money, Ben has been around the live stage, specifically musical comedy. I rather think, since we haven't dug him up, that he was in some little-theater group. Well, there's your picture. We want to know who Ben is, and you're going out to help Gibson find out."

"What do we do if we find him?"

The chief laughed, one of his rare laughs. "You know my motto. Always do it with velvet gloves—when possible. I wouldn't want to hurt this Big Ben for the world, if it isn't necessary, but we don't want political assassination or anti-American demonstrations either. Anyway, Bill Gibson will give you the line to take. Of course, if you run into Skirov, that will change the picture, and Bill's got his orders, too, about Skirov. Also, if you stir things up, it may be that the whole Skirov apparatus will get ugly. Don't forget that one. Now, there's one thing more." The chief looked at his watch.

"What's that, sir?"

"Beginning tomorrow I want you to take two weeks off to study that material, and I want you to go up to the Farm to do it, and every afternoon you're to have a workout with George and the boys. Right through the whole curriculum—everything."

"It isn't necessary," Jack said. "I know those things."

"It won't hurt to have a refresher course. From now on, you're a do-gooder. And do-gooders don't carry rods. I want you to be good if you have to rough it up with people. Really, Jack, I'm most anxious for you to come back to me alive."

The chief had once told Jack Rhyce that he had only one handicap. He was too good-looking, too athletic and well set up not to attract attention. But for once his athletic build, his guileless face and his irrepressible interest in everything around him were all helpful to his cover. As he sat in his bedroom in the Mark Hopkins, Jack Rhyce had almost forgotten who he was. His mind, in the solitude of the Farm, had absorbed all the facts and details, both about himself and about Big Ben. He had almost developed a genuine enthusiasm for the self-improving opportunity that this trip to the Far East would give him.

Of course he had still harbored the suspicion, after that talk with the chief, that there must be something wrong about the Friendship League, and the chief was amused when he heard about it.

"I don't think so, although we haven't got a final check," he said. "The thing that saves them is that they're too damned obvious. After the Institute of Pacific Relations investigations, any sensible comrade would think that this is a trap, but give them a good looking-over, Buster."

He had not forgotten what the chief had told him. He examined the last papers in the brief case, down to the final odds and ends that had seemingly fallen there by mistake—those bits that gave more veracity than any letters could—and all revealed character. The paper of matches from an inexpensive hotel, and a very respectable one, in midtown New York; the theater-ticket stubs to the matinee of a play which had only one week left to run; the memorandum of telephone numbers, all of persons to whom Charles K. Harrington had referred him, in case anyone should want to confirm.

There was no reason, as he thought it over later, why the jangling of the telephone bell should have run through his nerves like an electric shock. It must have been that sight of the Russians that made him start at the sound, and also, as far as he could tell, no one knew that he was in San Francisco. He finally picked up the instrument.

"Hello," he said, and he spoke in a mellifluous, accentless voice that he had spent such a long time cultivating. He was startled when a girl's voice answered.

"Hello." The voice had a slightly husky quality, and sounded very young, and at the same time seductive. "Is this Mr. John Rhyce?"

"Yes," he answered, and he timed the pause very carefully. "Yes, this is Mr. Rhyce."

The voice changed immediately into confidential happiness. "Gosh, I'm glad I contacted you, Mr. Rhyce. I was afraid you might have left your room, or something. This is Ruth—Ruth Bogart."

"Oh," he said, "oh, yes," and he tried to cudgel his brains. Having been in the profession for a considerable period, he was naturally good with names and faces, but he could not place any Ruth Bogart.

"Don't you know who I am?" she asked.

... ...

Hardly Worth It

Borrowing trouble's as easy
as pie,
But the carrying charges
run pretty high!

By Marion Stewart

... ...

"Why, no," he said, and he laughed. "I don't, to be quite frank; but, then, perhaps I'm not the Mr. Rhyce you're looking for either. Rhyce is a common name, but mine is spelled with a *y*."

"Of course it's spelled with a *y*," she said. "Oh, dear, didn't Mr. Harrington tell you? I'm one of the Asia League girls, and we're going on the same plane tomorrow."

"Why, no," he said, "Mr. Harrington didn't tell me."

"Oh, dear," she said. "He promised he was going to. Have you inquired for wires and everything?"

"There wasn't any wire."

"Oh, dear," she said, "Charlie gets so absent-minded sometimes. Well, just the same, I'm Ruth Bogart."

There was a slight pause while his mind moved rapidly, since there were a number of possibilities in that call, and the most important one was that it might have originated with the Russians.

"Well, it's very kind of you to give me a ring," he said, "especially when you must have many acquaintances in the city, Miss Bogart."

"No," she said, "I haven't, and it's awfully lonely in a strange city, isn't it? I'm stopping here at the Mark, too, and—maybe I'm butting in, but Charles—I mean, Mr. Harrington—did suggest I call you. I was hoping, if you weren't too busy or something, we might have dinner. There's a place here called Fisherman's Wharf, I understand, where they have lovely sea food. My room is Three-twelve."

"Why, that sounds swell," Jack Rhyce said. "I could certainly do with some sea food. I'll be knocking on Three-twelve in just a jiffy."

It was much better to see what was going on than not, and he especially liked the word "jiffy," for it had a suggestive Friendship League sound. Finally he gave a parting glance at his brief case. Should he put it in the upper drawer of the bureau or should he simply leave it on the writing table? He compromised by tossing it carelessly on the bed, closed the room door noisily behind him, and walked down the corridor eagerly and merrily, just in case anyone should be watching.

One of the oldest tricks was the ambush, the alluring call on the telephone, the welcoming inward opening of the door and the blow on the base of the skull. He was still whistling when he stepped out of the elevator and walked down the corridor to Room 312. A great deal of thought had been given at the Farm to the right and wrong ways of entering a strange room. He rose to the balls of his feet, rapped briskly on the door of Room 312 with his left hand, his right low at his side, shoulders forward, knees bent, but only slightly.

"Oh," a voice said. "Just a moment, please."

He moved closer to the door and touched the knob with his left hand in order to be fully prepared when it turned. As the door opened inward, Jack Rhyce moved with it, almost touching the panel with his left shoulder, knees still bent, right hand still slightly down. There was bound to come a moment when the situation would reveal itself, and when you had your opportunity to advance or retreat, as long as you were moving with the door. Jack Rhyce entered the room almost on tiptoe, knees still bent. It was a duplicate of his own, and the bathroom door was closed. A glance at the bed showed that someone must have been resting on it at almost the moment he had knocked. He also had a glimpse of two matched suitcases of canvas airplane luggage. Of course he saw all those things at the very same instant that he saw the girl who stood by the door.

She was very pretty, which did not surprise him. He would have estimated her age at not over twenty-five, until a glance at her hands made him doubtful. Her height was five feet six, hair brown. Her face was longish, with a mouth that showed character, although you could not tell much about a woman's mouth when touched with lipstick. She wore a green dress of heavy silk with a thin yellow stripe in it, and she held a red leather handbag.

"Why, Mr. Rhyce," she said, "I didn't know you'd come rushing down quite so rapidly."

"I guess I hurried down faster than was polite," he said, "because it was such a surprise, and a real pleasure, too, to hear a friendly voice in 'Frisco. I'm terribly sorry that Charlie didn't say anything about you, and a little surprised, too, because, without wanting to be forward or anything, I don't see how anyone like you could possibly skip anyone's mind."

"Why, Mr. Rhyce," she said, "what cute things you say."

"Well, I can only say it is a real pleasure making your acquaintance, Miss Bogart, and it will be fun exploring San Francisco with you. I'm especially glad you mentioned Fisherman's Wharf, and after that we might visit Chinatown. I believe it is the largest Chinese district anywhere in the United States."

There was no doubt that his weeks of work were paying off, and Mr. Wilder's novel had been of great assistance.

"I think dinner would be lovely," she said, "but I'm afraid I'll have to beg off on Chinatown, although it sounds awfully romantic and all that; and anyway, you and I

(*Continued on Page 62*)

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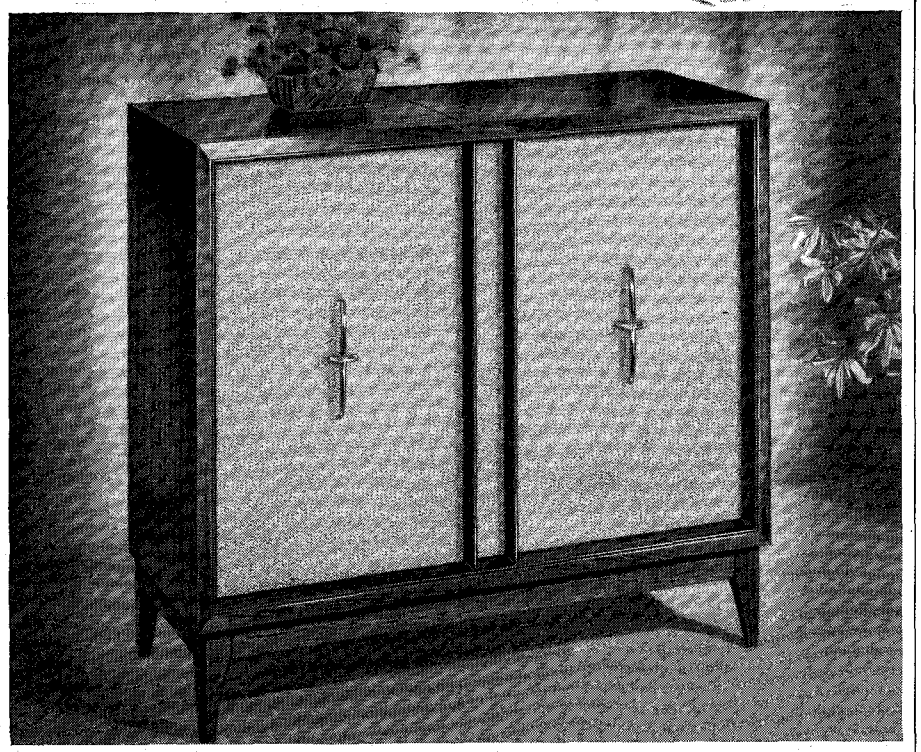

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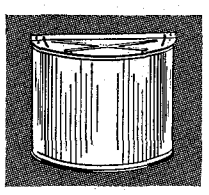

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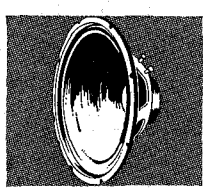

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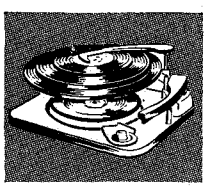

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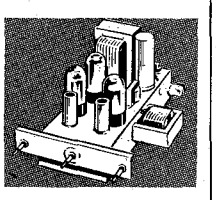

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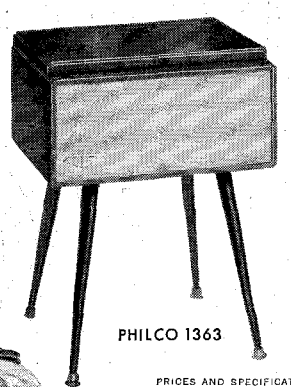

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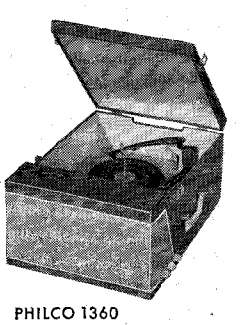

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(*Continued from Page 60*) are going to see a lot of these Oriental people pretty quickly, aren't we? I'm a little woozy, because I've just flown in from Chicago, and we have an early start tomorrow."

In the elevator she opened her red leather bag and took out a gold compact, genuine, not an ordinary plated job. She looked at herself critically in the little mirror, standing with her back to the elevator boy. Jack Rhyce could not avoid a sympathetic interest because it was the correct technique for examining the elevator operator.

"Oh, I forgot to powder my nose," she said.

Her nose looked straight and determined. It did not need powder, and he told her so.

"Well, anyway," she said, "this is a very exciting hotel. Do you know who was here this afternoon? Mr. Molotov himself, who was calling on Mr. Dulles. I had the good fortune to have a glimpse of him just as he was getting into his car."

"Did you?" Jack Rhyce said heartily. "I had that good fortune myself. I was just getting in from the airport."

They were by the front door then and the doorman was whistling for a taxi.

"I thought he was cute," she said. "I was surprised. I thought he was just an old Teddy bear, didn't you?"

"Well, not exactly a Teddy bear."

He kept wishing he could place her, so that he could be more at ease. The business with the compact mirror still disturbed him.

As he sat down beside her in the taxi, she took out her compact again, and Jack Rhyce's shoulders stiffened slightly because there was really no valid reason for doing so a second time. Then she snapped her bag shut and put her hand over his, where it rested on the seat beside him. Jack Rhyce was startled because her gesture did not fit correctly with the picture at the moment.

Her fingers were pressing on the back of his hand, first long and then short, the Continental Code.

"Being followed," he read; "orange-and-black taxi."

He was not disturbed by the news that she had given him, but, on the contrary, rather relieved.

"O.K.," he signaled back. "So what?"

"Have message from chief," she signaled back.

There was a happy smile on his face, and he drew his hand away. There were plenty of people in the outfit whom he did not know, since the cardinal principle in conducting such an operation was to have an individual know as few others as possible. What bothered him was that he still could not be sure of her.

"Driver," he asked, "what is the best place for sea food at Fisherman's Wharf?"

"I will never recommend one over another," the driver said, "but a lot of newcomers here sort of go for Fisherman's Grotto—maybe on account of the name."

"That's quite a name—the Fisherman's Grotto," Rhyce said. "Do you think we'd better try it?"

"Why, yes," she said. "I think it would be lovely." She sounded very happy, just the way a girl should who is being taken to dine at a place like the Fisherman's Grotto. "And we have so much to talk about, so many notes to compare."

"Yes," Jack Rhyce said, "and I can't tell you how pleased I am that we will be traveling together."

"Mr. Tremaine said that so long as you are going, I might as well go with you, since you've traveled so much and this is all a new experience for me. He's a lovely old man, isn't he? I meant Mr. Tremaine—just a regular old Teddy bear."

"I never thought of him in that category, exactly."

"It seems to me," she said, "that you don't seem to think of anybody as Teddy bears."

"Well, frankly, no, I haven't—not for a good many years. And maybe it's just as well."

"Oh, dear," she said, "I hope you're not going to be a dim-view artist. I didn't think you would be, from what I heard of you at Goucher."

"Where?"

"Why, Goucher College, of course," she said. "Helena and I are both in the Department of Sociology, and we room together. In fact, frequently we're mistaken for each other."

"Now that you mention it," Jack Rhyce said, "I can see you look like Helena."

"I've heard so much about you," she said, "that I almost call you Jack. What's the latest news of your mother?"

There was no time to answer because the taxi had stopped at the Fisherman's Wharf, and Jack was out and beside the driver as quickly as he could manage it. An orange-and-black cab had stopped behind them and a slender man in his sixties got out of it. The elderly man lingered outside the Fisherman's Grotto, examining some abalone shells. Jack Rhyce pulled his thoughts together abruptly. Granted there was no immediate danger, he would have felt safer if he had not met the Russians.

"Helena says you always call your mother 'mumsie,'" the girl beside him said.

"Oh, yes," he said, and he laughed in an embarrassed way, "but it's only a holdover from childhood."

He was reasonably sure by now that she was the girl at Goucher College who had written the "Dear Jackie" letter. For a second his mind moved from immediate necessities long enough for him to wonder how they had ever found her. Still, he needed to make a further check before he finally accepted her.

"Well," he said, "so here we are at the Fisherman's Grotto," and he smiled and nodded to the waiter.

"I believe it's the season for Dungeness crabs," he said to her, "and if you've never tried one, they are a most rewarding experience."

Her smile was exaggeratedly gay and provocative, and he was naturally quick about playing by ear.

"Why, I never heard of them, Jackie," she said. "That's what Helena calls you, isn't it? Jackie?"

"Let's not go on any more about Helena," he said. "She's quite a distance away already."

"Oh, dear," she said, and her smile grew reproachful. "I'm afraid you're mad at Helena because of what she said about your mother."

"Well, it does get me a little miffed; and after all, as I repeat, Helena isn't here."

"Well, I think you're being rather naughty, Jackie. Do you think I'd make a better mother substitute than Helena?"

"I have an idea you'll be much better," he said. "And may I call you Ruth?"

"Why, yes. Only I hope you don't think I'm being forward, or susceptible, or anything like that, because that isn't really the case at all. I just believe in being myself, Jack. Don't you?"

It was one of the worst conversations in which he had indulged since he was sixteen, but as he threw himself into the make-believe, the thing assumed a quality that was almost genuine.

"I think this occasion calls for a Martini or something like that, don't you?" he asked.

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"I don't know that I care for a Martini, and I don't know that it would be any too good for you, either, now that I'm a mother substitute." Their glances met, and both smiled fatuously at her little joke. "But I would like a nice bottle of that lovely California wine that is made by those priests or something."

Admittedly, it was conceivable that you might not know what went into a cocktail, but he wanted to tell her that you could also doctor a bottle of wine just as easily, and in the end it might not have looked well if neither of them had taken a drink.

"We'll have both Martinis and the wine," he said, in a big-brotherly, reproving voice.

It was a problem to appear completely engrossed in her and at the same time to examine the man two tables behind. He looked like a bank clerk about to reach retirement age, and he made no apparent effort to hear what they were saying, showing that his job, obviously, was only to keep them in sight.

"You can't blame me for being surprised when you called," he said. "No one gave me the least inkling that you'd be coming along too. I hope this doesn't mean they're losing faith in me or anything like that."

"Oh, no," she answered quickly; "it was only that it suddenly occurred to Mr. Tremaine that your job might be bigger than he thought, and that you might need some help. A girl with a typewriter, and things like that, you know."

"Are you good with a typewriter?"

"Yes," she said, and she laughed; "any sort of typewriter."

"I didn't know the job was getting bigger," he said. "I'm very glad you're coming."

"So am I," she said, "because I love to travel. You know, just after I graduated from secretarial school I worked for a while for a man named Mr. Jackson, in Washington, and then I went to Europe as soon as I could. I had a lovely experience traveling around there, but I was with an insurance firm in London mostly."

"Who was your boss in London?"

"It was a pretty big company in London. His name was Mr. Billings. I love London, don't you?"

"Yes; the few glimpses I've had of it. From my point of view, London is a man's town."

"But a girl can have a good time in a man's town, sometimes," she said. "I love everything about London. I always feel at home when I can hear Big Ben."

"I wonder how Big Ben's striking these days?" he said. "You know, I've been told you can hear Big Ben right in Tokyo, over the BBC—that is, when Radio Moscow doesn't interfere. I wonder if we'll hear Big Ben when we get to Tokyo?"

"I think we will," she said, "almost right away."

"Well," he said, "we'll have to remember to tune in."

She had told him almost everything, but she was still talking brightly, as though she were completely unconscious of it.

"I love to be in strange places and see strange people, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes. Strange faces always fascinate me too. I often play a little game with myself wondering who people are."

"You can't ever tell, though, can you? Now there's a little old man just directly behind you, two tables away, and he keeps looking at us, now and then, as if he were lonely. I wonder what he's been doing all his life."

"Whatever he's done, he's kept alive," he said.

"They say, don't they, that San Francisco is the gateway to the Orient? And it's true, isn't it, because I see there's an Oriental here? I can't tell whether he's Chinese or Japanese. Can you?"

"Where?" Jack Rhyce asked, and, without intending it, his voice had an edge to it.

"Over there near that case with the queer fish on ice."

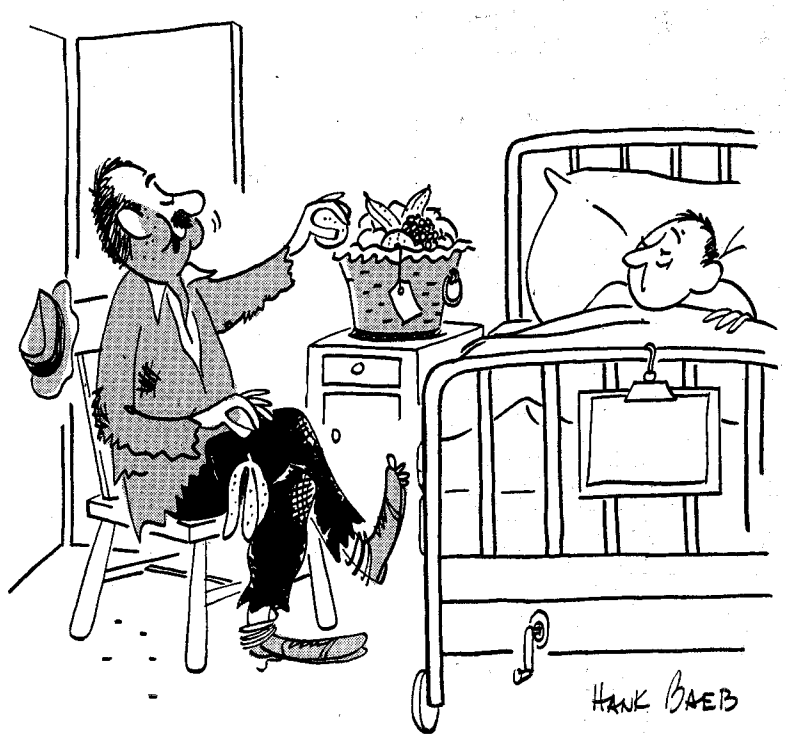
A young Japanese, whom he had not noticed, had entered the Fisherman's Grotto.

"Oh," he said, "yes. I'd put him down for Japanese, and Nisei from his build. It's funny. I didn't see him come in."

"Well," she said, "maybe we'd better go back to the hotel before we get into any trouble, because I didn't see him come in either."

"The only trouble we'll have here is to get the attention of the waiter," Jack Rhyce said. . . .

The old man behind them must have paid his check already because he rose



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when Jack Rhyce signaled to the waiter, sauntered slowly out of the restaurant, pausing just as he passed their table, to light a thin black cigar and to glance down at his wrist watch. The waiter arrived with the check, and Jack had a bill ready.

"Thanks," he said, "and keep the change."

He pushed back his chair. Their shadow had called a taxicab. The tension that had built up inside Jack Rhyce subsided slowly.

"He was a dear old man, wasn't he?" Ruth Bogart said. "I wonder where he's going now?"

"Home," Jack Rhyce said. "He's finished work, I think," and he linked his arm through hers affectionately, partly for relief and partly because of cover. "The whole thing was only a check on our baggage," he told her softly. "I think there's light enough," he went on, "if you should care to look at Alcatraz through the telescope."

"That would be lovely," she said; and then she giggled, "as long as we don't get any nearer."

"That's one place where we probably won't end up," he said. Then, when he put a coin in the slot for the telescope, he added in a lower voice, "We can talk at the hotel. I think we're in the clear now."

"Why, it's fascinating," she said. "Hurry and take a look, before we have to spend another dime."

He had been careless, because he thought they were in the clear. Otherwise, he would not have kept his attention so long on Alcatraz. Consequently, when he heard a step behind him, he almost whirled around in a guilty way, instead of turning slowly.

"Sir," a voice said before he saw the speaker, "I beg your pardon, but would you like to see Chinatown?"

It was the young Japanese from the restaurant—the one who he had thought might be American.

"No, thanks," Jack Rhyce said, "not tonight."

The Japanese, he saw, was at most in his early twenties. His neat, dark suit, his shirt open at the neck, and his hair done in a crew cut, gave him the appearance of a college student. The young man's hands were at his sides. There was no indication of a forward motion, and nothing in the face, or eyes, or shoulders, or in the set of the feet indicated trouble. Nevertheless, the Japanese had not moved.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "Would you mind if I ask you another question?"

"Why, no, not at all," Jack Rhyce answered heartily. "Go ahead and ask it, son."

"I was so near enough your table at the Fisherman's Grotto, sir," the young man said, "that I overheard some words you said to the young lady." He smiled at Jack Rhyce. His face looked thin, sensitive and handsome. "It was only accident—I did not mean to be intrusive."

Jack Rhyce laughed like a good-natured schoolteacher. "Why, that's all right, son," he said, "perfectly all right. There's nothing I should mind having you overhear at all. What was it that we said that interested you?"

"Well, you see, I'm Japanese, sir."

"Why, of course you are. And I can see that you're American too. My guess is you were born right here in California."

"That is so, sir," the boy answered. "I was born here and I'm a graduate of Cal. Tech."

"Well, well," Jack Rhyce said, "congratulations. That's a great school, isn't it, Ruth—Cal. Tech?"

"Yes, indeed it is," Ruth Bogart said. "One of my classmates at Goucher married a very cute boy from Cal. Tech. who majored in physics."

"I was interested in what you were saying at the table," the boy said, "because I have relatives in Japan. May I introduce myself? My name is Nichi Naguchi. They called me Nick at college."

"Well, well," Jack Rhyce said. "This is a real pleasure, Nick. My name's Jack Rhyce, and this is Miss Bogart."

"I do wish we had time for you to show us Chinatown," Ruth Bogart said.

"Well, don't hold back on us, Nick," Jack Rhyce said. "What was it you heard us say that caught your attention? Come on and tell us."

"Well, sir," the young Japanese said, "might I ask if you and Miss Bogart are going to Japan? You were saying you hoped to hear Big Ben strike in Tokyo, over the BBC."

Now that Big Ben had been mentioned, Jack Rhyce could not disregard the coincidence.

"Why, certainly you can ask," he said. "Why, sure, we're flying out that way tomorrow morning. Miss Bogart and I happen to be working for an organization in which we both take great pride—the Asia Friendship League."

He watched for some revealing sign, however small, but the boy only looked reassured, and began to speak more eagerly.

"Since you have been so kind as to tell me," the boy said, "may I ask if you will not need a guide when you get to Tokyo? The Japanese language is difficult for Americans sometimes." He was overeager and laughed nervously. "I know a very good guide. He is my uncle. His English is very good. He is also fond of Americans, is very educated. He can answer all questions because he knows everything about Japan."

"Well, that's quite a recommendation, that he knows everything," Jack said, and he laughed before he finished. "Do you suppose he knows Big Ben?"

It was dangerous, but now and then you had to play a card.

"Big Ben?" the boy repeated.

Jack Rhyce laughed again, very heartily indeed. "Didn't you get it, Nick?" he said. "The clock that you heard us talking about, you know, the one that strikes."

"Oh, yes," the boy said, "I forgot. I am very sorry. If you would like, I can give you my uncle's address."

"Why, sure, Nick," Jack Rhyce said. "Jot it down and I'll look him up if I should ever need a guide."

"Thank you," the Japanese boy said. "Thank you very much."

"Not at all, Nick," Jack Rhyce said. "The pleasure is all ours. Well, thanks, and so long."

"Good-by, sir," the boy said, "and good-by, Miss Bogart, and good luck and a very happy trip."

They were alone, with their backs to Alcatraz.

"Well," Jack Rhyce said, "that was quite a little human experience, wasn't it?" He put the address carefully in his wallet. "Everybody has always told me that San Francisco is a friendly city."

"Nichi Naguchi," she said. "They have funny names, don't they? But he was sort of shy and sweet. We should have asked him his address, so we could send him a picture card when we get to Tokyo."

"It's all right," he told her. "I was just about to ask him when I saw he had written his uncle's name on one of his own cards. His address is there and everything."

"Well, I'm glad we didn't ask him," she said, "because it might have looked too inquisitive. I don't like inquisitive people, do you?"

"No," he said. "They rub me the wrong way, somehow. This has been a lovely experience, getting to know you, Ruth."

"The same is true on my side too. Let's stroll around and look at the fishing boats and things, before we go back to the hotel."

Undoubtedly she was as anxious to get back to the hotel as he, but it was never wise to hurry.

The elevator boy who took them to the third floor only looked bored when Jack got out with her.

"I'll just see you to your door," he said, "and see you're not locked out or anything."

"It isn't really necessary, Jack," she said, "but it's sweet of you to think of it."

When she took her room key from her handbag, he snatched it from her playfully.

"Now really, Jack," she said; "now please try to behave."

When he turned the key in the door, he was laughing softly, and he approved of the way she covered him and watched the hall, and she kept the correct distance behind him when he entered the darkened room. The second the door was closed behind them, he pointed to the closed bathroom door. She nodded, opened it and turned on the light, and pulled open the closet door afterward.

"O.K.," she whispered. "My heaven, I've been bored to death."

"Just a minute," he said gently; "just a minute before you get so frank." He took a pencil from his pocket and offered it to her. "Would you mind writing a few words on the back of this envelope?"

"Oh, so that's it?"

"Yes, that's it," he answered, and his hand closed over her wrist. "I'll take your handbag while you're writing. It might get in your way."

They eyed each other for a moment.

"You don't miss any tricks, do you?" she said.

"I try not to. Hurry, please."

"What do you want me to write?"

"Anything, so long as you write it. Write 'I'll (*Continued on Page 66*)

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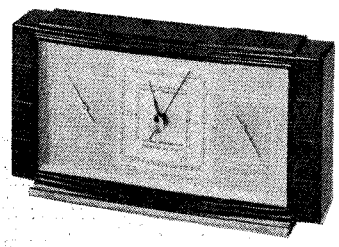

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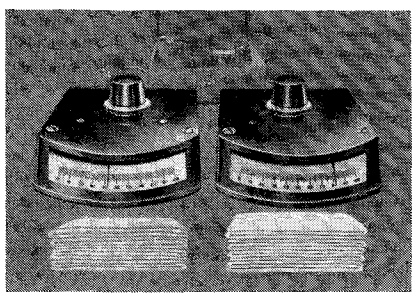

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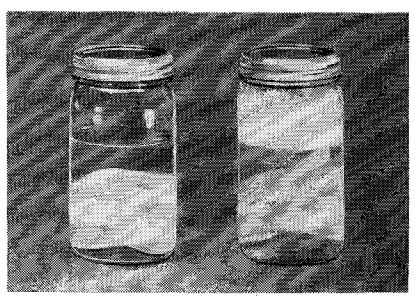

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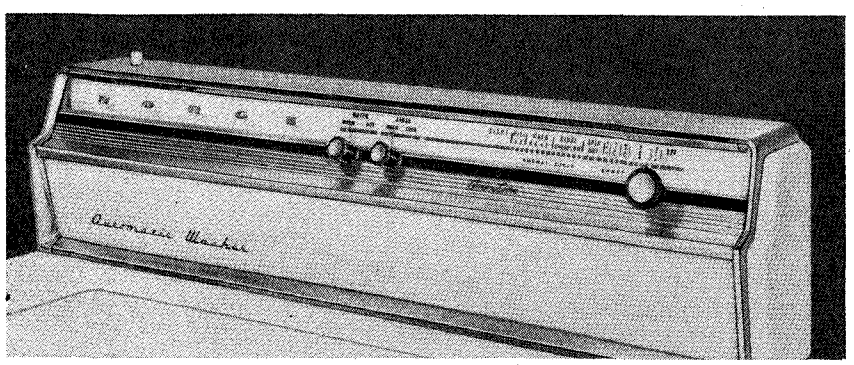

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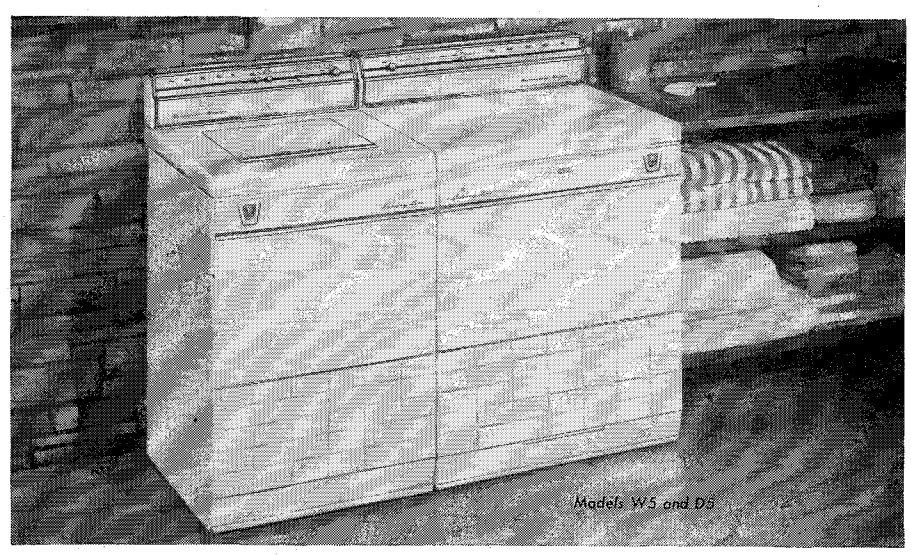

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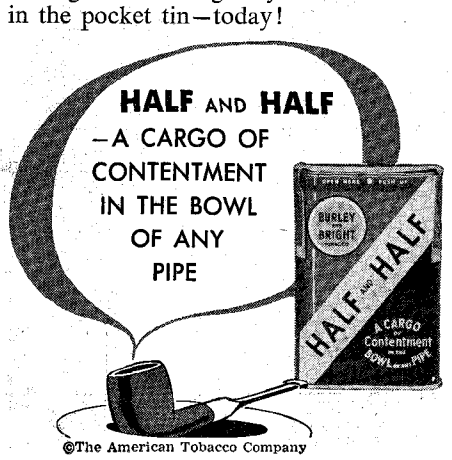
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BURLEY AND BRIGHT
HALF AND HALF
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(*Continued from Page 64*) do my best to be a good, co-operative girl if I go with you on this trip.'"

There was no hesitation when she wrote, but she did not write the words that he suggested. Instead, when she handed him back the envelope he read, "I don't like people who have to be so careful, and, as I said, it has been a boring evening." Her writing was the same as the Helena letter in his brief case.

"I'm sorry," he said, "if you think I'm disagreeable, but I had to make up my mind about you. Let's check on the luggage now."

He pointed to her matched suitcases. They were lying one on top of the other, with a small envelope brief case on top. Even before she looked up and nodded, he knew that the baggage had been searched.

"Good job?" he whispered.

She nodded back, smiling, and held up both her thumbs.

"Brief-case contents?"

"All through everything," she whispered. "They had it out all over the writing table."

"Careless of them," he said.

"Clever of me, for being dainty and using lots of dusting powder. See where they brushed it off?"

"Gloves," he said. "They dusted with them before they put them on."

"Smart as a whip, aren't you, Buster?"

"You bet," he said, "right on the ball. What makes you call me Buster?"

"The chief. He calls you that."

"Right," he said. "Now what's the word?"

"Gibson asked for both of us. Big Ben's coming over. It's definite, he's from the States."

They stopped and listened. Another guest was walking down the corridor with jaunty, heavy footsteps, and just as the steps passed, they heard a man's voice singing softly:

"*For every day is ladies' day with me. I'm quite at their disposal all the while!*"

The song was from The Red Mill, an old song, and slightly incongruous for that reason, but, then, the comedy had been revived recently.

"Any identification?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Well," he whispered, "things don't look too bad for us, now they've gone through the bags."

"Yes," she said, "I know; but what about that Jap?"

"I'd like to get a check on him, but I think it wiser not to signal Washington. Don't you?"

They looked at each other and nodded. From now on, any communication with the bureau might ruin everything.

"Well," he said, "I guess that's that. I wish I'd met you earlier before I took on this cover."

"Oh, well, it won't be so bad. Breakfast downstairs at seven-thirty, what? Good night, Buster."

"Good night," he said, and he put his hands on her shoulders. "Don't worry. We'll get through all right."

"Hell," she said, "I've given up worrying long ago."

By the time he left Honolulu for Tokyo, Jack Rhyce was positive that he and Ruth Bogart were in the clear. It was inevitable, after a number of years' experience, that one should develop intuition. There was a sense of malaise—similar, he sometimes thought, to what psychiatrists called free guilt—when you were being watched. There had been none of that feeling in the airport at San Francisco, and none in Honolulu.

He was exactly what he should have been, and so was Ruth Bogart. He could even forget that they were boringly obvious. He was even able to take a surfboard out at Waikiki in a perfectly carefree manner. He could be as expert as possible because he was a muscular do-gooder. He was beginning to experience that wonderful feeling of complete creative success that came with perfect cover. There was confidence in such a feeling, but never overconfidence.

On the afternoon when they boarded the plane for Tokyo and began flying into the setting sun, nothing changed his mood. The passengers on the plane were interesting, but not outstanding: a Hawaiian-Japanese couple, a Dutch businessman, two British businessmen and then thirty members of a world-tour group, all of whom could have been only exactly what they were. The project, as he learned from the world-cruise director in the course of the trip, had been started by a travel agency which had founded an organization named the World Wide Club. Members of this organization, it seemed, paid their dues into a general account for several years, until at last the total sum had become large enough to pay a liberal down deposit on a round-the-world trip—and that was not all either. During the years in which the fund had been building up, there had been biweekly study groups, so that everybody by now knew quite a lot about the places they were going. Jack Rhyce fell into the spirit of their trip at once, and he told the cruise director that it was one of the greatest ideas he had ever heard of.

"You know," he said, "the thought has just occurred to me that we might incorporate this very travel idea into the organization which I happen to represent—the Asia Friendship League. One of our basic problems is to stimulate an interchange of travelers. . . . Don't you think it is a great idea, Ruth?"

Of course she thought it was a great idea, and except for the Dutchman and the Englishmen, they all became a congenial group, flying across the Pacific at nineteen thousand feet. As far as he could remember later, they broke away from cover only once, and it was Ruth Bogart's fault, not his. When it had grown dark and dinner was over, and the merriment had died down, he took the sayings of Buddha from his brief case.

"This fellow Buddha," he said, "has quite a lot to say. Would you like me to read you a little of it, Ruth?"

"Oh, shut up," she said, "and let me go to sleep."

"Why, of course. It was very thoughtless of me, chatting along this way. I know it is a tiring trip, with all this change of time and the plane vibration."

"Oh, shut up," she said again, and, on the whole, he could not blame her. They were silent for half an hour.

"Jack," she said, "I'm sorry."

"Oh, that's all right," he told her. "Everybody gets tired sometimes."

"Damn it, I'm not tired," she said. "It isn't weariness; it's schizophrenia. When we set down at Wake, can't we get away for twenty minutes and be ourselves?"

"Why, yes. I think that would be a wonderful idea, but it will be dark at Wake—just before dawn."

"All right," she said; "in the dark then. In fact, it would look better if we did. We're supposed to be in love, aren't we? At least the idea is for us to try to give that impression."

"Yes, and you've been wonderful about it."

"Oh, shut up," she said, "and let me go to sleep."

She was asleep hours later when the plane was (*Continued on Page 68*)

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Her own lunch hour having arrived, Millie, a winsome waitress at Miss Brewer's Tastie Tea Shoppe, did not waste time eating. Instead, she rushed to the stairs to keep an appointment at a nearby beauty salon. In her haste, she missed a step and tumbled feet first into an incoming guest, Mrs. Marlowe. That lady, seriously injured, sued the tea shop.

"Certainly a tea shop should protect its customers from being bowled over by falling waitresses," Mrs. Marlowe argued. "As it failed to do so, it should pay for my injuries and medical expenses."

"Millie was on her lunch hour," Miss Brewer replied. "What she did then, in or out of the shop, was her own responsibility and not mine."

If you were the judge, would you make Miss Brewer pay?

• •

Miss Brewer did not have to pay. The court ruled that an employer has no control over the conduct of employees during their lunch hour, and therefore is not legally responsible for what they do during that time.

Based upon a 1949 Georgia decision.

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(*Continued from Page 66*) letting down. He put his hand on her arm to awaken her, and she gave a start and looked around her for a moment, as though she did not know where she was or who she was. And this was dangerous, particularly on the beginning of a trip.

"Wake," he said, "in about thirty minutes."

"All right," she said. "I've got it now."

"Just take it easy," he told her.

His guess about the time of arrival at Wake was approximately correct, because the announcement came over the loud-speaker a few minutes later.

They would be on the ground at Wake Island in half an hour. It would still be dark. There would be a change of crew and an hour to two hours on the ground. Transportation would be furnished, so that passengers could go to the resthouse, which was only a short distance from the field, for early-morning refreshment. There was no checkup on the passengers, and there was no reason at all why he and Ruth Bogart should not walk to the resthouse or anywhere on that small island.

"Heavens," she said, "it's lonely."

"Yes," he said, "it's lonely, all right." But he was surprised that she should be impressed by it.

"I mean, this is a different sort of loneliness," she said. "I'm used to being lonely in the middle of everything, but this is being lonely in the middle of nowhere."

They walked alone up a road illuminated only by dim electric lights, with ugly shadows of buildings on either side.

"We may as well take a look at the lagoon," he said. "It's later than I thought. It's getting light." There was no reason why they could not be themselves for a moment.

"That crowd in the plane," he said, "did any of them seem offbeat to you?"

"No. You're still not worried about that Jap in San Francisco?"

"No, not seriously; not after Honolulu."

"I wish I could forget him and everything else. Do you ever feel that way?"

"Oh, yes, lots of times."

"The hell of it is," she said, "that after a while you don't know what's what. You don't know what you are because you can't be anything."

"Yes," he said, "I know what you mean. Maybe chameleons feel that way."

"We might have a nice time together, mightn't we, if we weren't all mixed up in this?"

"We might, but I'm not sure I would know how. I might turn green and yellow, and not know I was doing it."

"How long have you been in?"

"Long enough to forget what it's like outside. About ten years."

"Well," she said, "you don't act it altogether. Of course, I'm newer than that."

"Yes, of course. What were you doing outside?"

"College; majoring in Romance languages. I met the chief at a cocktail party in New York. Let's skip it, shall we?"

"Yes, let's skip it; but I hope your name isn't Ruth."

"Well, it is," she said, "and it's too bad you don't like it, and now let's both sign off. You're right. It's getting lighter."

"Yes," he said. "The lagoon's over there, I think. The chief gave you a briefing, didn't he, about Big Ben?"

"Yes, I've got the whole story."

"It seems queer to me," he said, "that they haven't picked him out by now. I never knew anyone in show business who doesn't try to push into the front row, and I never knew one who could keep his mouth shut for long."

"Why, what's the matter? Don't you like the theater?"

"I used to, but I get nervous when I go now. The actors are all so obviously what they are. He ought to be obvious too."

He was glad they had gone for a walk, and not stayed in the resthouse. The sky in the east was growing brighter and in a few minutes it would be sunrise. In the distance he could hear the explosion of a motor warming up, and then he heard another sound, nearer, but some distance away. She must have heard it, too, because she put her hand on his arm, and they both stood still, listening.

"Someone singing," she said.

"Yes," he answered, "over by that house, I think."

"San Francisco," she said. "You remember, don't you?"

Of course he remembered. She was referring to the footsteps outside the hotel door in San Francisco, and that snatch of outmoded song, and now in the dark a man was singing another song from The Red Mill. The singer's voice was excellent.

"*In old New York!*" the words came carelessly and incongruously through the darkness. "*The peach crop's always fine!*"

They stood motionless on the road, listening. Of course it was only the time and place, he was thinking, that emphasized the coincidence, but nevertheless it was the sort of thing that could not have happened once in a thousand times. He could tell himself it was only Wake Island, but still there was the coincidence.

"It comes from over by the lagoon," he told the girl beside him. "Let's move over that way."

"*They're sweet and fair and on the square, the maids of Manhattan for mine!*"

"From The Red Mill," Jack Rhyce said, in a loud and hearty voice. "It sounds like home, doesn't it? Do you remember the rest of it, Ruth dear?"

"Why, no, Jack," she said, "of course I don't. Not that old song. Do you?"

"Why, Ruth dear, you can't fool me on old songs. It goes like this: *You cannot see in gay Paree, in London or in Cork, the queens you'll meet on any street in old New York . . . New York.*"

He had not sung it badly, and it was not a bad idea. It seemed very natural when he heard a voice call back, "Hey, let's do it again, whoever you are! *In old New York—in old New York!*"

The east was growing pink, but it was still not full day, so that shapes did not have the same definition that they would a few minutes later. A man in khaki swimming trunks was walking toward them. His yellow hair was dripping sea water and he had a towel over his right shoulder. At first, Jack Rhyce thought that the early light gave an extra illusion of size, but a second later he saw that the man was very large—two inches taller than he, he guessed, and a good twenty pounds heavier. He was beautifully built, too, tall and blond, heavy sandy eyebrows, greenish eyes and a large mobile mouth.

There was occasionally a time when you could be sure of something beyond any reasonable doubt. It was one of those moments that made all drudgery worth while. He knew that he could not be wrong. It could not be anybody else. He knew as sure as fate that he was looking at Big Ben. Nevertheless, even in that moment of revelation, he contrived to keep his balance because his training had been good. He found himself joining in the song without a quaver.

"*The peach crop's always fine!*" he was singing. "Come on Ruth, *They're sweet and fair and on the square, the maids of Manhattan for mine.*"

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He paused to catch his breath, and the big man in the khaki swimming trunks raised his hand like an orchestra leader.

"Now we're hitting it," he said. "You take the lead, I'll follow. You know I'd pretty well forgotten those last two lines."

"Well, it's nice to meet another Red Miller," Jack Rhyce answered, "especially on a rock like this. All right, here we go. . . . Come on and join in with us, Ruth. . . . *You cannot see in gay Paree, in London or in Cork, the queens you'll meet on any street in old New York.*"

He knew as sure as fate that he was talking to Big Ben, although he still had to prove it, and his main hope was that Big Ben did not have intuition, too—at least not so early in the morning. In the waxing light the man's size was more impressive than it had been before. In spite of all Jack Rhyce had learned at the Farm, he was not sure how things would come out if they reached a showdown in the next few seconds—but of course there was not going to be a showdown.

"Say, that was good," the big man said. And as far as Jack Rhyce could see, his smile was friendly. "You're not joining this flying installation here, are you?"

"No," Jack Rhyce said. "We're just passengers from the resthouse, only out for a stroll, and heading west in about an hour."

The big man draped his towel more carefully around his shoulders. "Oh," he said, "you mean Flight Five-zero-one?"

"Yes, I think that's the number," Jack Rhyce said. . . . "We are on Flight Five-oh-one, aren't we, Ruth?"

"Yes," Ruth said. "Don't be so vague, Jack. Of course it's Five Hundred and One."

Even the clumsy use of numerals could help with cover. The big man shook his head slowly.

"That's too bad," he said. "I'd hoped you were on some crew or something, so we could think up some more old songs. Let's see. There's a world-tour group, isn't there, on this Flight Five-zero-one? There was something about it, seems to me, at Operations."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Echo

By Millicent Ward Whitt

I heard the Diesel truck's
throaty cry
Across the town, across the
Western night,
And half awake, I thought
the foghorn blew
For tugs and barges trailing
out of sight.

That river flows a dark two
thousand miles
From where I lie and listen,
hearing still
A foghorn where no river
boat can be,
A foghorn over sagebrush
on a hill.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

His voice was gentle and lazy, with a drawl that might have belonged either to the tidewater country or to the Southwest. Big Ben was trying to place them, and he had overstepped, because it was doubtful that a world-tour group would be mentioned in Operations.

"That's right," Jack said, "there is a world-tour group aboard, but we don't happen to be in the party. Miss Bogart and I are being employed by the Asia Friendship League; not that I suppose you would hear of it if you're working on an airline."

The big man shook his head vaguely in a way that expressed genuine regret. "Well, it's too bad you're not staying on," he said. "You both look like nice folks to get to know. And now, as it is, we're just ships that pass in the night."

"That's a very nice way of putting it," Jack Rhyce said, "but it's a pleasure even to have made such a short acquaintance. I suppose we really ought to be getting back to that resthouse."

"Maybe so," the big man said, "but it's been a treat for me too. Well, so long, folks, and don't let those Japs give you wooden nickels."

"Well, so long," Jack Rhyce said, "and many happy landings."

They turned and walked back toward the airstrip. For a while he felt that the big man was watching them, but only for a very short time.

"Turn and wave to him," he said to Ruth Bogart.

"He's gone," she said.

"Well," he said, "that's that, at least for the moment."

"Do you think he is the same man that was humming in the hall?" she said.

"Yes," he said, "I think so."

"Do you think he knew that we were in that room?"

Jack Rhyce sighed. You couldn't think of everything.

"That's the sixty-four-dollar question," he said, "but I wouldn't be surprised if we knew the answer someday."

No matter how you met a given situation, it was impossible to do everything right. The man was obviously an airline employee. Now that he had appeared at Wake Island, he was as safe as a book in the reference library. Only a few discreet inquiries would be necessary to obtain his full life history. As he had said to Ruth Bogart, there was only one sixty-four-dollar question—did their man know who they were? If so, it would be best to break out of cover at once and communicate with Washington. Although hindsight was always clearer than foresight, Jack Rhyce could never convince himself that he had not moved properly at Wake. After all, he was under Gibson's orders, and it was only about ten hours to Tokyo, but doubts still plagued him even after the plane had taken off.

"I might go up forward and have a chat with the crew," he said, "in a purely social way."

"I wouldn't, if I were you, Jack," she told him. "It could get back to Wake that you were asking. Did you notice his hands?"

It was an unnecessary question, because he had not taken his eyes off them for more than a few seconds.

"The way he kept his fingers half closed—they frightened me," she said.

He did not want to tell her that he had been thinking several times what he could possibly do if Big Ben were once to get him by the throat.

"He looks very able," he said, "very first-class."

He was not thinking of the hands when he made that estimate, but of the wide forehead, the greenish eyes, the careless-looking, good-natured mouth, and the general ease of motion which showed that mind and body moved contentedly together.

"Well," he said, and he took the sayings of Buddha from his brief case, "let's wait until we see Gibson."

TO BE CONTINUED

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This instrument will give its owner a lifetime of thrilling pleasure. Think of its marvelous capabilities. It will not only record favorite music and radio programs, but your baby's first words, parties, club proceedings, concerts, special events of all kinds. It can even be used for dictation and for office use.

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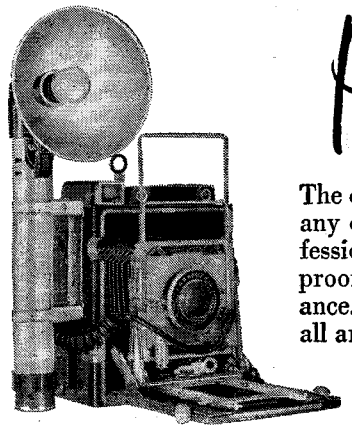

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My Dad, Walt Disney

(Continued from Page 27)

I was reminded of that historic nickel one morning last September, when the Wall Street Journal carried a news item like this:

In the nine months ending June 30, 1956, Walt Disney Productions had a net profit of $2,091,975. Gross revenue in the period was $20,371,831. For the whole fiscal year ending October 1, 1955, Walt Disney Productions had a net profit of $1,352,576. . . .

From the time it opened on July 18, 1955, to July 29, 1956, Disneyland, Inc., owner and operator of Disneyland Park at Anaheim, California, netted a profit of $187,891, after charging off an $887,692 pre-opening expense, and $1,792,437 for depreciation.

When people read figures like that, they think my Dad is a millionaire. The truth is, he's strapped for cash most of the time. And he keeps putting his money into new projects. His lack of ready cash vexes Mother, but she knows Dad is incorrigible that way. "He'll spend a fortune on an idea to make it come true," she says, "but if I just ask for money to redecorate a room, he can't afford to do it."

The question Dad gets from certain quarters is: "Disney, have you put anything away? Have you got anything saved?"

"Well," Dad says, "I've got stock in my studio."

Dad thinks there's no better place to put his money than in new enterprises he's always launching. He has no outside investments. He's bet all his money on his own projects. The park called Disneyland is a good example.

Mother and Dad often go out to the park and spend the night in a little apartment over the firehouse on Disneyland's Main Street. They love it there. They say that in the morning the park reminds them of a small town waking up.

Main Street in Disneyland reminds Dad and Mother of the rural America they knew in the years before World War I. They talk about how wonderful it was, with mustachioed cops in thimble hats and circus parades every year. Their memories differ only in detail. Mother was the youngest of ten children. Her father scouted Nez Percé Indians for the Army, later became a blacksmith, and still later was a marshal on an Indian reservation. So Mother grew up watching horses being shod and Indian braves shuffling around in ceremonial dances.

Among Dad's earliest memories is life on a farm near Marceline, Missouri. For years, my sister, Sharon, and I have listened to Dad tell about the place. Marceline's population was just over 3000 in the 1950 census, and when Dad lived there it was a typical small town. I suspect that Main Street in Disneyland is his dreamlike re-creation of Marceline's main stem as he remembers it.

Dad was born in Chicago on December 5, 1901, the fourth child in a family of five. He was christened Walter Elias Disney—Elias after his father, Walter after the Congregational minister who baptized him. His father, Elias Disney, was a hard-working and moderately prosperous house builder. Grandfather Elias left Chicago in 1906, because he wanted his sons—Herbert, Raymond, Roy and Walter—and a young daughter, Ruth, three years old, to grow up in the country. So the family moved to a forty-eight-acre farm near Marceline.

My father was four years old when he first saw the farm, and he lived there until he was going on ten. After Chicago, a place where there were cows and horses and pigs and chickens was wildly exciting to a small boy. Dad says that he can still draw a mental map of the farm as it existed then. The old house and the red barn with lean-tos on either side are gone. But my sentimental father has built a copy of that barn on the back lot in Holmby Hills, California, where he lives now.

In the end, hard times forced Grandfather to sell the farm and auction his stock. Things were so bad that Dad had no toys to speak of. If he had a five-cent toy, that was a big deal. The presents his parents gave him at Christmas and for his birthdays were practical things he needed, like shoes and underwear and other unglamorous things.

Uncle Roy saw that Dad and Dad's sister Ruth got a toy once in a while. Roy didn't have much money, but he made a point of buying his kid sister and his kid brother a plaything now and then. "Roy is one of the kindest fellows I've ever known," Dad says, "although at times he can be mule-headed too." Then he smiles. "That's when he doesn't agree with me."

Roy was always ringing his little brother in on some project that would make them both money. He said once, "Come on, kid, we've got a job washing the town hearse. There's a carnival coming and we'll spend what we make at the carnival." Roy did most of the washing while Dad played dead inside the hearse; then rose from the dead and peered out through the vehicle's plate-glass sides.

But no matter what Uncle Roy did to help Dad, Grandfather found the going so tough that he got rid of the farm and took his family to Kansas City, Missouri, where he bought a Kansas City Star paper-delivery route. About 2000 customers came with the route, and the price was three dollars a customer. Grandfather hired boys to deliver the papers, starting with my Dad and his brother, Roy, who was older than Dad by eight years. All the paper boys were paid three dollars a week, except Dad and Uncle Roy. They got nothing. Grandfather was a member of the old-fashioned stern school. His idea was that he fed and clothed them, didn't he? That should be enough.

At the start, Dad delivered papers to fifty houses. He was between nine and ten years old, but winter and summer he had to get up at three-thirty in the morning to meet the Star's delivery trucks. He did that for six years.

Since Dad wasn't paid, he was forced to use various dodges to earn pocket money. He once talked his father into letting him order fifty extra papers. When he finished his route about six-thirty each morning, he'd grab some breakfast and sell the extra papers on a street corner. The trouble was that Grandfather made him turn over all his money "for safekeeping." So he had another try at rounding up private funds. During the school term he spent the noon recess working in a candy store. He also found that he could order more papers without his father's knowledge, and go into business for himself on the side.

Dad will never forget the period when he was a paper-delivery boy. Even now he has nightmares in which he has missed one of the customers on his route. He dreams, *I'll have to go back and leave them a paper before father finds out.*

My grandfather voted for the Socialist candidate for President, Eugene Debs, every time he ran. Dad was raised on a weekly publication called The Appeal to Reason. It carried cartoons on the doings of Capital and Labor, and one of the first pictures Dad ever drew was of a big fat Capitalist and a laboring man with a square paper hat on his head. Even as a kid he wanted to be a cartoonist. He took all the correspondence courses he could afford, and when he was fourteen he attended art classes on Saturdays.

"I talked my father into letting me go to art school," he says. "He watched expenses like a hawk, but he would go for anything that was educational. He was determined to improve his sons, whether we liked it or not."

Uncle Roy and Dad roomed together as long as he lived at home. Dad told Uncle Roy everything that happened to him; he kept nothing from him. One day this closeness between Dad and Uncle Roy led to a showdown between my Dad and Grandfather. Dad did something that annoyed Grandfather, and Grandfather said, "Young man, you're insolent. You need a strapping. Go into the basement."

Dad was well grown, but he was still taking whippings from his father to humor him and to keep him happy. But this time, as he started down into the basement, Uncle Roy said, "He has no reason to do this to you, kid. Don't take it."

Dad went into the basement and waited. When Grandfather came down, he began to whack him with a leather strap. Dad reached out and seized his hands. When it dawned on Grandfather that he was helpless in his son's strong grip, he broke down and cried. He never touched Dad after that.

During Dad's second summer in Kansas City, his brother Roy finished high school. Grandfather came of the old, stern school, and one day Uncle Roy told Dad, "Kid, I'm running away. I'm leaving tonight. You stay with Dad. You know the routes, and if his other kids won't work, you know what to tell them."

Dad is just the opposite of the stern school, and Sharon and I have never thought once of running away or have said to ourselves, "He'll be sorry when we're gone," the way most kids have. I've heard other girls talk about ways of "working" a father when they want something. Persistence is one way, but my sister Sharon and I have no little tricks we use on Dad. He's really a pushover for girlish blandishments, which is why we don't take advantage of him. You don't have to campaign with him. Sometimes I'm almost afraid to go up and kiss him for fear he'll give me a present or slip a five-dollar bill into my hand.

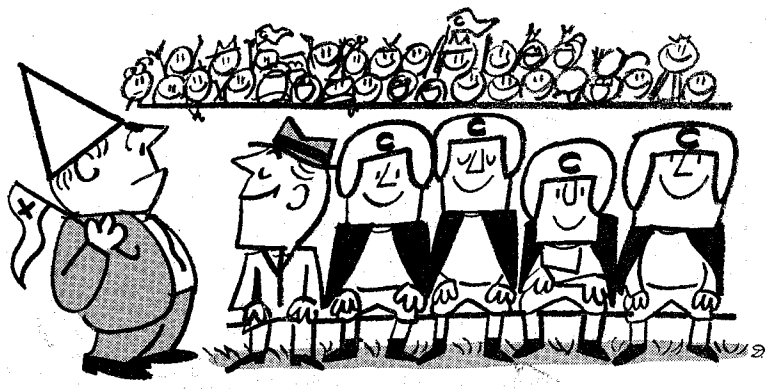
When my husband Ron was in the Army and he and I came down from Fort Ord occasionally to visit my Dad and Mother, we sometimes arranged for a baby sitter (we didn't have them when we were in our own home) so that as a great treat we could go out to dinner as a twosome. But Dad usually beat us to it. He'd ask, "When are you two going out to dinner?" and he'd slip me a ten-dollar bill—not for a baby sitter, because my Mother was usually our baby sitter, but to pay for our dinner. I'd say, "Oh, Daddy, no," and he'd say, "Take it, kid. I won't miss it."

This was all right with Ron because it was such an open gesture on Dad's part and so spontaneous nobody could resent it. Only I sometimes ask myself, "How can I ever do anything for him?" I've about given up giving him gifts on birthdays and anniversaries because he's got almost everything already. Last Christmas I gave him a little German hand-painted music box. It was ridiculous, but I thought he might enjoy it.

In 1917, just as the United States was getting into World War I, Grandfather sold his Kansas City newspaper route and moved to Chicago. He invested all he had in a jelly factory there, and went to work for the company as boss of construction and factory maintenance.

Dad stayed in Kansas City to finish his school term and break in newsboys for the new route owner. Then he took a summer job as a news butcher on the Santa Fe Railroad. He was only fifteen years old, and so green that he was easily cheated by the people who supplied him with fresh fruit, candy and soda pop. But he got such

(Continued on Page 75)



The Perfect Squelch

The home-town school team was losing its big football game of the year by a lopsided score. One strident voice began to make itself heard above the wails in the stands. Standing on the sideline near the visiting team's bench, a corpulent, red-faced man kept screaming that the visitors were playing dirty football. Edging out toward the field, the man stood directly behind the visiting coach. When the visitors scored a fifth touchdown, he let loose a tirade almost in the coach's ear.

Turning, the coach asked calmly, "What school are you from?"

Pompously the man named the home-town school.

"And," the coach asked, "what grade are you in?"

Jack Thompson

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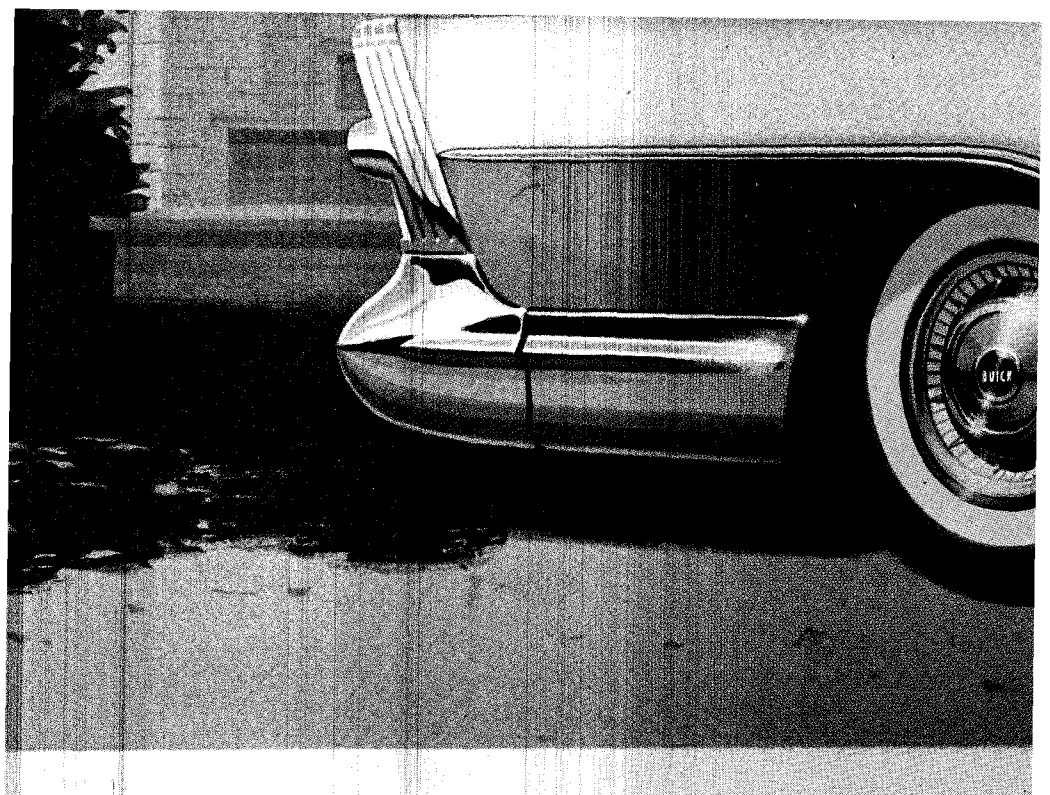

It took a whole

(and there's a rousing new Dynaflow† to boot!)

Here's a case where success started at the top.

We started out to give the 1957 Buicks a sweepingly low roof line to top the dream-car styling folks want these days.

And we determined to do it without clipping a smitch of interior room or pinching on road clearance.

Well, we did it. But in the doing, we touched off a change reaction that spread — literally — throughout the length and breadth of the car.

First thing called for was an utterly new wide-flare frame of massive ruggedness that snuggled close to the contours of the new bodies themselves.

Into this frame we nested the big new Buick V8 engine — using new nodal-point mountings that practically cancel out vibration.

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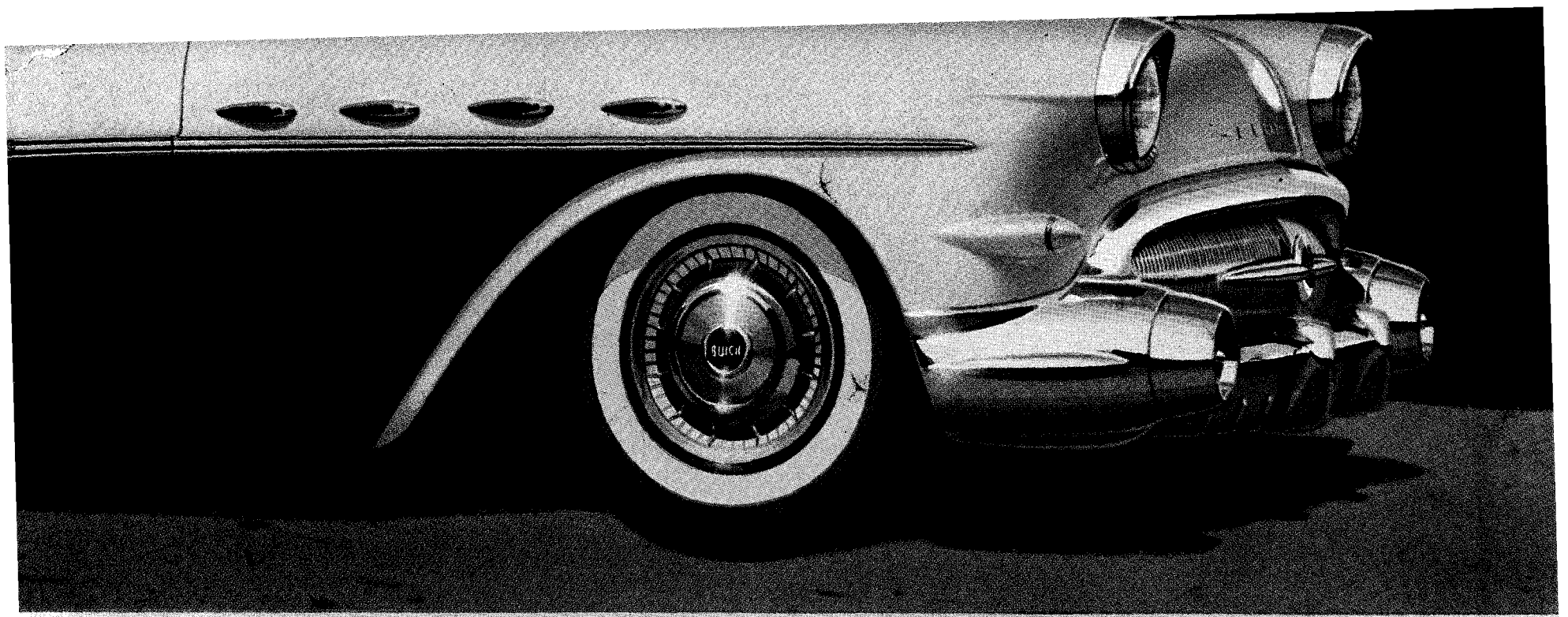

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"Low." It's the smoothest and liveliest thing in transmission engineering—and a thrill from start to stop.

In power, too, there's news — in the purring might of a big, brand-new 364-cubic-inch V8 engine. And in ride, and road steadiness, and handling ease, and safety features, and luxury inside and out—there are new peaks no Buick has boasted before.

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†*New Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dynaflow Buick builds today. It is standard on Roadmaster, Super and Century—optional at modest extra cost on the Special.*

Only in **BUICK** So much that's **NEW:**

NEW Variable Pitch Dynaflow provides *instant* response even before you switch the pitch.

NEW 364-Cubic-Inch V8 Engine delivers 300 horsepower, 400 foot-pounds of torque—at 10 to 1 compression—in ROADMASTER, SUPER and CENTURY; 250 horsepower, 380 foot-pounds of torque—at 9.5 to 1 compression—in the SPECIAL.

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NEW Slanted Panoramic Windshield is higher and wider, has 200 square inches more glass area, increases visibility from all seats.

NEW Wide-Frame Chassis with brawnier, quieter rear axle—provides deep-set cradling of car body for extra rigidity and ruggedness, gives '57 Buick new low center of gravity for safer, surer roadability.

NEW Levelized Ball-Joint Front Suspension practically eliminates dip effect of braking on sudden stops, assures easier handling, tracking, cornering on turns.

NEW Nested Ride—from drop-center torque tube, all-coil springing, wide-rim wheels, deep-oil shock absorbers—gives brand-new buoyancy and levelness, more stability.

NEW All-Round Safety—from new safety-way instrument panel, new dip-center steering wheel, new high-powered, wider-sweep windshield wipers, interlocking door latches, advanced new Safety Power Steering,* improved Power Brakes,* Safety-Minder* speed warning system—and the structural solidity of Buick brawn, heft, roadweight.

—Plus 150 other sparkling features

*Power Steering standard on Roadmaster and Super, optional on other Series. Power Brakes optional all Series. Safety-Minder standard on Roadmaster, optional other Series.

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A NEW IDEA IN SMOKING!

Switch to Salem ...smoke refreshed

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Take a Puff—It's Springtime!

Look at this inviting spring scene . . . and you've got a picture of how refreshing SALEM *tastes*. Pure menthol-fresh comfort...full rich tobacco flavor with a new *surprise* softness . . . modern filter ease, too. You smoke *refreshed!* New idea . . . new experience for any smoker. Try SALEM!

It's delightful to smoke **Salem**...you'll love 'em!

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(*Continued from Page 70*) a kick out of riding the trains that he took extra runs for news butchers who had time off.

One of these trips took him to Pueblo, Colorado. Before he started, an older news butcher gave him a card and said, "Bub, this will get you into a good hotel in Pueblo. You'll like it."

When Dad got to Pueblo, he hunted up the place and rang the doorbell. It didn't look much like a hotel—more like a rooming house. A woman came to the door and said, "Come right in and make yourself to home."

A piano was tinkling somewhere and peals of laughter floated down the stair well from the second floor. The woman said, "Let me get you some beer, son." While she was gone, a man and woman came down the stairs with their arms around each other's waists.

"I was just a kid," Dad says, "but I caught on. When I got through the door, I broke into a run."

Dad's news butchering lasted only two months. At summer's end, he headed for Chicago to rejoin his parents and go to high school. He worked in the jelly factory after school, running the bottle washer and the capper, and mashing apples to make pectin.

In the summer of 1918 he got a job in the Chicago post office. He sorted and delivered mail from 7:00 A.M. to 3:30 P.M. Then he'd try for fill-in jobs on mail-pickup routes. If the post-office work dried up in midafternoon, Dad went to his locker and got an elevated-line gateman's cap. Then he'd ride out to the terminal and get in line for rush-hour jobs on the el starting at five P.M. "The going wage was forty cents an hour," Dad says. "And I was working twelve to fourteen hours a day. I thought it was a gold rush."

One day Uncle Roy came through Chicago on his way to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. He had joined the Navy to fight the Hun, but he was still in civilian clothes when Dad met him at the station. Pretty soon a chief petty officer said, "Come on, you guys; fall in," and Uncle Roy hustled into line. The noncom gave Dad a hard look and said, "You heard me; fall in."

Dad thought, *That chief thinks I'm old enough to enlist*, and it put a bee in his bonnet. It was a great war for volunteering. There were pretty girls riding around on trucks singing Over There, and recruiting officers shouting to youngsters on the sidewalks, "Come on and join! We dare you!"

Dad went to the Navy recruiting office, but was turned down as under age. He was only sixteen years old. Finally, a pal of his brought exciting news. "There's a thing just forming we can get in; they don't care if you're under eighteen. It's a Red Cross ambulance unit."

But they had to get their parents' signatures on passport applications, since Red Cross drivers were not part of the Army. Grandfather wouldn't sign. "I've got two sons in service now," he said, "and I may be signing a death warrant for another."

"Elias," Grandmother said, "the boy is determined, and I would rather sign this and know where he is than have him run away from home."

Grandfather gave in, but only part way. "You can sign it for me," he said. "I won't."

So Grandmother signed Dad's papers twice, once for herself and once for Grandfather. There was still one hurdle. Dad was only sixteen, a year too young to be accepted by the ambulance unit. His mother had filled out the paper: "A son, Walter Elias Disney, born December 5, 1901." Then she put the paper down and turned her back while Dad made a zero out of the last digit of 1901.

"I was at a staging area in Sound Beach, Connecticut, when the Armistice was signed," Dad told me. "We'd missed the war, and we were disgusted. We called ourselves Coxey's Army. We weren't soldiers, but we had discipline and a guardhouse, and I was in it half the time for clowning."

About three o'clock one morning, men went through the place shouting, "Fifty guys going to France! Everybody up! Fifty guys going to France!" Then forty-nine names were read off. The fiftieth was Walter E. Disney.

The war was over, but drivers were still needed. In France, Dad drove everything, up to and including five-ton trucks. One day, in February, 1919, he got into trouble. He'd been given a helper and told to drive a truckload of beans and sugar to a devastated area near Soissons. Three miles short of his destination, a connecting rod broke. Dad parked the crippled truck near a watchman's shanty at a railroad crossing. His orders were "Never leave your truck," so he decided to camp in the watchman's shanty while his helper hopped a train for Paris to bring help.

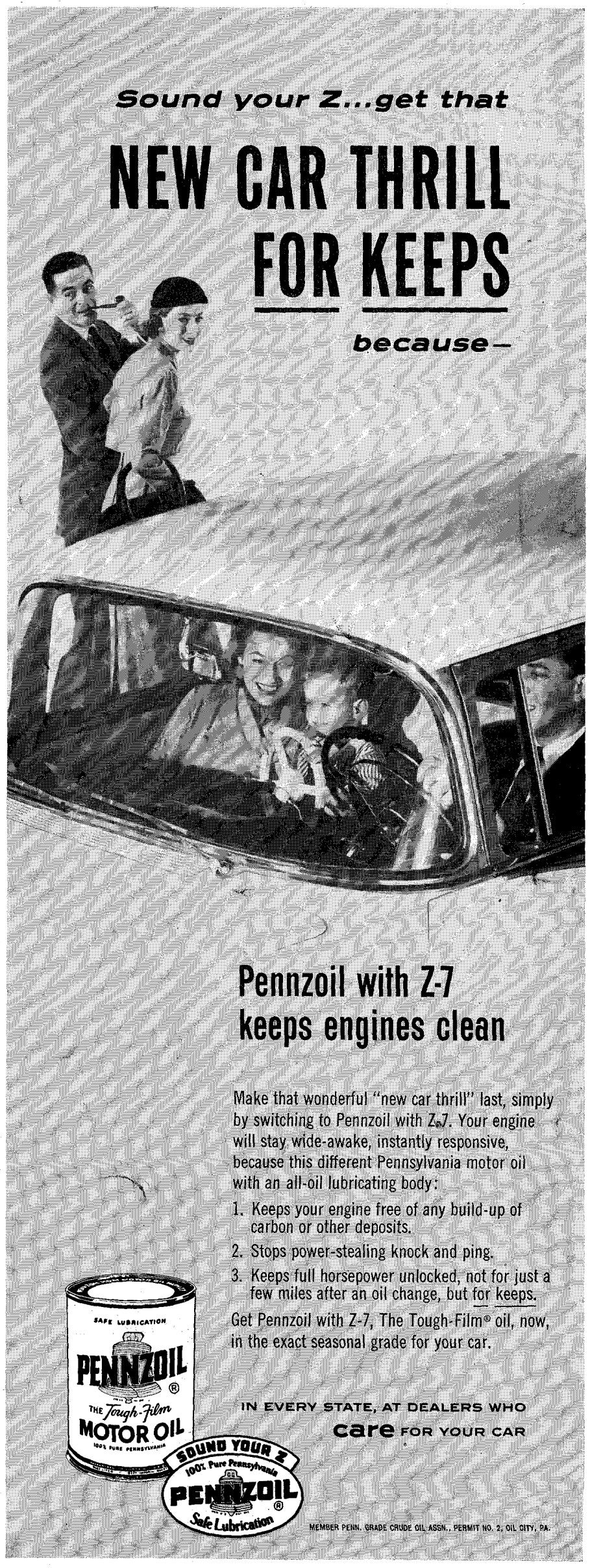
Dad sat in the shanty for two days and two nights. No help came. He had to stay awake to guard the truck. On the third day, dead for sleep, he walked into town and found a bed. He slept the clock around. When he got back to the watchman's shack, his truck was gone.

Dad was sure that his load of beans and sugar had been stolen. He hopped a passing freight, rode to a junction point and boarded a coach for Paris. When he got there he found out that his helper had got drunk and wasted two days before reporting to headquarters. The men sent to look for Dad couldn't find him, so they towed the truck away. Dad was brought before a board of inquiry. There was a lot of huffing and puffing, but he was finally let off. (*Continued on Page 78*)

Thanksgiving Cup

By HERBERT MERRILL

I stand within this field as
in a cup,
With all the world around
me swirling up
In ridges shaggy with
November weather
And brown as old oak
leaves or worn leather.
Thanksgiving Day again,
and not the first
To find me watching here,
nor yet the worst,
For I have known this year
the quiet things
That carry men to God on
lifted wings:
The golden crown of sun,
the tender hour
Of April-scented dusk, the
cooling shower
That sifts in summer from
a cloudy sieve.
But even more than for all
these, I give
My thanks, dear Lord, for
love's abiding grace,
Without which earth would
be a desert place.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Make that wonderful "new car thrill" last, simply by switching to Pennzoil with Z-7. Your engine will stay wide-awake, instantly responsive, because this different Pennsylvania motor oil with an all-oil lubricating body:
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Get Pennzoil with Z-7, The Tough-Film® oil, now, in the exact seasonal grade for your car.
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IN EVERY STATE, AT DEALERS WHO
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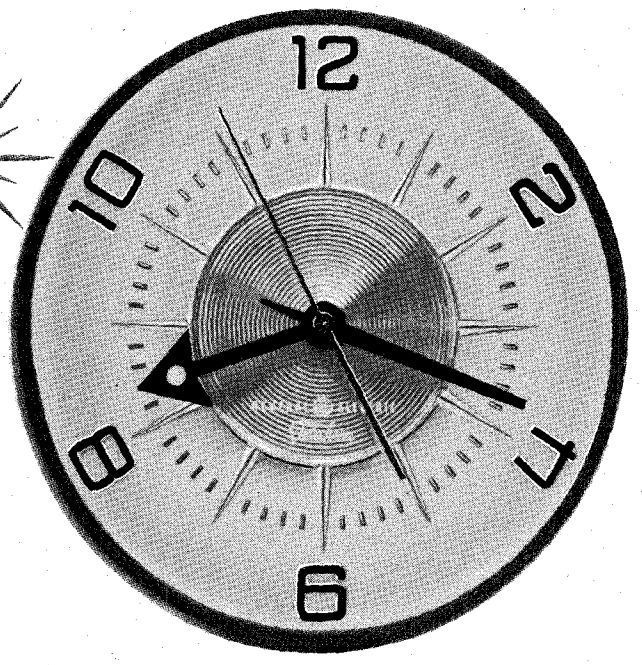
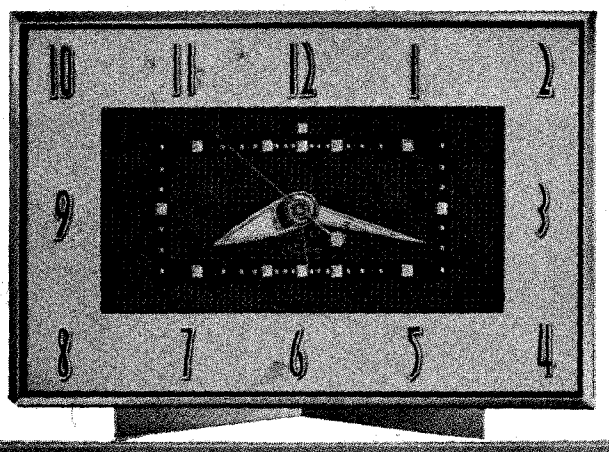
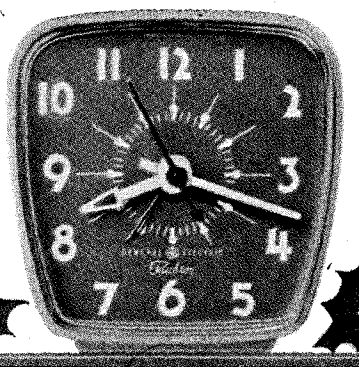
Decorator-styled **SYMMETRY.** Sunburst dial. In red, white, yellow or brown. **$7.98***



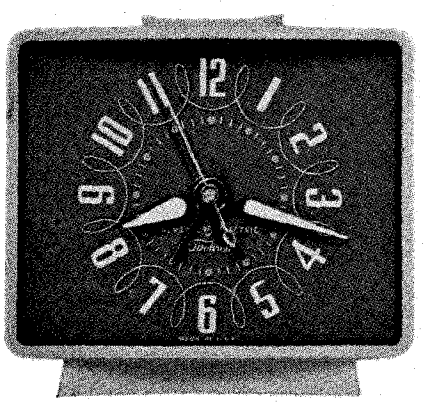
Handsome **THE DESIGNER.** Antique bronze-color case with luxurious bezel. Luminous alarm. **$17.95***

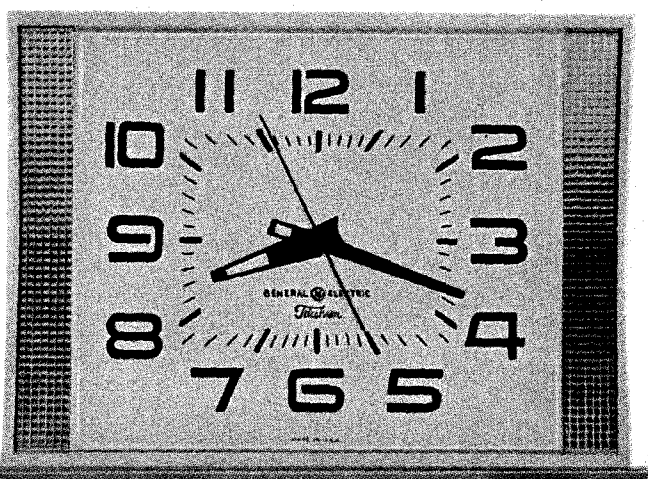


Popular **STARTER** alarm in dove grey, white numerals and hands. Sure-waking alarm. **$3.98*** *(Luminous $1 more)*



Exciting new **SNOOZ-ALARM.** Wakes you, lets you snooze, wakes you again! Luminous. **$6.98***





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Yellow, red, whit
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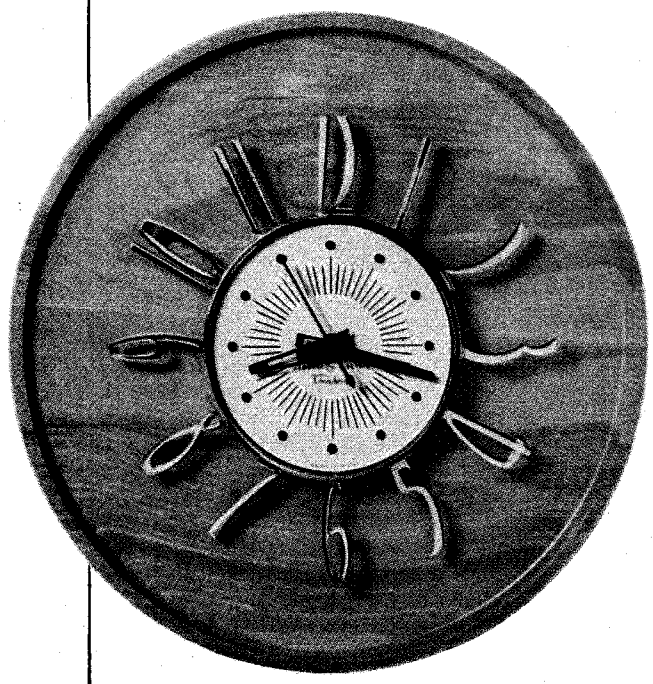
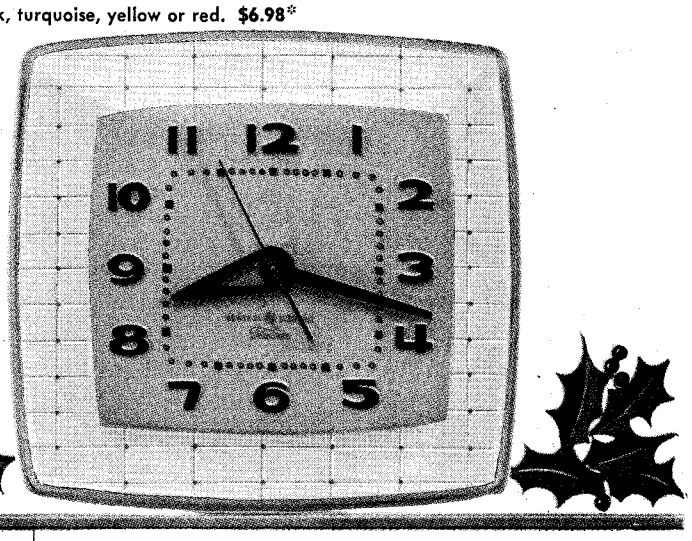
E hangs
helf.

Tailored **WALLWOOD** in natural finish. Brass, chrome or black numerals. **$9.98***

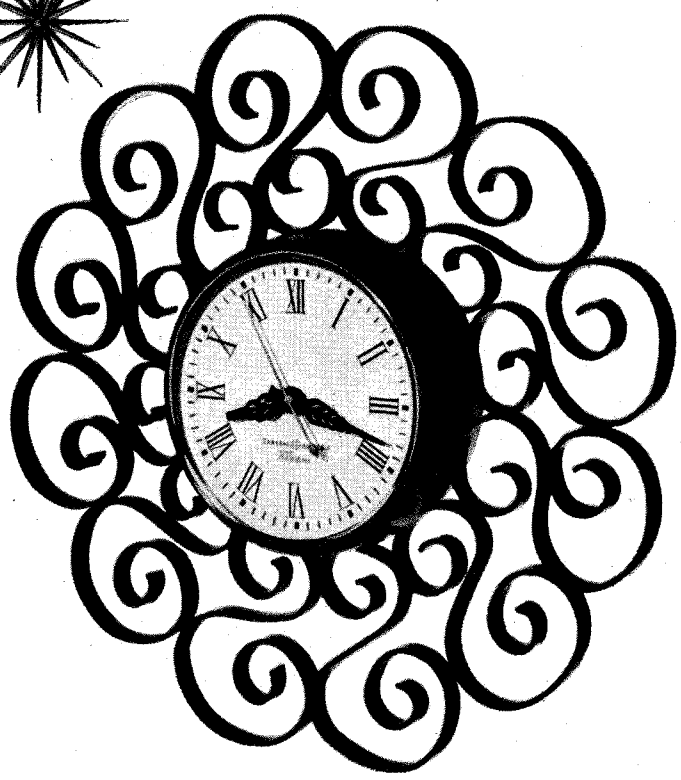


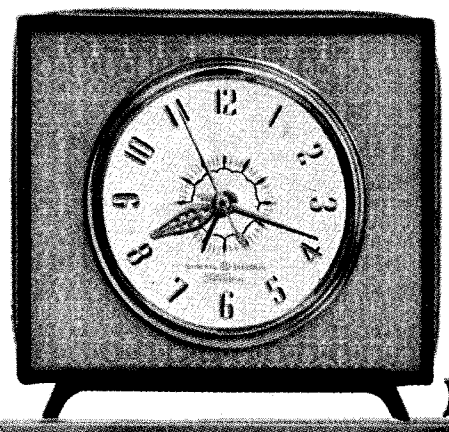
Christmas list!

Beautiful **TAC-TOE** (no tick) kitchen clock. Wall-hugging design. Pink, turquoise, yellow or red. **$6.98***



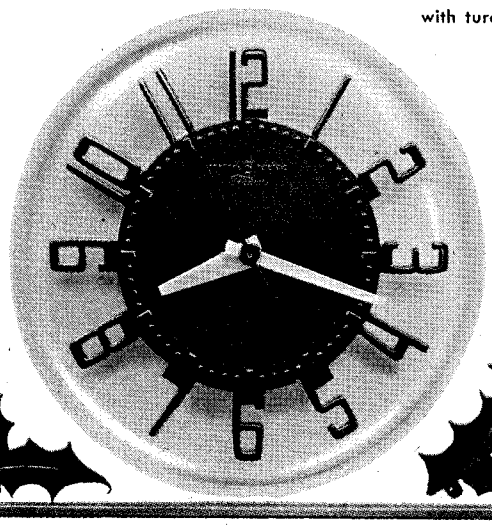
Fashionable **CONTRAST.** Decorative black scrolls, in heavy wrought iron. **$12.95***

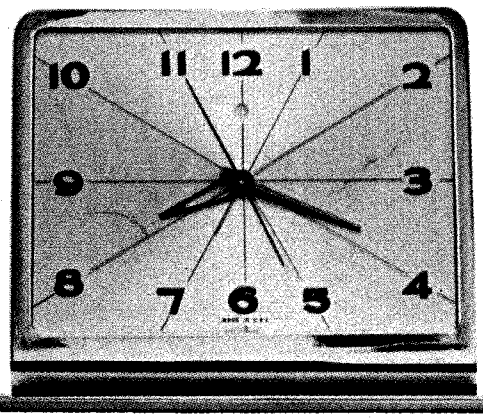




Elegant leather-bound **ETCHING.** Filigree pattern surrounds dial. Alarm. **$9.98***

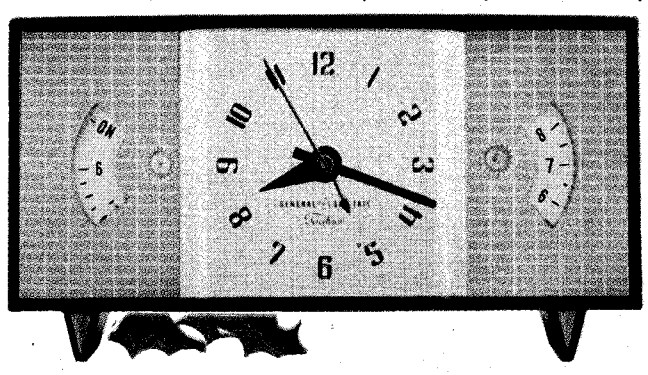
Smart **KITCHEN-MATE.** "Floating" numerals, white with turquoise, red, yellow or pink. **$4.98***



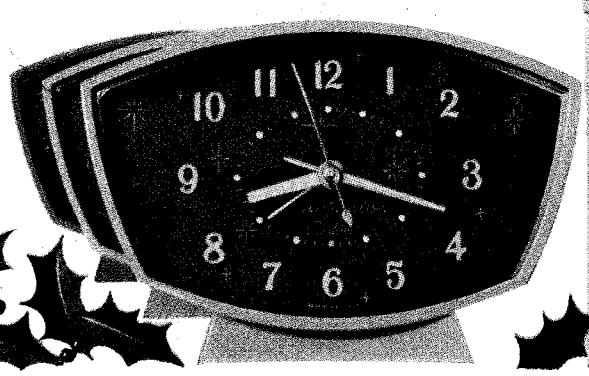


Distinctive **GRAPH.** Brown case, gleaming metal dial and bezel. Raised numerals. Alarm. **$12.95***

Clever **VIDEOCLOCK** automatically makes sure you'll never miss your favorite program! **$14.95***



Graceful **HARLEQUIN** alarm. Color-styled in *Living* rose, beige or blue. Luminous. **$6.98***



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MAN, HERE'S HEAT!

Without Flame

jon-e warmer

KEEPS YOU WARM OUTDOORS!

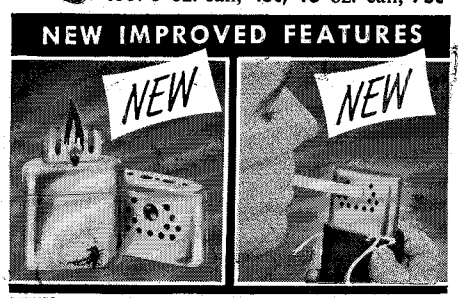
Be comfortable! Hunters, football fans, a heated Jon-e Warmer will help keep you WARM in the coldest weather. It's like carrying a "personal radiator" in your pocket. The Jon-e is beautifully chrome-plated and ruggedly made to WARM you a lifetime of cold winters. New draw-string carrying bag is included with each. Keep WARM this season, get your Jon-e NOW!

STANDARD SIZE JON-E heats all day on 1 filling (1 oz.) of fluid sold everywhere. With carrying bag . . . **$3.95**

GIANT G.I. SIZE for extreme cold. Heats 2 full days on 1 filling. With carrying bag, only **$4.95**

JON-E FLUID faster lighting, longer lasting. Excellent for cigarette lighters too. **8** oz. can, **45c**, **16** oz. can, **75c**

NEW IMPROVED FEATURES



NEW Jon-e is self-starting. 1. Fill with fluid. 2. Ignite new pilot-light at side of burner. 3. After 30 seconds blow out flame. Your Jon-e will be generating heat without flame. Carry in drawstring bag or pocket.

NEW Jon-e is also a wind proof lighter. Just insert your cigarette into the special hole in the cover.

DUCK & DEER HUNTERS • ICE FISHERMEN

New JON-E BODY BELT will keep you warm all over. Holds 2 heated Standard size Jon-e Warmers over the kidneys. Adjustable belt fits everyone. Color, red. Body Belt only **$1.95**

New JON-E MUFF for sportsmen, football fans. Zipper pocket holds a heated Jon-e Warmer. Adjustable belt hangs around neck or buckles around waist. Beautifully made of water resistant poplin, 100% wool-lined. Colors: Red or brown. Muff only. **$3.50**

at all sporting goods, hdwe. and dept. stores.

ALADDIN LABORATORIES, INC.
Department P • 620 So. 8th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

(*Continued from Page 75*) "It would have been a disgrace to be kicked out of the Red Cross," Dad says. "If you couldn't make it in that easygoing outfit, you were considered hopeless."

Anyway, Dad was reassigned as driver for a canteen at Neufchâteau, on a railway line running through Nancy into Germany. It was there that his career as an artist really began. First he turned out posters advertising the fact that there was hot chocolate on tap. Then he met a budding con man who called himself the Georgia Cracker.

Troop trains loaded with replacements stopped over at Neufchâteau on the way to Germany. The Georgia Cracker met all trains with his arms full of German helmets. Since the kids coming through were right off the boat, they were suckers for war souvenirs. The Cracker's biggest seller was a German "sniper's helmet" with a bullet hole drilled through it. He made his own bullet holes and the greenhorns fought to buy.

At this time, Dad was drawing cartoons and sending them off to the old Life and Judge, then the leading American comic magazines. He made no sales, so he launched another money-making scheme—painting copies of the Croix de Guerre on leather jackets. Dad got ten francs a Croix.

That gave the Georgia Cracker a hunch. He brought Dad a "sniper's helmet" and said, "Hey, Diz, how about painting a little ol' camouflage and make it look worn out?" Dad used paint that dried quickly and cracked. The Georgian banged the helmets in the dirt to age them even more. Dad got ten francs for each job, and he was soon painting helmets on regular order.

In the meantime he was sending half of his Red Cross pay to his mother to bank for him. One night he got into the barracks crap game and won more than $300. Altogether, with dice, saved wages and casual art earnings, he had about $500 when he came home. It was this capital which helped him to get his first start.

When Dad left France, he was only seventeen years old. But he looked older and felt older. And when he'd arrived in Chicago, he didn't see eye to eye with his father. His father told him, "Walter, the head of the jelly factory has a good job for you. It'll pay as much as twenty-five dollars a week."

But Dad had other plans. In his high-school days he had taken art lessons three nights a week at Chicago's Academy of Fine Arts, a private school run by a man named Carl Werntz. Toward the end he'd begun to study cartoon techniques under Leroy Gossett, then an editorial cartoonist on a Chicago paper.

He told his father, "The jelly factory's not for me. I want to be an artist."

Grandfather argued that art was too risky, but Dad wasn't impressed. He packed his suitcase and took off for Kansas City, where he promptly applied for work as a cartoonist on the Kansas City Star. He was turned down, so he asked for work as an office boy—anything to get his foot in the door. But there was nothing doing at all. Jobs were hard to come by.

Dad was getting nowhere until he got a tip one day that an apprentice was wanted by a couple of men named Peskman and Rubin who handled art for the Gray Advertising Company. Dad got the job by showing cartoon samples that he'd made in France.

"We don't know what we can pay," Peskman said. "We'll have to see."

They gave Dad a drawing board and he went to work. He loved it so much he hated to take time out to go to the rest room. At the end of a week, Rubin said, "I don't know. How about fifty a month?"

Dad managed to say, "That will be p-p-p-perfectly O.K." He thought it was wonderful to be paid anything for drawing pictures. At first he did pencil layouts, which he turned over to other men for final inking-in and clean-up. He was learning the tricks of the commercial-art trade.

"When you go to art school you work for perfection," he says now. "But in a commercial-art shop you cut things out, and paste things over, and scratch around with a razor blade. I'd never done any of those things in art school. Those are time-saving tricks. I learned them in six weeks."

Dad began to work for the Gray Advertising Company in October, 1919. In November, when the pre-Christmas rush was over, he was laid off. He went to the Post Office and got a job carrying Christmastime mail. At night he worked in his bedroom, drawing samples, using tricks he'd learned at the art shop. And just after Christmas he formed a partnership with another boy laid off by the Gray Advertising Company, a boy with the unbelievable name of Ub Iwerks. Ub was especially good at air-brushing and lettering.

Dad had a friend named Carter who ran a sheet called The Restaurant News. He went to him and showed art samples—his own and Ub Iwerks'. "My partner and I would like to do your art work," Dad told him.

Carter said he didn't have enough art work to keep a man busy.

"Give us desk space and we'll do your art work free," Dad said.

That interested Carter. "Wait," he said. "I pay ten dollars to the printers to set up a cut surrounded by type so it'll look like art. I'll give you two guys the ten dollars I pay the printers, if you'll draw special stuff. I think I can get some advertisers to pay for line cuts. O.K.—room for two desks."

Since the partnership had no equipment, Dad wrote to his mother, asking her to send part of the $500 he'd saved. A letter came back: "Your father and I want to know what you want to do with the money."

Dad wrote again, explaining that he was going in business, and that after all it was *his* money. Grandmother relented and sent enough to buy two desks, two drawing boards, an air brush and a tank of air. Then Dad began to ask printers all over town for art business. Before long, he got a call. "There's a big promotion on. A guy wants a picture of an oil well with dollars squirting out of it."

In their first month, Dad and Ub Iwerks took in $135—more than they'd made at Gray Advertising, and no rent to pay. They were going along just fine when they ran across a classified ad saying that a cartoonist was wanted at the Kansas City Film Ad Company.

Dad answered the ad, explaining that he had a partner and a business of his own. The man looked at Dad's samples and said, "I could pay you forty a week if you'd work full time."

"I'll think about it," Dad said. It didn't take him long to think about it. That was $160 a month.

Dad went back to Ub Iwerks and talked it over. "Look," Iwerks said, "you take the job and let me have the business. I can take care of it."

So in February, 1920, Dad joined the Kansas City Film Ad Company. For him, it was the beginning of cartoon animation. The pictures he drew from then on were drawn to go on movie film. His first animations were done with little cutout paper figures whose legs and arms worked on dowels. They were one-minute advertisements, a lot like the animated commercial cartoons on television today, with one difference—they didn't have sound.

After Dad had been on his new job about two months, Ub Iwerks rang him up. The business had evaporated because he was not the gabby sort, and he was too inarticulate to give customers a sales pitch. On Dad's recommendation, Iwerks was hired by the Film Ad Company. Before long, both of them were so fascinated with animation that they borrowed what books existed on the subject and studied them.

(Ever since then Dad has felt the need of a good book on animation. He's been working on one himself for four years. It will be a comprehensive coverage on the whole industry, with plenty of illustrations, and it will sell for around twenty-five dollars a copy.)

After studying everything written on animation, Dad and Ub Iwerks began to apply what they'd learned to their cutout figures. They invented new tricks. Dad would bend an elbow so that the viewers couldn't see where it bent, and he made joints like (*Continued on Page 80*)

"We couldn't afford a turkey this year."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FUN is a family affair

with this finest of gifts...an Evinrude!

CHRISTMAS . . . yes, *this* Christmas . . . is the time to make brightest dreams come joyfully true. What better time to launch your whole family "crew" into the wonderful world of fun afloat . . . boating with an Evinrude! Here's a gift to start every member of the family counting the days till spring!

Call on your Evinrude dealer. Learn how easy, how inexpensive it is to make the finest of fun a family affair. He will help you choose from the complete line of new '57 Evinrudes—3 to 35 horsepower—the smoothest, *quietest* on the water. The right motor for powering every size of family boat, small runabout to comfortable cruiser. A wide choice of models for fishing and for family water skiing. Three models with finger-touch 12-volt electric starting.

You can order delivery for "under the tree"—or be a Christmas morning hero with an Evinrude Gift Certificate! A modest deposit now assures delivery whenever you say. Look for your dealer's name under "Outboard Motors" in your phone book. For free full-color catalog of the complete Evinrude line, write EVINRUDE MOTORS, 4369 North 27th Street, Milwaukee 16, Wisconsin.

A Division of Outboard Marine Corporation
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Evinrude
quiet outboard motors

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Glorious extended range high fidelity by ZENITH®

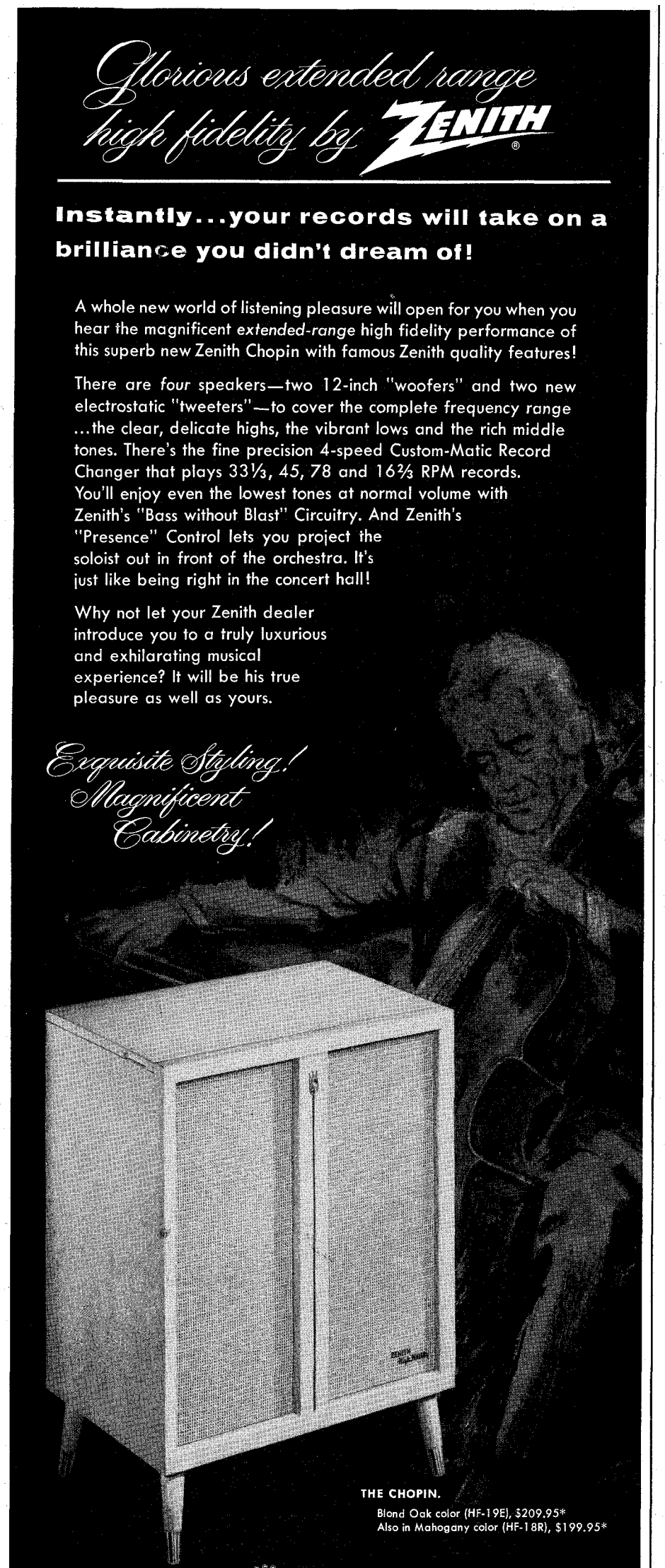
Instantly...your records will take on a brilliance you didn't dream of!

A whole new world of listening pleasure will open for you when you hear the magnificent *extended-range* high fidelity performance of this superb new Zenith Chopin with famous Zenith quality features!

There are *four* speakers—two 12-inch "woofers" and two new electrostatic "tweeters"—to cover the complete frequency range ...the clear, delicate highs, the vibrant lows and the rich middle tones. There's the fine precision 4-speed Custom-Matic Record Changer that plays 33⅓, 45, 78 and 16⅔ RPM records. You'll enjoy even the lowest tones at normal volume with Zenith's "Bass without Blast" Circuitry. And Zenith's "Presence" Control lets you project the soloist out in front of the orchestra. It's just like being right in the concert hall!

Why not let your Zenith dealer introduce you to a truly luxurious and exhilarating musical experience? It will be his true pleasure as well as yours.

Exquisite Styling! Magnificent Cabinetry!



THE CHOPIN.
Blond Oak color (HF-19E), $209.95*
Also in Mahogany color (HF-18R), $199.95*

ZENITH®

THE QUALITY GOES IN BEFORE THE NAME GOES ON
The Royalty of RADIO, TELEVISION and PHONOGRAPHS
Backed by 37 years of leadership in radionics exclusively
ALSO MAKERS OF FINE HEARING AIDS
Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Slightly higher in Far West and South. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

(*Continued from Page 78*)

natural creases in the cutout bodies. Dad wanted to experiment further, but he couldn't do it in the shop on company time. So he borrowed a camera from the boss and began his experimenting at night in an empty garage. Presently he worked up a cartoon idea he hoped to sell to the Newman Theaters, a chain of three movie houses.

He called this production Newman Laugh-O-Grams. It included local stuff, jokes and special announcements. Dad made up a sample reel titled Newman Laugh-O-Grams by Walt Disney, and took it down to the Newman Theater. Milton Feld, who managed the theater, was interested.

Dad was only nineteen then—five years younger than I am now. And being so young, he made mistakes. He'd figured the cost of his raw film and its processing at thirty cents a foot. When Milton Feld asked, "How much does this cost?" Dad blurted out his basic cost price. He forgot to add a margin of profit. Feld bought the cartoon and Dad was stuck with doing the job at cost. But he consoled himself; what he got would pay for more experimentation.

Once he'd bought the Newman Laugh-O-Grams, Milton Feld had Dad do all kinds of special jobs. When a big thing called the Newman Theater Anniversary was planned, Feld asked Dad to animate an anniversary cake and have movie stars pop out of it. Or he would call Dad and say, "Can you do something to embarrass people who read the titles out loud and bother other people?"

Dad's answer to that was a cartoon in which a character called The Little Professor announced he had a cure for people who read titles aloud. Dad's film showed a man reading a movie title; then the professor pulled a lever, loud-mouth's seat collapsed into a chute and he slid outside to the street.

Dad made those films in his garage shop, working nights; he was still working days at the Kansas City Film Ad Company. Pretty soon he was able to return the borrowed movie camera and buy one of his own. The garage was getting too small for his private work, so he rented larger quarters. Then he recruited some helpers—youngsters who wanted to learn the animated-cartoon business. "I can't pay you," Dad told them, "but I can teach you, and if we get something started, you'll have a job." Together they began to animate fairy stories—things like Puss in Boots and Red Riding Hood.

Dad's next step was to interest enough investors to form a small company, capitalized at $15,000. Among his backers he had some prominent citizens who put in from $250 to $500 each. He called his fairy tales Laugh-O-Grams, omitting the word "Newman." After he had produced seven of them, each seven minutes long, he engaged a salesman to go to New York and try to sell them. With money from his first sales, he began paying his learner-helpers. And he quit his daytime job at the Film Ad Company, and became president of Laugh-O-Grams Corporation.

This title soon became an empty one. The Eastern buyer of his fairy tales ran into financial difficulties. He was distributing Dad's cartoons, but he had quit paying for them. Dad was still under age, and I suppose that if he had wanted to welsh on his obligations, he could have gone to court and pointed out that he was a minor. But he didn't think in those terms.

Finally, Dad had no more money to meet his pay roll. He let everybody go. Then, trying to think of something new he could sell, he came up with a switch. Cartoon characters had already been put in live films featuring human beings. An animator named Max Fleischer had made cartoon characters come off the drawing board and scamper about with real people. Dad told himself, "I'll reverse that. I'll put human beings into films that feature cartoon characters."

He called his first film Alice in Cartoonland. Alice was a six-year-old girl who had posed for commercial jobs at the Film Ad Company. Dad put her into one Alice cartoon, hoping to revive his dying company. But he went broke. Behind in his room rent and eating on the cuff, he was forced into bankruptcy. However, he secured an agreement allowing him to keep a print of his first Alice in Cartoonland movie, so he could use it as a sample. He made up his mind to seek his fortune in Hollywood.

To get train fare, Dad had a fling at being a part-time newsreel cameraman, working on free-lance assignments for Selznick News, Pathé and Universal. When one of these Hollywood studios wanted something covered in Kansas City, the newsreel director would send a telegram to Dad. He'd lift his camera down from its cartoon stand, hire a flivver, paste a press sticker on the windshield and take off. Usually, he was assigned to shoot 100 feet of film. If his work was liked, he got a dollar a foot; if it was rejected, he received an equal amount of unexposed film.

When a man reaches the point where he can afford a few luxuries, that's just what his wife gets herself.

HAL CHADWICK

But this proved no way to get train fare to Hollywood. Too many rejections. Week by week, Dad was getting deeper into debt.

He owed sixty dollars to two restaurant owners who'd been letting him eat on the cuff; I've already told how they didn't have the heart to let him go hungry. He couldn't pay his room rent, so he moved into the studio of the defunct Laugh-O-Grams Corporation and slept there on a pile of chair cushions.

Dad had only one solid asset left—a movie camera. It was a machine he had "tried out" after his Laugh-O-Gram firm went into bankruptcy. In the trial period he had made enough money shooting film footage of people's babies with the camera to buy it. Now he wasn't making enough to eat on. The camera had to go.

"I sold it at a profit," Dad tells me. "Then I went around to everybody I owed money to and told them I was going West to make a fresh start. Most of them wouldn't even accept a part payment. They said, 'That's all right, Walter. You'll need a grubstake. Send us the money later.' They were wonderful people."

That was in July, 1923. When Dad stepped aboard the Santa Fe's California Limited in Kansas City, bound for Hollywood, he wore a threadbare pair of pants and a checkered coat. He didn't own a real suit of clothes. His imitation-leather suitcase contained one shirt, two pairs of underdrawers, two pairs of socks and some salvaged drawing material.

But his head was packed with ideas. Someway, somehow, when he got to Hollywood, he'd get to the top of the movie heap. But not with cartoon animation, he decided. Walter E. Disney, age twenty-one, was through with cartooning forever.

Editors' Note: This is the second in a series of eight articles. The third will appear next week.

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It's Hunt's...
It's got Sweet-spice flavor...
It's just what Meat Loaf needs!

The *Sweet-spice* flavor of Hunt's Catsup pays your favorite foods a compliment! A tingling, tart-sweet compliment that enhances—never hides—their delicious flavors! *Sweet-spice* flavor is Hunt's alone! Enjoy it at *your* house!

Deliciously yours!

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, California

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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He fought his battles in seven league boots...

WHETHER you're one of those who understood and loved him, or one of those who didn't, on one point there must be agreement:—if you're going to get into a war, better arrange to have a fellow on your side like George S. Patton, Jr.! For the only way he knew how to fight a war was to go out and *win* it. He believed Americans were people of action . . . alive, aggressive, ingenious. He never felt they were suited for sitting in a hole, defending.

Patton took off after an enemy like a hound dog after a rabbit, covering actual terrain as though it were the sand table back at Benning. He ran right off the battle maps, and when logistics showed he had gas for only a thirty-mile advance, he'd go twenty more before the tanks went dry.

In 281 days of combat, his beloved Third Army advanced farther in less time than any other troops in history. They fought across 25 major rivers, liberated 82,000 square miles of territory in six countries, accounted for 163,000 enemy casualties, and took 1,280,000 prisoners.

George S. Patton, Jr., was a man of contrasts almost as great as his two nicknames, the sissy-sounding "Georgie"... and the colorful "Old Blood and Guts." His roaring profanity was legend... yet he prayed regularly and humbly to his God. One visit to a hospital hit the headlines ... but hundreds of other quiet, helpful visits did not. He prided himself on his physical toughness... yet one of his hobbies was writing poetry.

There's something about this land of ours that develops just the man we need, for each big job we need done. From the time he was a small boy carrying a wooden sword, George S. Patton, Jr., dedicated a lifetime to preparing himself for the moment in history when we would say, "This is your job . . . break through . . . end it quickly."

No one will ever know by how many months the war was shortened, or how many thousands of lives were saved because once again the man we needed was *ready* for the job we needed done.

John Hancock

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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Practically Married (Continued from Page 35)

questions suddenly became so difficult they would have staggered Einstein.

Yet here he was, barely in town an hour, and trapped at Honeymoon House. Good grief! At least he was sitting beside the beautiful Air Force gal—by good footwork, he'd managed that. And he'd just introduced himself, and discovered that she was Lieut. Catherine Walmsley, also on a fourteen-day leave, just transferred to Los Angeles from Wright Field, when he suddenly realized, with stark horror, that Happy Charley had started choosing the simpering engaged couples to be on the show, and he was beaming down on them! "Well, what do you know, folks? I see the services are finally unified—ha-ha-ha-ha. Come right on up, lieutenants." Joe's first thought was to go right on up and strangle him.

Then he thought, *Why not?* It would be simpler just to go up and win an electric blanket than to try to explain the whole thing to Happy Charley.

"Why not?" he smiled at Lieutenant Walmsley.

"Why not, indeed?" she smiled back. "I have a married sister who can use some bottle warmers."

"Stick with me," he said, "and we'll have a ball."

Which they did; Joe simpering and giggling in a travesty of the other couples, and going into endless details of their imaginary courtship. And twenty-eight minutes later they had answered every question Happy Charley could think of, including the "house" question—the annual rainfall in Tierra del Fuego from 1883 to 1910—and suddenly they had won the completely furnished Honeymoon House, smack in the middle of the movie stars. Flash bulbs going off, Happy Charley going crazy, motherly ladies in the audience swooning; and finally the whole terrible thing was over and they were standing back outside in the gathering evening, holding the gold door keys to Honeymoon House and feeling a little silly.

"This isn't going to work out well," said Cathy, as she was now known to Joe and twenty million radio and television listeners. "We're not engaged at all, and we shouldn't have taken their house. It's crooked."

"Don't be ridiculous," he said. "What actual engaged couple could be thinking about Tierra del Fuego? How'd you happen to know that?"

"The Air Force has paid me untold thousands to study the world's weather. I tell you, we shouldn't have taken their house."

"On the other hand," he said, "look at it this way: We've probably done them a tremendous favor by taking this old house off their hands, as now they can get a nice new one to talk about. That program's been getting a wee bit dull. Yes, sir, as I look at it, we've done them a distinct favor."

"What do you intend to say," said Cathy, "at the press conference at Honeymoon House tomorrow afternoon at four? Continue your merry tales? About how we met in kindergarten in Bombay, and have been slaves of passion ever since?"

"I thought the part about my first kissing you at the age of five, after you'd been frightened by the cobra, was rather good. 'I'll protect you from the ol' wattlesnake,' I said. Imagine that, at five."

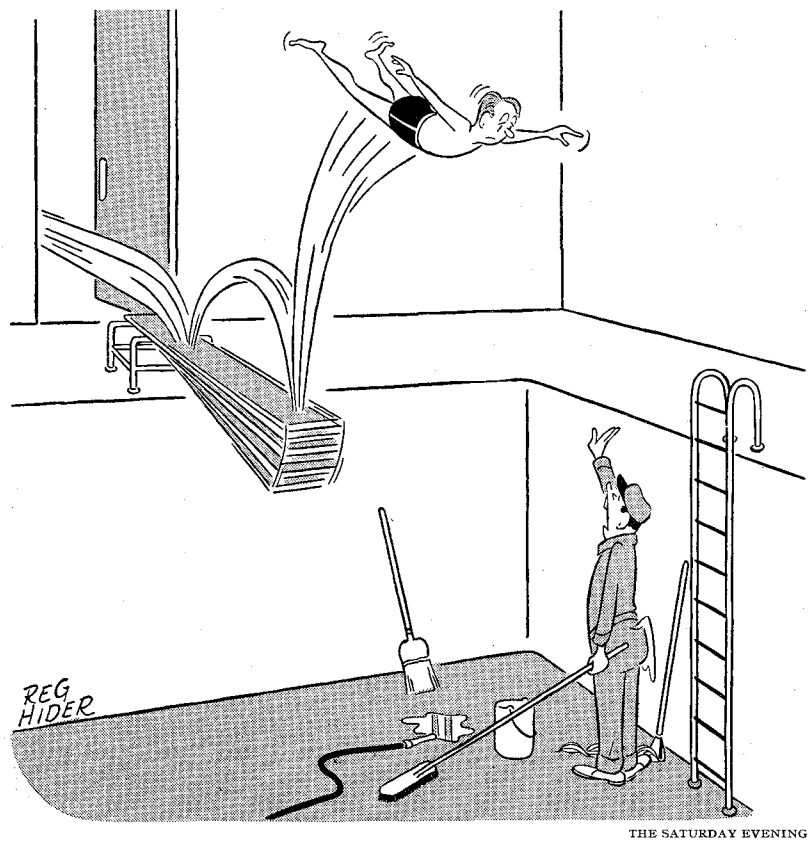
"Yes, that got a chuckle. What do we do with the house?"

"Well, if we've won it it's ours, and if it's ours we can do what we please with it. So we'll sell it and split the money. Naturally."

"Let's walk a ways," she said. "Maybe action will help. The trouble with men is they have no sentiment. They'd sell their first-born's baby shoes if anybody'd make them an offer."

"Only," he said, as they started walking up toward the beckoning lights of Hollywood Boulevard, "in order to get him a new pair that would fit him. Men are practical, and it's a good thing they are. Let's be realistic. I'll pick you up at your hotel at nine in the morning in my rented conveyance, and we'll drive out there and get this thing into good hands. Somebody who can peddle it in a hurry."

"O.K.," said Cathy. "Nine in the morning." But she'd begun to get a



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hold it."

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If you have watches on your gift list, you will want to know these facts about Ingraham Sentinel watches. *Fact #1:* every Ingraham Sentinel is shock-resistant and anti-magnetic as well as being an accurate, dependable timepiece. *Fact #2:* we've had professional researchers ask hundreds of New Yorkers and Chicagoans to guess at the prices of Ingraham Sentinels. Almost every guess has been high and a very great number have been many times the actual prices. Believe us, you'll be giving real pleasure this year if your gift is an Ingraham Sentinel.

INGRAHAM Sentinel

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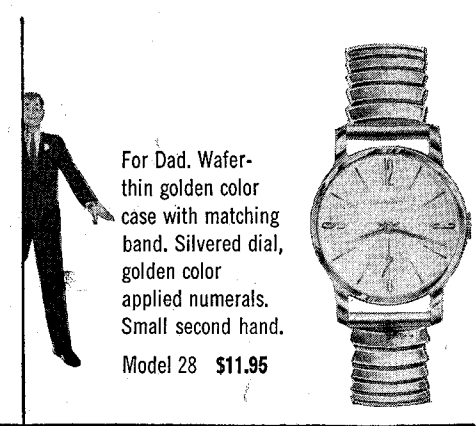

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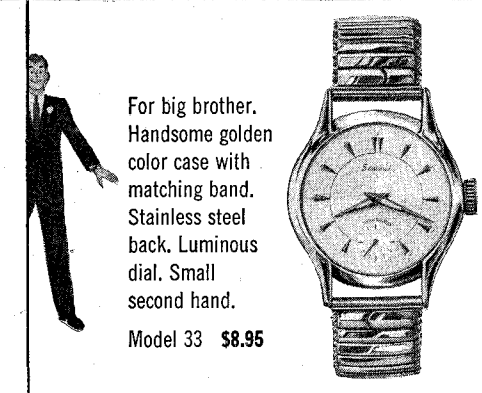
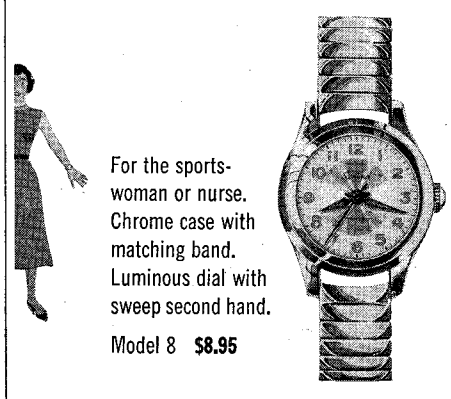
For Mom. Dainty, golden color case with matching band. Golden color dial with black center.

Model B11 **$10.95**



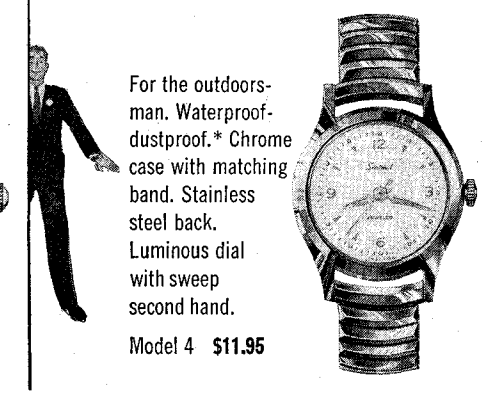
For big brother. Handsome golden color case with matching band. Stainless steel back. Luminous dial. Small second hand.

Model 33 **$8.95**



For the sportswoman or nurse. Chrome case with matching band. Luminous dial with sweep second hand.

Model 8 **$8.95**



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Taxes are not included in prices

*As long as back, crystal and crown remain intact or are expertly serviced.

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dangerous look in her sea-green eyes. "Joe," she said suddenly, "why don't we just run out there now and take one look at the place? Get an idea of what we want to ask for it."

"Sure, why not?" said Joe.

Well, never let it be said that CBC hadn't done it up right. Joe was sorry he'd thought so many mean things about them. Honeymoon House was a beautiful redwood-and-glass job spreading around two sides of a big corner lot, even the rosebushes all in, and the gold key fitted the front door just fine, and inside everything was certainly completely furnished, even to a sparkling red-and-white convertible in the garage.

"Oh, Joe," said Cathy, "isn't it all just beautiful! To think that we really own this house, even if just till we can sell it."

Joe was beginning to look thoughtful. "Cathy ——" he said, as they finished the preliminary tour and sat down in a couple of the big easy chairs in the completely furnished living room. "Cathy, I've been thinking. We probably wouldn't want to sell this place furnished, anyway—probably get just as much for it unfurnished—why don't we start splitting up that part of it first? Women like furniture. Why don't you take most of the furniture, and I'll take the car?"

Lieutenant Walmsley had her legs tucked under her in a most unmilitary manner. She was beginning to look at home. Women can start looking at home awful fast.

"Joe," she said slowly, "I've been thinking too. And if you think we actually ought to keep this house at all, I don't see why I can't really keep it, just as it is. Look at it this way: I own half of it already. Right? And you don't have any real interest in your half—a house never means to a man what it means to a woman—all you want is half of the money. Right? Well, why can't I just get a mortgage on it, pay you off in cash for your half, and keep it? All of it?"

Joe sat up as though stabbed. "Well, if that isn't just like the Air Force!" he spluttered. "All you want is all of it! If you have any idea of pulling anything like that, you can just forget it right now!"

"Now you're being ridiculous," she said. "What in the world is the difference whether you get your half of the money from me or from some retired plumbing contractor from Fort Wayne?"

"I don't know," said Joe, "but something's wrong with it, and I don't like it. I'm getting taken, somehow. Let's head back to town."

And in a stiff silence they locked the beautiful front door of Honeymoon House, drove back to Hollywood, and Joe dropped her off at her hotel; then he stopped in at an Italian restaurant and had a strangely lonely dinner. What was the matter with him? He wasn't operating. He could at least have asked her to have dinner with him; not act like a country bumpkin. What was the matter with him?

After dinner he went up to the hotel room he'd thought was so lush—after Honeymoon House it looked like the Midnight Mission—and he pulled his tie loose and flopped down on the bed for a little badly needed ceiling staring. But there didn't seem to be any answers up there. So he got his cornet out of the case and gave out with a few defiant toots, but that just seemed childish. Also noisy. That was one thing about the Aleutians; a man could practice the cornet in peace.

Then he suddenly thought, What was he doing in this eighteen-dollar-a-day fleabag when he owned half of a fifty-thousand-dollar house? Completely furnished. And in case the Air Force had any idea of pulling any fast ones, there was also the little matter of possession. He got up, threw his stuff together, checked out and drove back out to Honeymoon House. He'd fortunately kept one of the gold keys. And inside he turned on the new twenty-eight-inch television set for a while, turned that off and listened to the hi-fi for a while, walked around and stared at the new stainless-steel pots and pans and the new red-and-white convertible some more, and finally he shut everything off, put his rented car in the other half of the garage and went to bed in the master bedroom, between the lemon-yellow sheets. As a matter of fact, they felt fine.

And this was only the first day of a fourteen-day leave. Good Lord, a man hardly dared go out any more. . . .

He awoke with a start, the sun streaming in the window and water running somewhere. He hadn't left any water running. Maybe CBC also furnished a gardener. Then suddenly he sat bolt upright in the lemon-yellow sheets.

Jumping out of bed, he grabbed a robe and slippers, got his cornet out of the case, and went on a narrow-eyed reconnaissance through the house. Niagara Falls seemed to be coming from over in the other wing, where the nursery was—

• •

Bad Script

All the world's a stage, I'll grant,
And here's what really smarts:
Women have unfailingly
Been cast in speaking parts.

By Luke Neely

• •

the completely equipped nursery with the alcove bed where the nurse would sleep if the kids were croupy. The pink-and-blue nursery, ready, like everything else in the house, for anything.

And the water running was the shower in the bathroom where someday somebody's kids would be getting ready to go to school. On a chair beside the alcove bed was a Women's Air Force uniform.

Well, darn her! She'd had the same idea he'd had!

Carefully opening the door of the bathroom a few inches, he stuck the business end of the cornet into the steam and blew reveille, one of his better numbers.

There was an ear-splitting scream. "Get out of here!" she yelled.

"Just wanted to tell you to take your time," he said. "I'm off to the store to get some stuff for breakfast."

He dressed hurriedly and departed—after only a moment's hesitation, in the rented conveyance. Might as well keep the new convertible new.

When he got back, she was setting the breakfast table, in a canary-yellow housecoat and a sea-green turban that matched her eyes.

"Do you often walk in on people who are taking a shower?" she said.

"I've walked in on I'd say eight thousand Air Force officers who were taking a shower, and none of them have minded yet. The trouble with you is you just don't like cornet music. Let's get on to the eggs. By the way, I like this uniform better than the other one. What's this—the new Air Force fatigues?"

"Did you get any soap to wash the dishes?"

No, he hadn't. "We'll make some out of ashes and bear grease," he said.

"A ten-year-old boy would have thought to (*Continued on Page 86*)

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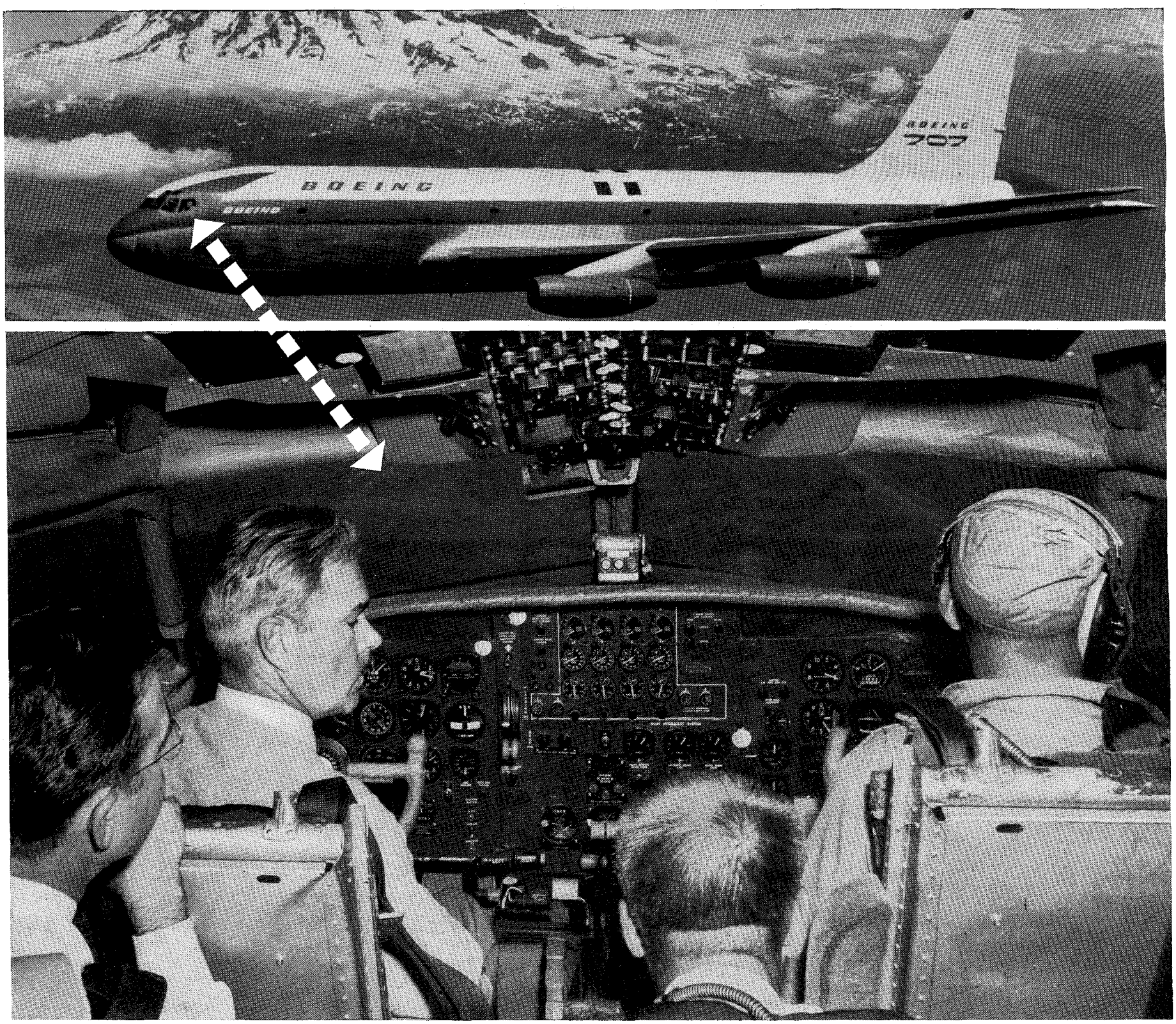

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Already behind it are more than two years of flight testing—and this includes tests by approximately one hundred airline pilots. Many of these are the men who, flying the great Boeing jets, will whisk you from coast to coast in under four hours and a half, and across the Atlantic from New York to London in five hours and a half. They are an aircraft's key men, and Boeing wanted them to put the 707 through its paces.

At the start of each flight, Boeing's test pilot waved one of the airline pilots into the captain's seat and said: "Take it away. She's all yours." They put the craft through flight maneuvers that tested its every characteristic, even under such extreme conditions as flight with two engines on the same side shut off.

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The 707 impressed the airline pilots with its easy handling, its amazing performance, its quiet, vibration-free ride—and the simplicity of its controls—115 *fewer* than in conventional airliners. One summed up his reactions like this: "The 707 generated in me a feeling of complete confidence and reliability. Its performance is superb. For the airline pilot, the 707 marks a new, brighter era—something he has dreamed about." And another: "Airline pilots are going to love these swept-wing, high-performance jets."

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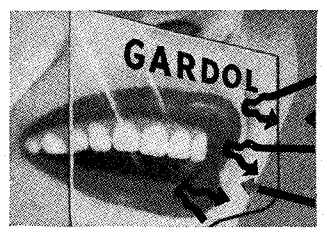

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Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

(*Continued from Page 84*)

buy salt," she said, getting to the bottom of the sack.

"I'll find a salt lick somewhere on the property. Shall I pour you a dollop of the cornflakes?"

"No, you didn't get sugar either. If the truth were known, I'll bet out on those battleships you men don't have half the things you need."

"It's terrible," he said. "Just sowbelly and wormy biscuits. Come to think of it, maybe I'd better handle the eggs. I haven't had an egg in years, and I don't want these ruined."

"Sit down," she said, "and be quiet. Just bury yourself in your paper, like any other husband, and your breakfast, O mighty sir, will be ready in a moment. If it isn't satisfactory, don't tip me."

And in little more than a moment she was ladling onto the plates an omelet buttery and golden as Ft. Knox. She'd even heated the coffee cake. She'd even heated the plates.

"Good heavens," he said, after an exploratory bite or two, "you can cook! A proper omelet is a joy forever. Is it possible that you're in the French Air Force?"

"My mother," she said, "runs a little restaurant on Cape Cod that people come to from miles around; I cut my teeth on a sack of herbs. She said when I learned to cook, I could have a lipstick."

"A sound approach," he said, "and one that could be copied by others. Now about the convertible?"

"As usual," she said, "you're getting the cart before the house. The first item of business in any new camp being the assignment of quarters. And we can't both live here. One of us, I suppose, should be on hand to show the place while we're trying to sell it, but this hardly requires a full-time coeducational basis. In other words, do you have a coin you would care to flip?"

"I have," he said, taking out a handful of change. "Fortunately a brand-new one; you would not dare flip an old one in this house." He balanced a shiny quarter atop a poised thumb. "Heads, you stay; tails, I stay. One flip does it. O.K.?"

"Flip," she said. He flipped it high, and let it fall to the floor.

And possibly because it was a new coin or possibly because the gods were in a jaunty mood, it hit, bounced, staggered along the edge of a cabinet, then rolled out into the center of the kitchen and stood on edge.

"Well, that settles it," said Joe briskly. "We both stay."

"I'll hurry and get dressed," said Cathy, "and maybe we can sell the house today."

"We only have until four o'clock," said Joe. "Don't forget the press conference. And come to think of it, it might be a little disturbing if we had prospective purchasers trooping through while the reporters are here. I don't think CBC would like it. And after all, we've got twelve more days; maybe we ought to put off the sales campaign till tomorrow. Get ready to meet the press. If you want the truth, I haven't the vaguest idea what we're going to tell them. Have you?"

"Oh, we'll think of something. You wash the dishes, I'll hurry and get dressed, and we'll have a quick go at the realty marts."

"I will wash the dishes this once," said Joe, "since I forgot the soap, but I am setting no precedent. Get your duds on."

And minutes later they were on the wing, driving about looking for real-estate offices. Which, in Pacific Palisades, as elsewhere, are as hard to find as dandelions in the spring. Joe whizzed past one after another without a backward glance.

"No use grabbing at the first straw," he said. "Let's not get desperate. I'll come to something good in a minute."

Since he was going west, what he came to in a minute was the ocean. A sparkling blue ocean, since it was one of those sun-drenched, fresh-as-gingham mornings that Southern California puts on now and then to remind people how things used to be B.S.—Before Smog. Joe turned off Sunset, pulled on the emergency brake on a bluff overlooking the curving coast line, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

For a split second she relaxed against him, warm and soft and perfumy, then suddenly broke off the action, as the military terms it.

"Down, boy," she said. "Such tactics will get you nowhere. You still don't get the convertible till we get this whole thing settled."

"You do me a grave injustice," he said. "I wasn't even thinking of the convertible. I was thinking of the omelet. If you can cook like that, let's get rid of these prying newsmen by some stratagem, and I'll lay in a real batch of supplies and we'll spend a few days just eating ourselves bowlegged. While we think this thing out. I, of course, to get myself a room at a nearby motel; I might come over between meals to practice my cornet a little, but that's all. By the way, did your mother's teaching include blueberry muffins?"

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I suddenly feel as though I'm drowning. Let's get out of here. If we're going to sell this house, let's sell it."

"O.K.," he said. "If that's what you want."

And a few minutes later they were sitting in the office of the Canyon Realty Company, talking to nice Mr. Lynch, and Cathy suddenly stood up and said, "Actually, I don't know what we're even here for. It's a beautiful house; it's the first house I've ever had, even had half of, and I don't want to sell it at all." And she began to cry.

Back to Honeymoon House. Where Joe took her in his arms, and said, "Take it easy; it's just a house. If you want it, keep it. Pay me my half any time you want to, any way you want to. O.K.?"

"And what about the convertible?" said Cathy, turning to look up at him, sniffling. "Can I keep that too? I can't live clear out here without a car."

"Why, you big pig!" said Joe, getting up and plopping her onto the sofa. "Of all the gall! Whew, women!"

Back to the real-estate office. The press conference, like Sheridan, now an hour away.

"I'm sure we can get fifty for it," said Mr. Lynch. "Certainly forty-five with no delay at all." Meaning forty-five thousand. You never say thousand any more. Just forty-five, or eighty-five. Like beans.

"We'll take thirty-five," said Cathy, "if you can sell it by noon tomorrow."

"We will not," said Joe, standing up so quickly that he knocked over his chair. "We certainly will not. I'm not an emotional idiot, and I don't intend to throw away my half. I worked hard for that house."

"*You* worked hard? Who knew the rainfall in Tierra del Fuego?"

"The Air Force, that's who. If it weren't for the Air Force, you wouldn't know the rainfall in your back yard."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that's so."

Back to Honeymoon House.

And when the reporters and the photographers and the CBC publicity men arrived to interview the happy couple,

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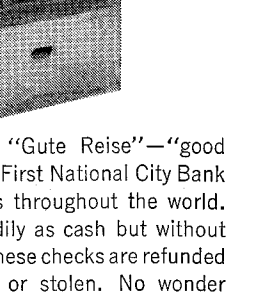

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Cathy was lying on the sofa in the living room, crying her eyes out, and Joe was in the garage, with the Happy Husband Home Workshop going, cutting boards every which way like a tiger eating shredded wheat. "Br-r-r-r," the saw was saying. He only wished he had thicker boards, that would "br-r-r-r" more.

It was the first time anybody had rung the doorbell of Honeymoon House. Good Lord, it was the CBC chimes. Probably a vice-president had thought of that. Joe shut off the saw and, still holding a length of timber, strode to the door.

"Come in," he greeted them savagely, "and prepare yourselves for an earful!"

Cathy jumped up and ran sobbing into the nursery wing, and Joe grimly told them the whole story. "That's what happened," he finished, "and you can now do whatever you darn please about it."

"Wow!" said the reporters. "Is the phone turned on?" Eying the halls.

"I'll check while we grab a few shots of the dame," said one of the photographers, leading a march on the nursery wing.

Joe barred the door out of the living room with his two-by-four mace. "Stay out of there," he said, "or I'll brain you."

So they started taking flash-bulb shots of him. Horatius at the bridge.

"Get out of here, all of you!" roared Joe.

"Oh, my!" said the head CBC publicity man, a hand to his forehead. "Mr. Wentworth's going to be terribly upset."

"Nuts to Mr. Wentworth," said Joe, "and nuts to you. Take back your blasted house!"

"Oh, it's not that simple," said the man, circling behind a protective chair. "There happen to be criminal charges involved here. I would say taking money under false pretenses, at the very least.... Wouldn't you say so, Finley?"

"Oh, I would indeed," said Finley, from the lee side of the sofa. "At the very least. It will go particularly hard, I imagine, for the girl. Since she lured him into the line and gave him the extra ticket; quite evidently a plan on her part from the very beginning—definite fraud."

"I'll dot your eye for you!" said Joe. And he advanced to do it. "You leave her out of this. The whole thing was my idea, and if you've got anything to say about it, say it to me." He chunked the two-by-four into the fireplace and started unbuttoning his cuffs. "Say it now. Any or all of you."

"Oh, my!" said the first man, circling on around toward the door. "Come, Finley; we'll just have to see Mr. Wentworth.... You'll be hearing from us," he added ominously to Joe, as they trooped out.

As they trooped out, Cathy rushed in, from down nursery way, her eyes shining like stars. "Oh, Joe," she cried, "you were magnificent! You protected me from the rattlesnakes! Just like in Bombay!"

She flew into his arms, and suddenly he was kissing her, and she wasn't breaking off the action at all, as the military terms it, and big, whooshing comets began flashing across the heavens.

Finally Joe released her. "Cathy," he said, looking into her sea-green eyes, "let's stop the joshing. Will you marry me, house or no house, forsaking all others, including the B-Fifty-two?"

"Oh, I will!" said Cathy. "I will!"

Then they were in each other's arms again, and the comets were whooshing.

And suddenly Joe let go of her so quickly that she went plopping onto the sofa like a tossed package.

"Oh, my gosh! House!" he said. Frantically he ran to the door. The reporters and the photographers and the CBC publicity men were just about to drive away—just revving up the engines.

"Hey, fellows," he cried, "come back, come back! Come meet the happy engaged couple who won the house!"

Fortunately, they heard him—they could have heard him in Pasadena—and they all trooped back in, and the head CBC publicity man was just overjoyed at the good news. Because now that they were actually engaged and could have the house, the publicity would all be properly romantic, and it wouldn't upset Mr. Wentworth.

"Oh, I'm just delighted," he said, "that everything's turned out so well.... Aren't you, Finley?"

"Oh, I am, indeed," said Finley. "There's just nothing nicer than working with these young engaged couples. A little hectic, but nice. Say, I have an idea"—looking brightly at Joe—"how would you folks like to be married on National Bridegroom! Tomorrow night at eight! We have just dandy prizes on National Bridegroom. Toasters, waffle irons, trips to Australia."

"Thanks," said Joe, "thanks a lot. If we want to be on it, I'll definitely call you. O.K.?"

THE END

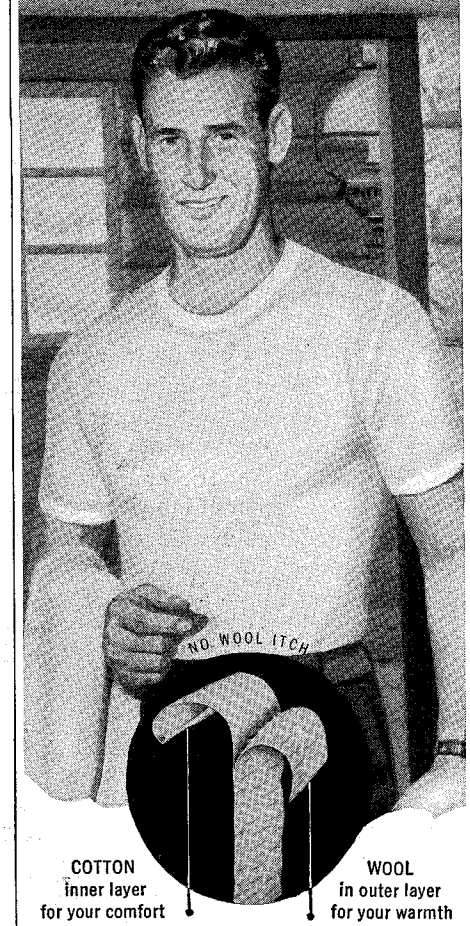
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I hear you people are desperate for engineers."

Begin with your skin

says Ted Williams

...one of baseball's all-time greats and all-round outdoor sportsman.



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WOOL in outer layer for your warmth

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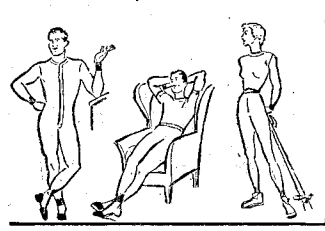

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The Secret of Shining Brook

(Continued from Page 51)

share in the natural wealth that flowed from the wells was by taxation. Oil discoveries in Alberta had been on lands still owned by the province, excepting those broad acres which had been granted to railroads or to the Hudson's Bay Company. So the province had been able to enact the rules by which the great oil companies could drill and do business, insisting that the public should get its fair share. It was agreed that the Alberta officialdom was fair to deal with and reasonable. And the province, which, under a radical administration a few years before, had lurched to the verge of bankruptcy, now, because of its participation in this flowing gold, had millions in its treasury—surplus millions.

"All to the good," admitted field superintendent Riggs, "if they keep as sharp an eye on the politicians as they do on the oil companies."

"Sure," Lumpy Sawyer said, "but if Alberta piles up a billion-dollar surplus in its treasury, what then? Politics. The temptation to squander to grab off votes."

"Meantime," said Riggs, "we wage slaves dig and delve; sweat in summer and freeze in winter."

"And like it," Morton said. He grinned at his companions. "Sometimes I think," he said, "that oil, to roustabouts like us, isn't a profession, it's a religion."

"If it's a religion in this field," Lumpy said sourly, "then we got some heretics. Or the Old Scratch has turned loose a bevy of little devils. Like this afternoon, the intake pipe gets clogged over on the Pansy Grove job, and the mud pump goes on the fritz—and what gums the game? I ask you. A dead fox puppy. And how does it get in the slush pit to get sucked up? It was the damn hex."

The door opened, and Sergeant Van Patten entered without invitation. He nodded and unceremoniously sat down in a rather dilapidated upholstered chair. He filled and lighted a pipe.

"A bundle of New York newspapers came today," he said conversationally.

"Is there such a place as New York?" asked young Morton.

"New York and Mars," said Riggs. "About equally distant from Shining Brook."

"Very interesting murder there," the sergeant said. "You'll have heard about it. Big oilman."

"That we heard about," Riggs admitted. "He was president of one of the companies that operate this field."

"Coincidence," Van Patten said. "He seems to have been murdered the night you arrived in New York from the Near East, Mr. Butts."

"If," grinned Archy, "you're suggesting that I was brought back from Abadan to assassinate J. A. Baldwin, it's a bit farfetched."

"No, no," the sergeant disclaimed. "Just touches off a train of thought. Did your arrival in America precipitate his killing? Farfetched too. Eh? The papers lean to the theory that it was a love-nest murder. Now, Mr. Butts, that would be just too convenient, wouldn't it?"

"Much too convenient, I would say," Archy replied.

"If that could be accepted as the solution. What? Maybe not too determined a search for the girl, eh? And the matter allowed to fade out."

"Conceivable," Archy agreed.

"Might go in the States," Van Patten said. "Not up here. We're more practical."

"Don't you have politics in Canada?" Archy asked ironically.

"Plenty. But when there's a savage proxy fight, and when the murdered man is engaged in some kind of an investigation that might involve important people in his organization, and when there's another murder tacked on"—here the sergeant paused and narrowed his eyes at Archy Butts in a sardonic sort of way—"and when the second victim is a private detective hired by the first victim—why, then, it's stretching the probabilities to drag in pretty little girls."

"So," said Archy, "you have identified our dead man."

"Private detectives are licensed," Van Patten said. "We supplied fingerprints and data. Identification was easy." He waggled his head. "But why Shining Brook Field? You, Mr. Butts, dragged from Asia by your company. A private detective hired by J. A. Baldwin. Who was this Seth Bowen sniffing after?"

Archy was concentrating on the matter. Who had Bowen been sniffing after? It could hardly be Nadine Clark, because he was dead about the time Nadine arrived in Calgary. Again—and this was an important speculation—was the man investigating a crime that had already been perpetrated or was he endeavoring to collect evidence of a crime planned for the future?

"There was," said the sergeant, "what newspapermen call a feature story in one of the New York Sunday editions. About unsolved crimes. Not murders, but robberies or chicaneries where the criminals got away with an enormous sum in cash or in jewels or in other things of value."

"Which," asked Archy, "leads up to what?"

"To the possibility," Van Patten said, "that there may have been crimes so skillful that nobody ever found out there had been a crime at all. That would be ideal, wouldn't it? I'm just amusing myself with speculating. Could it be, Mr. Butts, that Mr. Baldwin was killed to prevent the discovery that a crime had been committed—a crime only he suspected had been committed?"

"Farfetched again," Archy said. "We've got a lot of farfetched tonight. Now give me a shot at supposing."

"Fly at it," said Riggs.

"Isn't it more probable," Archy propounded, "that Baldwin had stumbled on some depredation in process of being perpetrated? Some criminal conduct not consisting of a single act or robbery, but of a systematic, continuing, very profitable plan. Like, for instance, a wholesale dealing in narcotics, or an international dealing in stolen goods, or a widespread smuggling thing, or, say, some subversive dealing with an enemy state."

"You're thinking about tankers."

"Show me an ocean or a sea or a lake where oil tankers do not ply," Archy said.

"But"—and the sergeant grinned—"tankers don't steam inland to Shining Brook Field."

"All the same," Archy said, "a fleet of tankers plying the seven seas could be almighty handy."

"At the present moment of writing," Riggs said, (*Continued on Page 90*)

When a woman first learns to drive a car, she's very observant. Often, she misses nothing. EDWARD H. DRESCHNACK

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Wausau Story

IN MINNESOTA, land of 10,000 lakes

as reported by **BARBARA FLANAGAN**
Feature writer, Minneapolis Star and Tribune

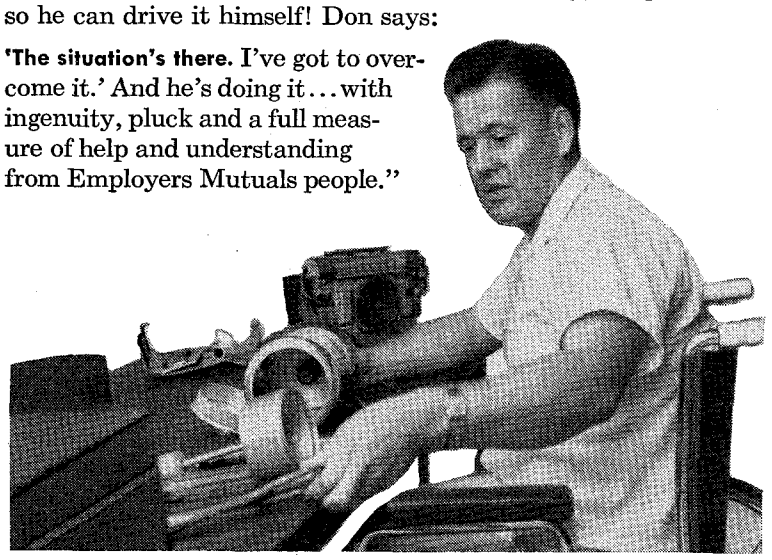
"You know Minnesota and Wisconsin are neighbors. That's why I thought this story would be about the people who live 'next door'. Especially the Employers Mutuals people of Wausau, neighborly people in that city of good neighbors. There, I thought, is where I'd discover how they got their reputation for being 'good people to do business with'.

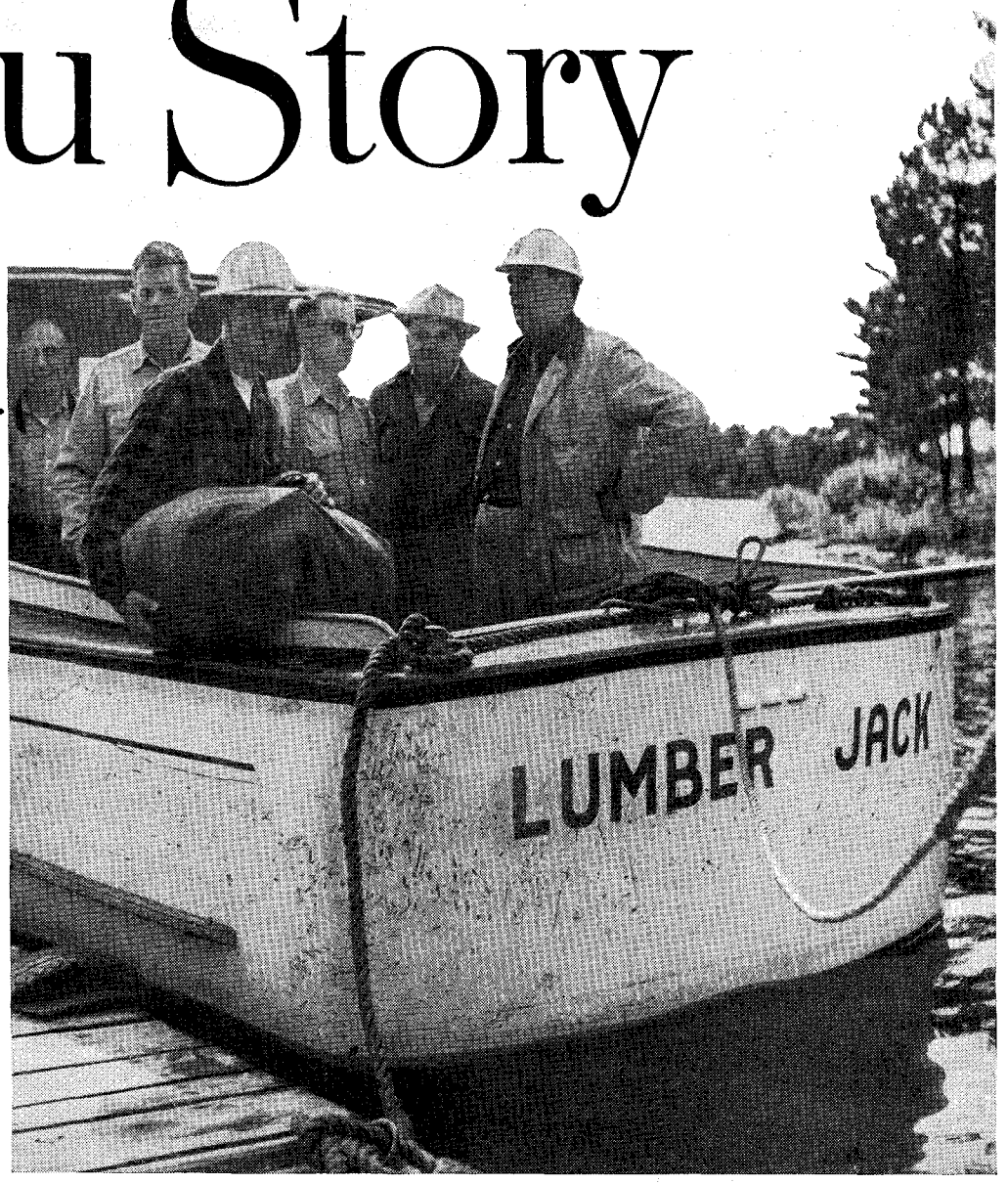
"I found out . . . not 'next door' . . . but from the Employers Mutuals people right here in Minnesota. Now I know where you find Employers Mutuals people you find a 'bit of Wausau' too.

"Quite a bit! All over Minnesota Employers Mutuals people are working in that capable, friendly, truly neighborly way that is unmistakably the 'Wausau Way' of doing business.

"Take Don Stenberg's word for that. Don worked on electric high lines for a Minneapolis contractor, an Employers Mutuals policy holder. Two years ago he fell from a pole—hit a live wire and fell thirty feet. That fall left him permanently paralyzed from the waist down. Just recently Don, his wife, and their two sons moved into their new home in Rochester. Don has even more projects than most new homeowners. He repairs radios and small appliances in his basement. To make it easier to get to his workshop, he designed an elevator. So he can cut his own grass, he built a special lawnmower. And he's rigged up his car so he can drive it himself! Don says:

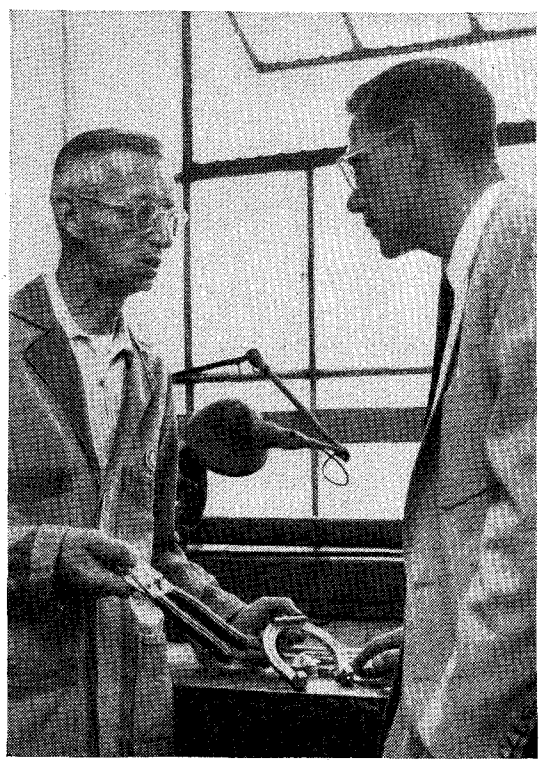
'The situation's there. I've got to overcome it.' And he's doing it . . . with ingenuity, pluck and a full measure of help and understanding from Employers Mutuals people."





"In summer, a boat takes Minnesota and Ontario Paper Company men and an Employers Mutuals Safety Engineer to a safety meeting at one of the isolated pulpwood camps on Lake of the Woods. In winter, they go to meetings on snowshoes. Either way, they get there because accidents can be *prevented* by having timbermen understand why and how they should use safety appliances and gear. Employers Mutuals insures about 77% of all forest products activity in Minnesota."

"From horseshoes to aviation snips in 48 years. What a contrast, but both are made by the Diamond Calk Horseshoe Company of Duluth. Elmer Swanson, veteran employee with that company, shows the two contrasting products to Russ Hammond, Employers Mutuals Safety Engineer. Since 1923, Diamond Calk has been an Employers Mutuals policy holder. And listen to this: the rate on the company's workmen's compensation insurance is less *today* than it was back in 1923! In the name of rising costs on almost everything, how can that be? They told me: reduce accidents and you reduce insurance rates. Ten years ago eye injuries were frequent and costly. Today, with an eye-protection program in effect, eye injuries are practically eliminated. And down go insurance rates! Good business, isn't it?"



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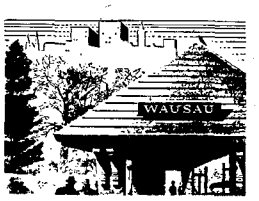

"Good people to do business with"

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(*Continued from Page 88*) apropos of nothing, "oil can be laid down in Vancouver from the Persian Gulf cheaper than it can be delivered from any field in the Americas."

The front door opened again, and Leon Moffitt strode into the room, Bones Leary at his heels. He stood for a moment just inside the door, as if, possibly, unsure of his welcome. The welcome was not very enthusiastic. Silence greeted him. All chairs in the room were occupied, and no one arose to surrender one to him.

"Good evening, gentlemen—and the police," he said curtly.

"You've been away, sir," Sergeant Van Patten said courteously. "In Calgary, perhaps?"

"If it's of interest to the Mounties," Moffitt said, "yes."

"Too bad, sir," the sergeant said regretfully.

"What's too bad?" Moffitt asked sharply.

"That you should have made the trip for nothing," Van Patten said. "Mr. Leary did not accompany you."

"Bones did not go with me—and why did I make the trip for nothing?"

"Because the lady was not there, sir. As a matter of fact, she was in Edmonton, but only temporarily. I was astonished myself to find that so beautiful and so pampered a young lady would be willing to put up with the inconveniences of Shining Brook."

"Am I supposed to know what you're talking about?" Moffitt demanded.

"Oh, yes, sir," Van Patten said. "I'm sure you understand, Mr. Moffitt."

"You speak," Moffitt said angrily, "as if my movements were of interest to the police."

"Of course they are," the sergeant replied. "You are a man of importance and a visitor to Alberta. We are responsible for you in this rather remote region—for your safety and for your enjoyment, shall we say? One of our duties is to be of service to distinguished visitors."

"I can get along without it," Moffitt said tartly. "I don't like to be snooped after."

"By the way, Mr. Moffitt, is your chauffeur, or whatever his job is with you, a marksman? I do not mean with small arms, but, say, with a rifle?"

"I doubt," Moffitt said, "if he ever has had one in his hands. . . . How about it, Bones?"

"Me," Bones Leary said, "I never shot a rifle in my life. Nor a shotgun."

"Not even a sawed-off shotgun, Bones?" asked Archy Butts.

Leary narrowed his eyes at Archy. "Someday you make a crack too many," he said softly.

"What's this about rifles?" Moffitt asked, frowning.

"They make a big noise," Van Patten said. "You hear them a long ways on a clear day. Maybe we're a bit particular, sir, but we do like to know who shoots them off, and at what." He settled back in his chair comfortably. "You, Mr. Butts," he asked blandly, "wouldn't know what at, would you?"

All this was more than interesting to the young men of the staff. Archy wondered if the sergeant had some purpose in being so frank and open with his questioning.

"Why, no," Archy said. "Not with certainty. There's a choice."

"It might have been you, Mr. Butts?"

"It could have been."

"Or that eccentric camper on the river?"

"Fisherman John," said Archy. "He might have been the target. Nothing was damaged but a coffeepot."

"Fortunately"—the sergeant said, lids drooping in a sleepy way over his eyes—"fortunately not the pretty young lady."

"Very fortunately," Archy said dryly. "The Royal Canadian Mounted are quite an organization."

"Living back in the wilderness," the sergeant said modestly, "sharpens the faculties. By the way, I called on Miss Nadine Clark this afternoon. Roughing it, as one might say. An extraordinarily beautiful woman. What you call a dish."

"A dainty dish," agreed Archy, and waited to see what would come next. His respect for Sergeant Van Patten's ability and efficiency was increasing by leaps and bounds.

"If she set her mind to it," Van Patten said, "she could tempt a man to leave home." He relaxed and grinned at Archy. "She mentioned you, Mr. Butts—favorably."

"But not Mr. Moffitt," Archy said provocatively. Moffitt was not pleased.

"No one but yourself," the sergeant assured him. "She even suggested that I deliver a message. An invitation."

"Am I to be tempted to leave home?" Archy asked ironically.

"My considered opinion," Van Patten said, eyes twinkling, "is that if you're timid about being tempted, you'd better stay away."

"Maybe wax in my ears, like Ulysses' men," Archy said. "What was the message?"

"She suggested," Archy was told, "that she would be agreeable to receiving a caller at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

The sergeant got to his feet and stretched comfortably. "Good night, gentlemen," he said genially. "Seldom we fellows have so much pleasant company of an evening. . . . Nice of you, Mr. Butts, to be co-operative. Up to a point, shall we say? Maybe you can be induced to go all the way. Good night, all."

He closed the door after him and presently could be heard to drive away. Almost immediately Leon Moffitt, face dour, eyes rather grim, moved away from the wall against which he had been leaning. "Butts," he said, "can I have a word with you?"

"Why not?" Archy asked. "I'll take Lumpy Sawyer along, if you don't mind, to offset Bones Leary. They can amuse each other."

Moffitt grinned, but not humorously. "Whatever I may be, Butts," he said, "I'm not crude."

He went out into the night, Leary at his heels. Archy followed with Lumpy.

"My place or yours?" Archy Butts asked.

"Mine is more comfortable," Moffitt said.

Moffitt unlocked the door and stood aside for Archy to enter. He paused on the threshold. "Lumpy," Archy said, "entertain Mr. Leary. Be congenial, but don't turn your back to him."

"With him," Lumpy said genially, "I can cope."

Moffitt followed Archy into the luxurious trailer. "Your boy is belligerent," he said. "You're inclined to be truculent yourself, Butts. Is it necessary? After all, why should you and I be at daggers' points? Can you, Butts, put your finger definitely on any reason why we should be unfriends?"

"Not to lay before a jury," Archy answered. "Maybe like a cat and dog. Instinct."

"More than once in my life," Moffitt said reasonably, "I've found that I've changed my mind about people. Men I've disliked at first meeting have become real friends when I got to know them."

"Conceivable," Archy said. "I'm willing to be convinced. Trot out your more amiable and attractive qualities. Give samples."

If this flippancy angered Moffitt, he manifested no outward sign of it; rather, he assumed the attitude of an older and wiser man offering advice to a junior.

"No harm," he said, "was ever done by peace negotiations." His tone was one of grave reasonableness. "Perhaps we could find a profitable meeting ground."

"Now we approach the point," Archy said. "Would it be in the nature of an offer? A financially advantageous offer?"

"Nothing so specific," Moffitt said, "though it might come to that. Listen to my position without prejudice. I am an executive of Gandolin Oil. In many ways our interests are parallel to those of Mr. Hawks' company; in other, perhaps minor, particulars we don't see eye to eye."

"And you came to Shining Brook to promote those points on which you disagree? Is that a reasonable guess?"

"Rather to explore possibilities," Moffitt said.

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"You explore them," Archy said dryly, "by promoting a hex. What good purpose does a fox puppy in a slush pit serve?"

"You suspect," Moffitt asked, "that I cause these annoying things that are happening here?"

"Not suspect," Archy said tersely. "The only reason I can see for it is misdirection, like a legerdemain artist. Your man Friday, Bones Leary, gets these bits of sabotage done, starts damaging rumors, stirs up dissatisfactions. This I can prove. But, as I've said, I see no point in them unless, friend, they are to distract attention from something else."

"Of course," Moffitt said, still without heat, "that is nonsense."

Archy smiled stiffly. "You haven't displayed your charm yet. You haven't abated my dislike. You haven't wooed me. Suppose you commence."

"Butts," Moffitt said seriously, "things are getting out of hand in this neighborhood. This is bad for you and bad for me."

"Getting out of hand how?"

"Murder, for one thing," Moffitt said. "That called in the Mounties. The arrival of Nadine Clark is another thing. The appearance of John the Fisherman is the third."

"I do not see how those things can harm Mr. Hawks' interests. All he wants is to develop this oil field efficiently."

... ...

Dangerous Inflation

Success is a test where it
may be said:
The smaller the man, the
bigger the head.

By Georgie
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"You're not so naïve as to believe that, Butts," Moffitt said. "That devious old scalawag is up to skulduggery. He's digging underground to fix a cave-in under somebody's feet."

"Yours?" asked Archy.

"That could be."

"And," said Archy, "as to skulduggery, I'd hazard a guess that the old boy is planning to uncover somebody else's depredation or to prevent some crook from pulling off a coup. No, Moffitt, you can't sell me on that."

Moffitt frowned, but did not show temper. "Will you," he asked, "join with me in coping with this situation?"

"What would that entail?"

"Working together, complete exchange of information, full co-operation."

"Mostly exchange of information, eh?"

"That would be an important part of it," Moffitt said. "No disloyalty to Hawks."

"Aren't you going," Archy asked, "to show me the kingdoms of the earth?"

Moffitt at last abandoned his pretense of calm reasonableness. "Butts," he said, "don't try to play games with me. Don't cross me up with words. Don't be smart aleck. I've tried to be reasonable with you. You won't play."

"I won't play," Archy agreed.

"Then," Moffitt said, "here's an ultimatum—to which there are no witnesses. In twenty-four hours I can have an offer come to you from one of the most powerful oil companies. An offer of a job at, say, twice your present salary. You will accept that offer and clear out of here—for Texas, for Persia, for China, for anyplace far away."

"Or?" asked Archy.

"Else," said Moffitt tersely.

Archy did not stand up at once, nor did he make immediate reply to Moffitt's ultimatum. Instead he sat, head quirked to one side, and studied the face of the man who sat opposite him. He was trying to deduce why Moffitt had thus come into the open with a threat. Moffitt's face was grim and menacing, but as Archy stared at him unwinking he thought Moffitt's eyes flickered. Something had occurred to alarm the man; to move him, perhaps, to recklessness.

Archy stood up at last and took one step in Moffitt's direction and looked down at him with cold eyes. "Moffitt," he said, "you've made your first mistake."

He stepped over the man's legs and flung open the door. "Lumpy," he called into the night, "you there?"

"Here or hereabouts," Lumpy responded.

"Our friend," Archy said, "has just laid an egg. Let's get out of here before it addles."

"No action?" Lumpy asked in disappointment.

"Don't be impatient," Archy said. "There'll be a surplus."

They walked the few steps to their own trailer. Archy turned on the light and, without comment, commenced to undress.

"Nothing to broadcast?" Lumpy asked.

"Our boy friend," Archy said, "just whistled past a graveyard."

At breakfast in the morning Riggs had mud on his mind. The Pansy Grove well, a rotary and not a cable-tool operation, was (*Continued on Page 93*)

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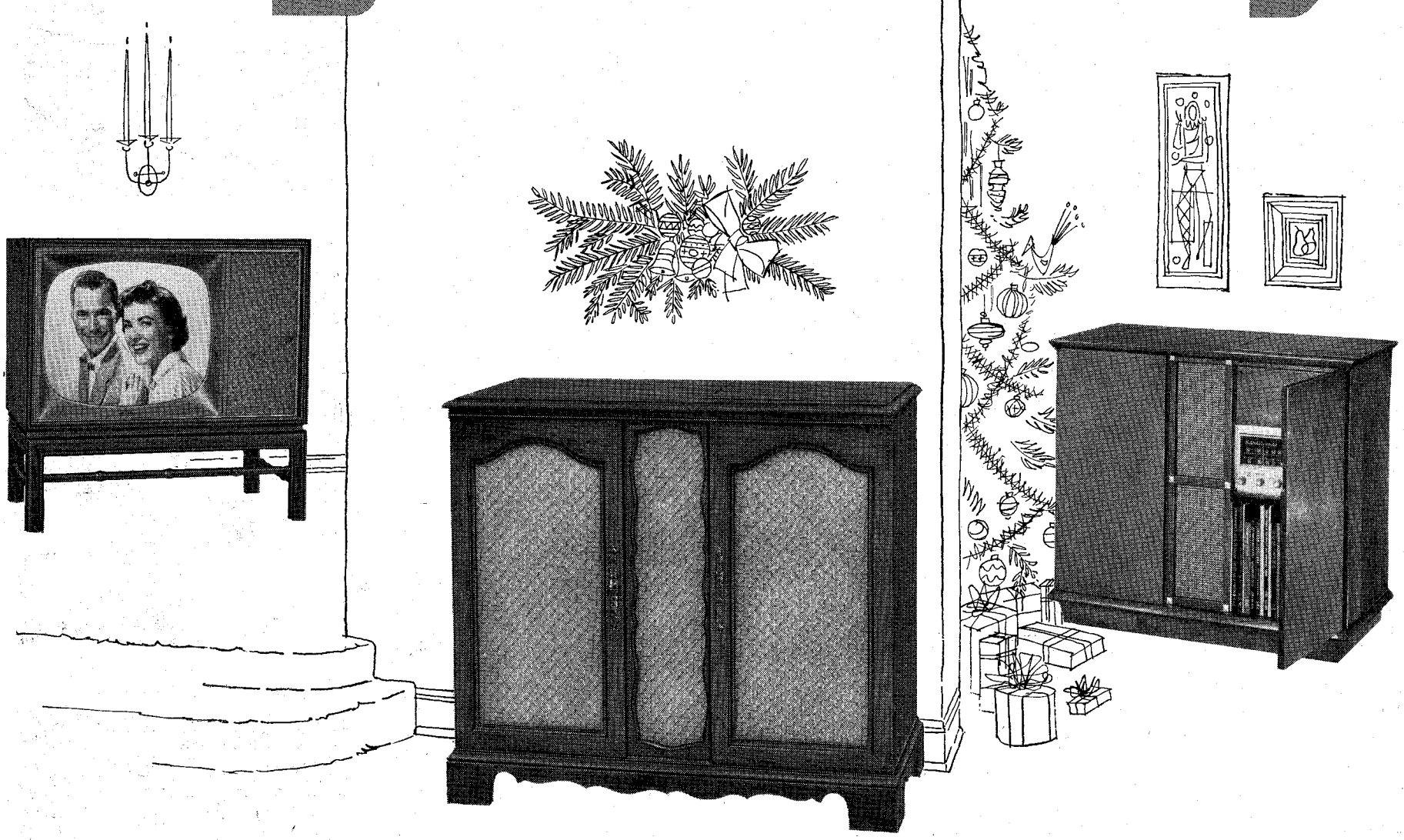

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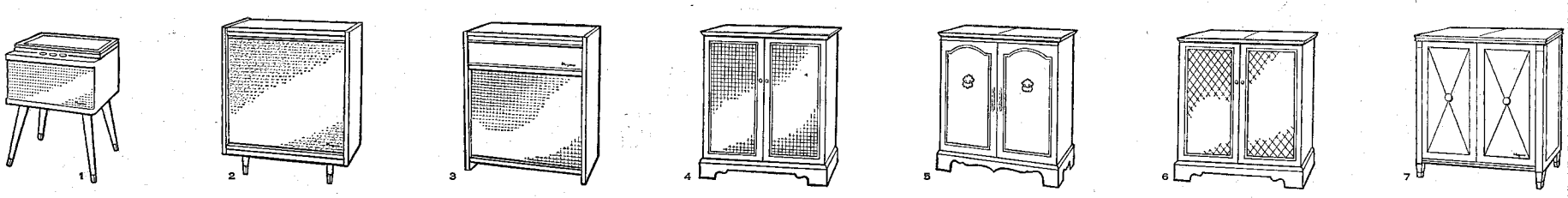

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the magnificent **Magnavox**

high fidelity radio phonographs

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(*Continued from Page 91*) complaining of too heavy mud that threatened to seal off the pay horizon. He discussed with Archy the advisability of a washing operation, to which Archy was opposed. He hurried his breakfast and drove to the rig. He mounted to the derrick floor and stood with the driller beside the turntable, rotating on its roller bearings. Gripped firmly by the bushing of the turntable was the grief stem, a square steel bar six inches through and thirty feet long. Couplings attached it to the swivel above and the drill pipe below. Protruding from one side of the swivel was a heavy hose carrying the fluid mud to the drill pipe. They watched and listened. Then they stepped back to the slush pit, stopping at the sample box, to which the returning mud brings cuttings or rock particles to be examined by the geologist for oil shows.

Archy made his expert suggestions, waited to see them carried out and then drove back to headquarters. He passed the Pansy Grove store, but neither of the Magins was visible, nor was Boots Quinto.

He busied himself in the office until lunchtime, examined with Riggs and a geologist the cores recently cut from the boring, and then, shortly after two o'clock, drove to Shining Brook village, where he parked his car and walked down the street, not to the hotel, which was not yet ready for guests, but to a sprawling old frame house which did its best to afford accommodations to the visitor.

He was directed to the second-floor front and rapped on the door. Almost instantly it was opened and Nadine Clark stood there, smiling a welcome. Her response to his rap had been so instantaneous that Archy would have been justified in guessing that she had been awaiting his arrival impatiently.

Nadine swung the door wide and stood aside for him to enter. She wore a garment of cloth of gold that swept the floor. It was belted at the waist with flaring, almost *bouffant*, skirt. Archy's first reaction was that it must have been a costly garment. Without being blatantly so, it was an intimate garment, subtly seductive. She held out a welcoming hand, and as he took it in his it was warm and alive. Her greeting was frank and friendly. In her manner was nothing provocative or forward. If she was a very beautiful spider spreading a web, there was no sign of it. If she was extremely desirable in the informal costume she wore, that was not her fault. He, suspicious as he was, could find nothing to criticize in her bearing. Quite the contrary.

"I don't usually," she said, "have to send the police to induce a gentleman to call on me."

"I had no idea you were in Shining Brook," he said. He looked about the room. It was by no means a luxurious apartment, but already, subtly, she had impressed her personality upon it.

"Out of your context," he said.

"I'm adaptable," she replied. "Sit here, Mr. Butts." She motioned to a none too comfortable sofa. She herself occupied a chair and sat serene and self-possessed, waiting for him to take the initiative.

"Of course," he said, "you have telephoned New York."

"Naturally," she answered.

"And asked questions about me."

"Of course. Attractive young men don't bob up, complete with floral offerings, as you did, without arousing curiosity. Oh, yes. You've had rather an exciting career, Mr. Butts. Pulling chestnuts out of the fire for William Makepeace Hawks."

"It's interesting work," he said lightly. "You meet such charming people."

"He prejudiced you against me," she said regretfully. "How can I remove that impression?"

"I doubt if you can," Archy said amiably. "But I've no objection to your trying, Miss Clark."

"Your orders were to meet me and keep an eye on me," she said.

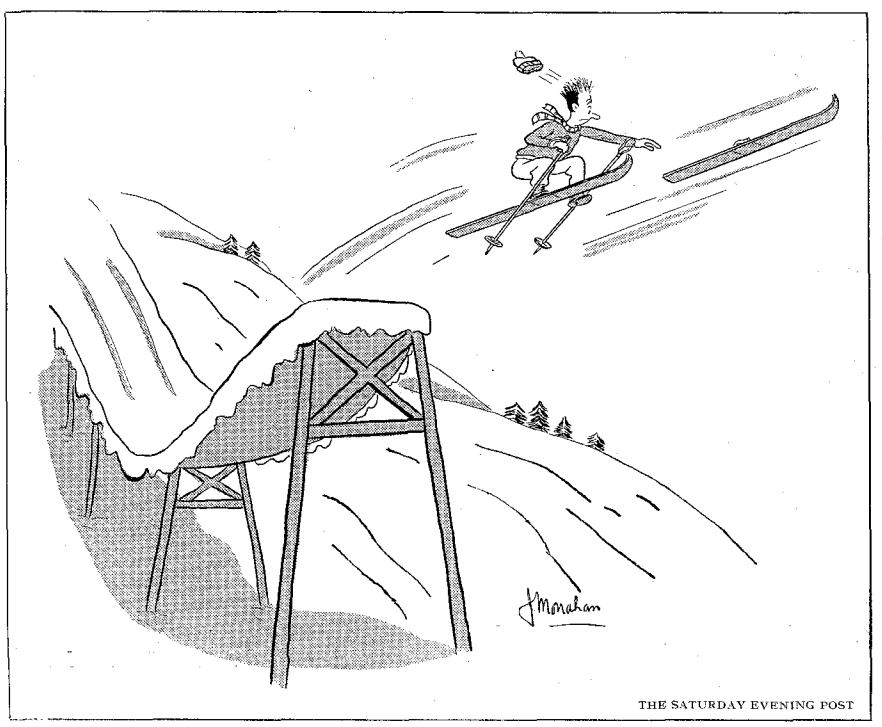
"Oh, much more than that," he told her. "Much more. I am to frustrate you. Beyond that, Mr. Hawks had amusing ideas and theories."

"I'm told he can be very amusing indeed," she said. "What did he suggest?"

"His unorthodox idea," Archy said, smiling broadly, "is that a siren is susceptible. The common idea being that a *femme fatale* can lure any man to his ruin, but Mr. Hawks claims that the evil temptress is herself prone to infatuation."

Her laughter was spontaneous, natural, charming. "And the wicked old skeesicks," she said, "suggested that you should meet, charm and seduce me! It's an idea! It's the sort of challenge no enterprising girl would refuse. I'll give you every opportunity, Mr. Butts, to lure me to my ruin." Laughter died on her lips; her face became grave, her eyes were dark and intense. "I might even wish you good luck," she said.

She might be sincere, Archy thought, but he doubted it. She would be a skilled player of the game, and this confession of possible womanly weakness could be an artful countermove.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"In all my life," she said in a low voice, "I've never been able to let go all holds. I've had to calculate. It has been necessary to figure every move coldly. To have a safety valve on all emotions. Never to be spontaneous or natural; never to live!"

Archy admired her. She did it very well, it was a splendidly performed act. But for the warning of President Hawks, but for a caution and suspicion that had become second nature to him, he might have believed her to be sincere. She seemed to have forgotten herself for a moment, to have become natural, human, pathetic, appealing—and true!

"There's nothing," she said almost in a whisper, "that I would not give to be infatuated. Even if it lasted but a month or a year. To give, and give for the delight of giving! For once not to calculate or plan. Or count costs."

He leaned back on the sofa and admired her. "That," he said, "was very well done."

She seemed to stiffen, to recover herself. Which also was very well done. "Was it not?" she said with a bitter smile.

"The next step," he said, "would be to suggest in a subtle way—oh, very, very subtly—that you might become infatuated with me."

"Why not?" she asked. "Why not? Have you no vanity? Is such a thing unthinkable?"

"Yes," he said. "Definitely yes."

She smiled at him now, widely, appreciatively. "Your act," she said, "is not so incompetent either. But here's a suggestion to ponder under the heading of Rewards and Fairies. I'm not exactly repulsive?"

"You are," he conceded, "a dish."

"Plus," she said thinly, "half of, say, a million dollars."

Again he studied her with skeptical eyes, but this time there was something intangible—it might have been superb art—that almost convinced him she was not playing a game with him. It might even be that at last she had come to the point—that here was the genuine thing.

"You are bidding high," he said lightly. "I'm not that valuable. What justifies so high an offer?"

She leaned toward him; her slender, graceful hand with its lovely, tapering fingers rested upon his knee.

"Because," she said tensely, "I'm afraid. I'm in over my depth. I can't cope alone. I'm afraid. I'm afraid!"

This was not pretense. This was not acting. Stark terror was in her eyes, in her hand that clutched his knee.

"If," he said, "there's something for you to be afraid of here in the wilds, why don't you take the first airplane back to New York and safety?"

"Because," she said, "there's no safety in New York nor anywhere."

"Isn't this a bit sudden—this panic?"

She reached into the pocket of her robe and brought out an envelope which she thrust toward him. He opened it. It contained a photograph—a snapshot—of a vessel. Archy's eyes narrowed, for the vessel was a tanker—an ocean-going oil tanker capable of plying the high seas to any destination. The name of the vessel was so small as to be indecipherable, but there was an identifying flag—the burgee of the tanker fleet of Gandolin Oil. And clipped to the snapshot was an oblong sheet of paper on which was brief typewriting.

"Deaths come in threes," it said. There was no signature.

"First," she said in a voice that quivered, "J. A. Baldwin. Second, Seth Bowen. Third, myself."

Archy sat rigid, face austere. Her obvious terror did not soften him. "Hadn't

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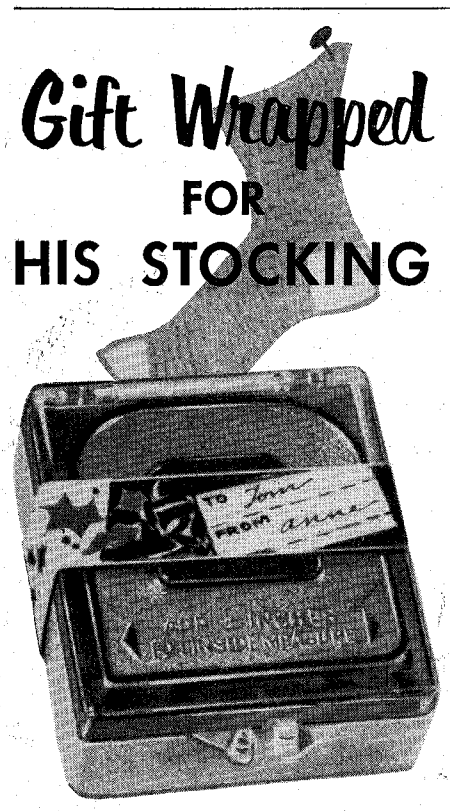
you better," he asked coldly, "raise your voice and sing?"

Before she could answer, there came an insistent rapping on the door. Nadine Clark started to her feet, cheeks suddenly colorless. The door opened without invitation, and Sergeant Van Patten stood on the threshold, smiling shyly as if uncertain of a welcome.

"Sorry to intrude," he said, "but did either of you lose a bauble?"

He held out his hand, palm up. On it lay and glittered a stone, a gem—a green gem in an ancient barbaric setting.



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"It could," he said diffidently, "be an emerald. Belong to either of you?"

"No," said Nadine. "No."

"Not mine," Archy said.

"Sorry," the sergeant said again. "It could be valuable." He closed the door gently, and they could hear his withdrawing footsteps in the hallway.

Archy stood with knitted brows. "Not Chinese," he said. "Not Hindu. Not Persian. Definitely not Occidental. Very odd if it turned out to be Aztec or Inca—or more likely Mayan."

She sank upon the sofa and stared unwinkingly at the threadbare carpet.

"I'll consider your offer, Miss Clark," he said with ironic suavity, "and give you my answer in due course."

Archy Butts was depressed as he rode back to the headquarters camp. He had been sent to Shining Brook by Mr. Hawks with no definite orders, with no specific objective. Something was wrong, he had been told, but not what it was that was wrong. It seemed that Hawks himself was acting in accordance with premonition rather than with ascertained fact. Vaguely he had been instructed to find out what was wrong, and to make it right.

At the very outset, his mission promised to be difficult, bewildering. Even before he had actually entered upon it he encountered events alike confusing and irritating. There had been the encounter with Boots Quinto in the New York hotel, which had never been explained. There had been President Hawks' peculiar and not enlightening attitude toward the girl, and his direction to see to it that no harm came to her. There had been the murder of J. A. Baldwin and Boots Quinto's involvement in that crime, and her startling appearance in Shining Brook Field.

The enigmatic role played by the girl, her place in the puzzle, was but a part of the vexing business. There was the arrival, all unexpected and unexplained, of Leon Moffitt and his reefer-smoking gunman, Bones Leary. And the hex! That series of accidents that had gone so far to undermine the morale of the executives and the laborers in the field. And the strange arrival of that unsavory character Fisherman John—Fisherman John, whose presence anywhere was a harbinger of evil things.

It seemed to Archy that some sort of climax was approaching. He had an unhappy sensation of something dire impending. The murder of the private detective, Seth Bowen, and the malicious placing of the man's body in Archy's car, was a frightening preliminary to something more malignant. His own Phi Beta Kappa key had been fastened to the dead man's hand—a bit of sardonic humor, a challenge, possibly a threat.

And now the additional complication of the beautiful Nadine Clark and her panic at the receipt of a snapshot of one of Gandolin's tankers and a note unpleasantly stating that deaths come in threes.

Then, last, but possibly not least in significance, was Sgt. Douglas Van Patten, of the Royal Canadian Mounted, with his bauble—his emerald in the ancient setting.

To Archy's logical and orderly mind all these happenings and these individuals failed to knit into any sort of legible pattern. There was no logical explanation of them. They were there, visible, active, but Archy had, so far, had no success in attaching one to the other, of determining in his mind who of these dubious persons were allied with each other, and who were enemies.

He was discouraged. As an investigator, as a mender of broken things, a fixer, a trouble shooter, he was a failure. Usually in the past, in any problems he had been required to solve, there had been a starting place. Here was no starting place—or too many starting places.

One thing was certain, and that was that he must choose some starting place, and that without delay. He could not sit quiescent, allowing things to happen, waiting for other things to occur. He drove slowly along the hard road, hoping for inspiration or for some suggestion from his subconscious. One impression, not immediately enlightening or helpful, emerged. It was an impression related to that other feeling that something impended. It became definite in his mind as he looked at it, and implied that everybody—Nadine, Boots, Moffitt, the Fisherman—was waiting; waiting for someone to come, for something to happen, for something to arrive. His mind pounced on that last: waiting for *something to arrive!* All these incongruous people had come to Shining Brook Field for a common reason: to wait for something ponderable to arrive—something coveted by each of them. This something had caused the murder of J. A. Baldwin, of Gandolin Oil, and of the detective, Seth Bowen.

He parked his car in the space allotted to him and walked back to his trailer. Lumpy Sawyer was there, plucking chords from his musical instrument.

Tolerance is the ability to shrug your shoulder when you've got a chip on it.

CY N. PEACE

"Leave us have sweet harmony," he called, waving an enormous hand. "Break out the harmonica, friend, and we'll soothe the savage breast."

"Why so lighthearted?" Archy asked grumpily.

"'Debonair' is the word," Lumpy rejoined. "When all is discouragement, and despair gnaws at the vitals, be debonair. Sometimes you can fool yourself. I lose sixteen bucks shootin' craps over in the contractor's camp."

"And learned what in the process?" Archy asked.

"Nothing to take into court," Lumpy answered. "Boss, maybe we're not going at it right. You know, the old-timers' sayin' is that the only way to find oil is to drill for it. Yup. All the scientific gadgets in the world can't find it. All they can do is show you a good place to drill. I guess maybe that goes when you're after facts."

"About all we've struck so far," Archy said glumly, "is a couple of stinkers." In the parlance of the oilman, a stinker is a well that produces only one or two barrels a day and can't be operated at a profit.

He flopped back on his bunk, and the notes of Alexander's Ragtime Band came from his harmonica. He lifted his head suddenly and held up his hand. "Lumpy," he asked, "just what is Moffitt's job with Gandolin? Got any idea?"

"Sure," Lumpy said. "He's a vice-president. He's vice-president in charge of Gandolin's navy. He's boss of their tanker fleet."

"Boss of the tanker fleet!" Archy said. "So what would a maritime character be doing in Shining Brook? All embellished with a New York gorilla." He sat erect and looked at his wrist watch. "Time for chow," he said, and placed his harmonica on the shelf. "Lumpy, from now you concentrate on Bones Leary."

"And you, boss?" Lumpy asked.

"I," Archy said, "for want of something more promising, am going to take my willow twig and go dowsering in the vicinity of a character named John Smith. He's camping down by the river."

"Him," said Lumpy, "I've heard mentioned. By lads who let their voices fall when they name his name. We've got some fairly tough citizens laboring in this vineyard, but the most hard-boiled of them do a sort of shiver when he is mentioned. The Fisherman, they call him."

"The Fisherman he is," Archy said. "What we're to find out as a basis is: Are Moffitt and the Fisherman friends or enemies? What's the relationship, if any, between either of them and a gal named Nadine Clark?"

"And," said Lumpy, not looking Archy in the eye, "what's with that pint-sized cupcake that's visiting at the Pansy Grove store? Where does she fit?"

"How did she catch your eye?" Archy asked.

"Oh," Lumpy said with a shrug, "she's visible. She gets around."

"What do you mean, gets around?"

"She rides that jugheaded pony in all directions," Lumpy said. "Funny thing about her. Kind of bewilderin'. She's been seen in two different places, miles apart, at one and the same identical minute."

Archy opened the door, but stood a second on the threshold before he stepped outside. "Lumpy," he said, "watch yourself. Don't be reckless. I've a hunch there's a killer loose in these woods." . . .

After a troubled night, Archy Butts drove to Shining Brook village, and thence took the all but impassable track to the river. This road brought him to a clearing a couple of miles north of the spot where Fisherman John Smith had pitched his camp. He concealed his car in a clump of bushes and, using all the woodcraft of which he was capable, he headed for the giant's tent. The river, not swift at this point, wound its way through the wilderness. There were sharp bends around wooded promontories. It widened occasionally into bayous. Once it had been a thoroughfare for *voyageurs* in birchbark canoes, making their way into the inclement north in quest of furs, and for companies of trappers returning from their winter's labor, canoes or bateaux loaded with precious pelts whose destination was some factory of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Before the discovery of oil and the coming of hordes of men equipped with tractors and road-making machinery, this had been a remote and lonely land. Here on the spot where Archy stood it was still virgin, untouched. It was today as it had been a thousand years ago, primeval. Archy felt very small in the immensity, as if he were engulfed in silence and somehow threatened by the unknown.

He went on cautiously, neglecting no cover, treading softly, so that no cracking twig would betray his approach. He came out upon a sort of headland. To his right the river widened and flowed sluggishly. He crouched on the brink and spied out the land. Across the bayou arose the smoke of a fire, and he could see the whiteness of stretched canvas. It was the Fisherman's camp, the secluded spot the man had chosen, as he said, for meditation and spiritual preparation for his mission. How much of this was pose and how much was genuine? Did the strange, enigmatic person truly believe in his leadership, his messiahship? Or was it with tongue in cheek—protective coloring, misdirection?

(*Continued on Page 96*)

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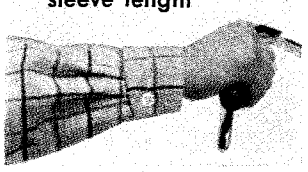

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ARROW first in fashion
CASUAL WEAR

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(*Continued from Page 94*) A considerable stretch of water lay between Archy and the tent. He could see the canvas walls, the fire, but the distance was too great to pick out smaller objects, such as pots or pans or the replacement for the coffeepot which had been destroyed by a rifle shot on Archy's last visit to this spot.

He knelt in his cover and waited and watched. John Smith emerged from his tent and put wood upon the fire and commenced the preparation of a belated breakfast. Had the man slept long or was he but freshly returned from some foray? His huge figure was identifiable, but the naked eye could not make out his face or its individual features.

The Fisherman squatted before his fire patiently. Archy saw him suddenly lift and turn his head—the gesture of a man pricking his ears at some unexpected sound. He got to his knees and crept to one side into the shelter of underbrush. Something glinted in his hand, and Archy knew it was not a gun, but more probably the polished steel of a knife blade held in the position for throwing. A silent knife instead of a betraying gunshot!

In an instant Archy saw movement in the undergrowth; a shaggy, jugheaded pony emerged, and in its saddle was a small figure in threadbare overalls, topped by an old and floppy felt hat.

There could be no doubt of it; the newcomer was Boots Quinto alone, come to this place and this man upon some errand that must have been urgent to induce her to take such a risk.

She rode boldly to the campfire, and though Archy could not hear her voice, he was sure that she called. Fisherman John stood erect and strode toward her. She flung herself from her pony and into his arms. Archy's eyes all but started from his face; he could not believe what he saw. It was appalling to him, incredible. He could hardly restrain himself from springing to his feet and shouting his protest.

But he did not move; he froze where he crouched, for something hard and unmistakable jabbed against his back. And a voice unrecognized by him snarled, "You got your eyeful, snooper. Now reach for the sky."

TO BE CONTINUED

Drummer Boy of the Woodlands (Continued from Page 49)

upright and scanned the sky. Not anywhere was there a trace of cloud.

"Laura," I inquired acidly, "are you all right?"

"I'm fine!" she bristled. "And that's why I want to hurry out of here before we get drenched by a sudden spring shower. Thunder's been rumbling around in the distance for quite a while. Listen for yourself."

Only seconds passed before I heard the rumblings. They did indeed carry an ominous sound as they reverberated among the hills around us. Beginning with hollow thumps, they gained rapidly in tempo and volume until they blended into a single roll, sustained for a full ten seconds. Then they faded into an indefinite whir and passed. A rock-and-roll fan might have thought they were made by jazzland's Gene Krupa working up a primitive interpretation for the drums.

My long association with the ways of New England woods, however, enabled me to identify those thundering rumbles for what they actually were: the wing beats of a cock ruffed grouse, a drummer whose family had perfected that awesome style long before Mr. Krupa came along.

"Why do you look so pleased?" demanded Laura.

It took a bit of explaining to convince Laura that the "thunder" she had heard was the product of a game bird about twenty inches long and weighing probably less than two pounds. But she wasn't the only one who had ever been deceived by the drumming of a cock ruffed grouse. When winds are favorable in hilly country, it is a sound which can be heard for a mile. Some people have interpreted it as faraway blasting. During horse-and-buggy days newcomers to the countrysides frequently mistook drumming grouse for wagons rolling at full tilt over the loose plankings of rural bridges.

A relative of the turkey, the quail and the pheasant, the gamy ruffed grouse is the only bird on our continent whose wings can produce what sounds like the rumbles of thunder. This ability has earned him the nickname of "thunderwing." He is also known by a number of other names: mountain pheasant, drumming grouse, partridge, white-flesher, tippet grouse and fool hen. His traditional home is the woodlands of the Northeastern states. But he has a number of close relatives distributed as far west as Oregon, as far north as Alaska, and as far south as Georgia.

When compared to the gaudy cock pheasant, the ruffed grouse emerges as the personification of sober elegance, an elegance enhanced by the "ruffs," which are actually a cape of black feathers around his neck, and by a large fanning brown tail barred with parallel bands of richer browns and quietly mottled in black. His Latin designation, *Bonasa umbellus*, aptly describes the characteristics of the bird. *Bonasa* means bison and suggests the character of the bird's flight and the thunder of a running herd of buffaloes. *Umbellus*, meaning umbrella, alludes to his black neckpiece. When a grouse is excited, which is often, his umbrella rises and lowers. The over-all tone of the ruffed grouse's plumage varies from gray to brown, sometimes to chestnut red.

Our umbrella-wearing bison in feathers enjoys making thunder so much that he is apt to sound off in any season of the year. But the spring of the year is his favorite drumming period. It is then that two motives inspire him: a desire to arouse the amorous instincts of all the lady grouse around, and to serve notice on all males within hearing that he, and only he, is the local king of the roost.

No grouse ever drums his wings without proper staging. He views this rite as high ceremony. As a matador employs a bull ring to exhibit his daring or a concert pianist requires a stage to show his talent, so cock grouse perform only on recognized platforms. Many drumming stages have been used. They may be logs, stumps, boulders, stone walls or rail fences. Fallen logs probably have the highest priority. I've seen several with surfaces worn smooth and bone-hard by many seasons of use. It isn't at all uncommon to find around them carpets of grouse feathers.

The mechanics behind the drumming sound was once the source of much argument among woodsmen. Some were of the opinion that the grouse created the sound by beating his wings against the drumming log. Others insisted that it was produced by the bird as he pounded his own chest. One school argued that the wings struck together behind the drummer's back, while another held steadfastly to the belief that they clashed in front. Many of the debaters of the hot-stove circuit had actually seen grouse in the act of drumming, but, so fast did their wings operate, no unanimity of view could be reached. It remained for A. A. Allen, an ornithologist, to prove with slow-motion movies that grouse thunder comes from cupped wings striking the air.

Despite the far-reaching noise of a grouse's drumming, one of the hardest feats of woodcraft I ever have attempted was locating a bird in action. I soon learned that the sounds are of a highly ventriloquistic character. Before I caught on, many grouse led me on wild-goose chases. I tried moving in the direction of the sound during the drumming, and stopping when it stopped—only to have the noise resume from what seemed an altogether different direction. One early morning I crawled over a hill six times on all fours. Each time the drumming was renewed from the slope I had just abandoned. Finally, I learned that the only certain way to catch a ruffed grouse in action was to locate his drumming site in advance and go into ambush nearby.

A drumming grouse, unlike some musicians, doesn't allow himself to be carried away in trance. No easy mark for a prowling fox or a diving hawk, the ruffed grouse while in full boom will fly or slip away at the slightest hostile movement or sound. All the drumming places I've examined were located so as to give the bird an excellent observation post of his immediate surroundings. I doubt if even a silk-footed cat could slink to within pouncing range of a drumming grouse.

One day I took the trouble of proving to my own satisfaction that the cock grouse can hear small sounds above the big noise of his wings. While hidden in a thick cluster of juniper some forty feet from the log, I deliberately snapped a brittle twig in two. The grouse was in flight before I could repeat my first name.

From a blind near a log in the wooded section of my Connecticut farm I've seen quite a number of drumming grouse perform. I've seen them in action early in the morning, late in the afternoon and during moonlit nights. But only once was I fortunate enough to be on hand when drumming lured a hen grouse to the scene.

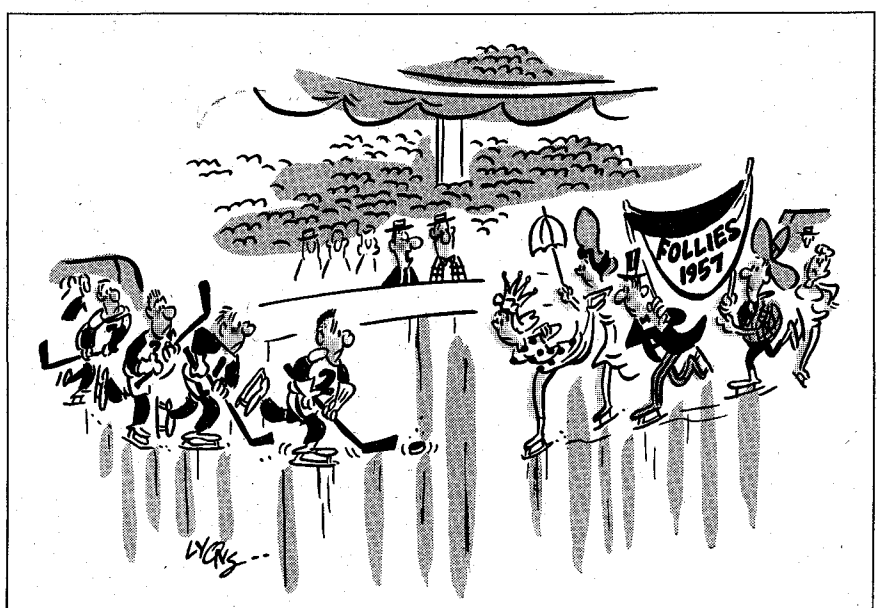
In the early-morning hours the big cock grouse I had been watching was about halfway through his full-beat routine when he suddenly stopped and craned his neck toward a clump of huckleberry bush. Only then could I hear the gentle rustling of delicate feet. A moment later I saw a small young hen approach and draw to a transfixed halt.

I couldn't blame the lady for being awed. The cock grouse on the log looked twice his normal size as he stood with the puffed-chest erectness of a Prussian general. Held high, his tail had spread into a great fan. His arrogant head was partially hidden by his raised ruff. And his intense eyes, like those of a hypnotist, commanded her attention with powerful magnetism. Then, certain that his conquest was complete, the cock, after stepping stiff-legged several feet along the log, hopped to the ground and strutted toward her.

It was a display of feathered pageantry which had the effect of rooting the hen's feet to the ground. She hadn't moved a muscle when the cock, now about four feet away from her, came to a stop, extended his head and began shaking it with a motion that went forward, downward and sideways. Long-drawn hisses accompanied each head shake. These picked up speed until I wondered why he didn't become dizzy. Finally they reached a point when acceleration was no longer possible. It was then that the cock dashed forward. Before he could reach the hen, now raglimp with the emotions the overwhelming display of masculinity had aroused in her, she sank to the ground.

But, as much to my surprise as that of the hen, the cock grouse only seemed angered with his easy conquest. His eyes flared as he showered vicious blows upon her head with his beak and pummeled her body with his wings. Her mind cleared of all romantic notions, the hen came back to reality, rose, and, casting humiliated looks behind her, made a hasty retreat into the woods. Nonchalantly the cock strutted back to his log and resumed his drumming.

This was a day when the cock grouse's drumming seemed to carry its enticement far and wide. He was in his fifth round of it since his rejection of the willing little hen when another female admirer appeared—a heavier and older bird. She came from an opposite direction. Apparently the male grouse wasn't, at first, (*Continued on Page 100*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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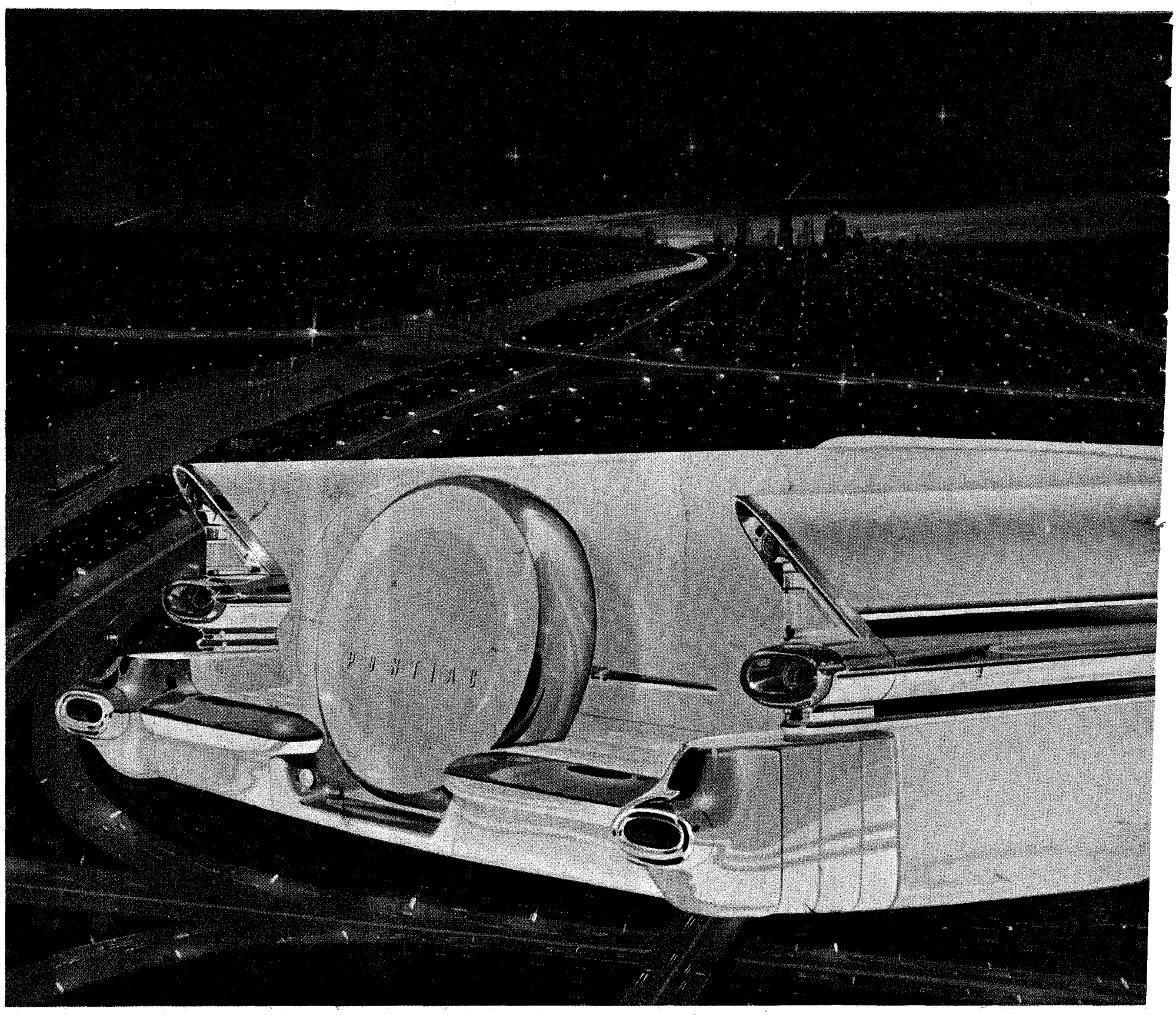

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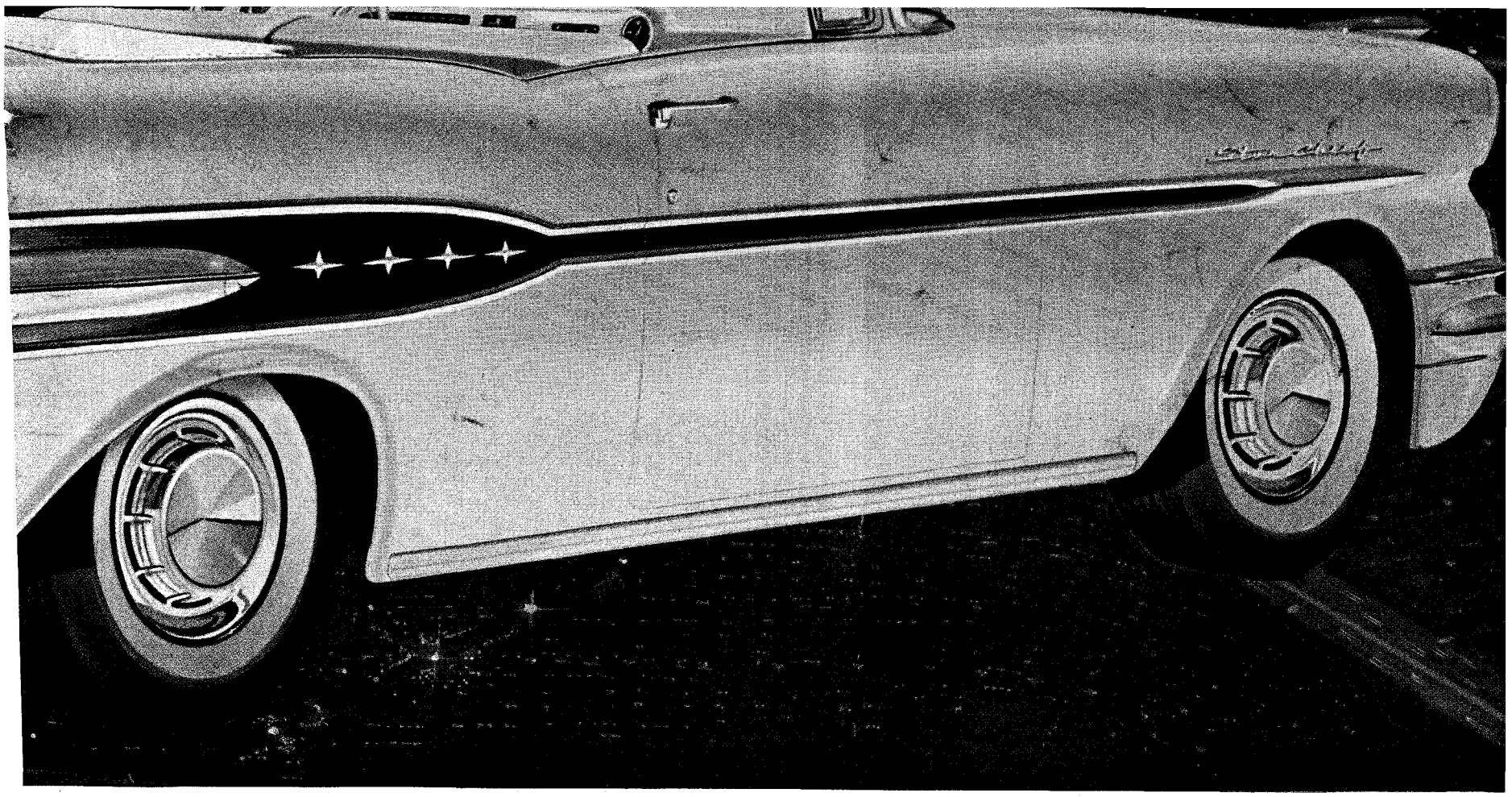

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(*Continued from Page 96*) quite sure of the newcomer's sex. He pranced up and down the log for a few seconds. Then, wings partly dragging, he rushed to meet her at top running speed, drawing to a stop only after he was within inches of her. Now he seemed to grasp the fact that here was a Jane Russell among grouse. Immediately he began strutting around her.

Now that his heart was in it, the cock grouse worked fast. Each time he circled the hen, he edged closer, displaying his ardor by flapping his wings in her face. He roughly bumped against her sides with his shoulders, working up force which nearly upset her. Then, suddenly, he abandoned his caveman tactics and became indifferent. Plucking leaves along the way, the cock grouse sauntered into deeper woods. The hen watched in bewilderment as he drew away. He was almost out of sight when she hastily set off on his trail.

Ruffed grouse are polygamous birds. Both sexes seek as many desirable partners as they can attract during their springtime courtship season. But later the female appears in a better light. Alone, she enters into maternal duties which are both demanding and complicated. Her partners in love have long since kissed off parental duties to seek summer-long lives of ease.

The first major problem that a broody hen grouse must surmount is the finding of a suitable site for the nest in which she will lay a clutch of from ten to fourteen brown-dappled eggs. Its location must be selected with prudence, for that nest will be her base of operations for the next five or six weeks. Shelter and protection from the chilling rains and winds of spring are of paramount importance. Concealment from such ever-roaming predators as foxes, skunks, weasels, house cats, hawks, owls and crows is also essential. Eggs are laid at intervals of a day or more; they are stored under covers of leaves until the entire clutch is ready for incubation. None of the cocks with which the hen associates between layings of eggs knows the whereabouts of her nest.

Architecturally, most grouse nests are little more than eight-inch-wide holes scratched into the earth and lined with leaves over a cushion of soft humus. Most of them are situated at the base of a tree, stump or boulder. The unprotected side is often camouflaged by the overhanging branches of undergrowth. Many a wary hen grouse tosses leaves onto her back while she sits on her nest, a vigil of twenty-three or twenty-four days. Infrequently, a foolish hen will make her nest in the open.

The hen grouse leaves her nest unprotected only when she goes out twice a day, usually in morning and evening, for food and a constitutional. Seldom does she do so without first scratching leaves over the unguarded eggs to hide them.

Some naturalists claim that a hen grouse has no scent during the breeding season. That claim seems to have some foundation in fact, for trained bird dogs sometimes pass by her when she is on her nest. But regardless of this and the other precautions she takes, she is always in danger of being stumbled upon by an enemy. Should foxes become too troublesome, the hen will find another spot and, laying another clutch of eggs, begin nesting afresh. Her only compensation for the extra trouble is another chance to indulge in romantic escapades with the cocks of the neighborhood. The average hen, however, incubates, hatches and rears only one brood a season.

I once had under observation a hen grouse that displayed versatility in the face of heavy odds. Her nest was at the foot of a hemlock, and she was about a third through incubation when a pair of foot-loose English setters chanced upon her. While one dog gave chase, the other, which had a taste for eggs, devoured the contents of the nest.

Did the hen grouse give that egg-devouring setter a second meal? She did not. Her next nest was the abandoned one of a crow in a hemlock tree which had toppled against an oak. She commandeered it and, eight feet above the ground, hatched out her second brood in safety.

Danger is a constant companion of grouse chicks. Unlike the young of the hawks and crows, which are fed, sheltered and educated in life's basic facts in their own snug nests, grouse chicks are turned out into a hostile world as soon as their feathers dry. It is then that the mother, standing a few inches from the nest, clucks softly—a signal which brings the chicks out of the nest and into the world. The babies dutifully follow their mother on weak legs until she decides they need rest and the warmth of her feathers.

Nature thrusts discipline and self-reliance upon few of her wards as quickly as she does upon the young of the grouse. Survival demands that they must learn at once that a low "*Pe-e-e-e-e-u-u-r-r-r*" from the mother means take cover instantly, for a swift-winged hawk may be descending upon the covey with murder in his heart. Other signals mean "Fall in formation" and "All clear." Within forty-eight hours, the mother grouse is teaching her young how to catch flies, beetles, ants and other insects for themselves. Not long afterward they learn how to select nutritious fruits and berries. It isn't until three weeks have passed that the chicks can fly and roost in trees.

Few babes of the wild have mothers that protect them more fiercely, as I once learned when another boy and I came upon a mother grouse and her brood. We were out seeking berries; they were dusting themselves in a wooded path. The hen instantly issued the signal which meant "Scatter and take cover." My companion marked the hiding place of one and rushed forward to pick it up. Instantly the mother became a projectile of feathered fury, flying at his face with reckless courage and forcing my startled friend to retreat. So respectful was he of the hen's combat prowess that he didn't attempt to chase her when she, acting the role of a wounded bird with a broken wing, sought to decoy him away from the young.

When the fruit of hawthorns, viburnums, dogwood and other favored foods of autumn ripen, a great change takes place in the young of the grouse. By now they enjoy plumage resembling that of their parents. No longer are they obedient to their mother. They bicker and fight among themselves, become increasingly nervous, and, one by one, leave the family circle to find *Lebensraum* for themselves. Although strong, their wings haven't yet acquired complete skill. Many fly as recklessly as teen-agers drive in drag races. It is this period that woodsmen often refer to as the "fall shuffle" or "mad flight."

During the so-called "mad flight" which follows their early-autumn family breakup, the behavior of the grouse becomes fantastically erratic. They may, for example, fly into wire fences and telephone wires at full throttle and suffer fatal injuries. A friend of mine remodeled a farmhouse in grouse territory, with picture windows at opposite ends of the long living room. Grouse frequently flew against them, enabling my friend to enjoy several delicious white-meated game dinners without firing a shot. Crazy-flying grouse often crash against the windshields of cars and trucks operating in the back country. One bird, a young cock, flew with such force into a gill net which a commercial fisherman had hung up to dry that it became hopelessly enmeshed.

Probably the most freakish stunt I've known a mad-flying grouse to pull happened in hunting coverts. A stiff north wind was blowing when the two shotgunners, one of them a greenhorn, approached a stone wall where grapevines and bittersweet twined. With a thunderous roar of wing, a grouse boiled out of tangles directly in front of the more seasoned gunner. A strong gust of wind hit the bird just as he was gaining altitude. The grouse, reversing his direction of flight, went roaring straight at the head of the novice hunter. Flustered and perhaps frightened by the feathered missile hurtling at him, the hunter raised an arm to shield his face and ducked. His gun barrel shifted into the bird's flight-way. Feathers flew on impact, and the grouse, knocked senseless by its own momentum, fell at the astonished hunter's feet.

But it is very seldom that a grouse allows himself to be taken that easily. The flight of a gun-educated grouse is so fast and tricky that most upland hunters who roam Northeastern States refer to him as the "king of game birds." Grouse hunters are divided into two schools: those who hunt with dogs and those who would rather stalk without a dog. Arguments advanced by both have their merits. Training a dog so he'll forsake leg-bailing pheasants in order to concentrate on the nervous, wary grouse requires infinite patience and skill. And those who depend on their own woodsmanship must learn the art of snap shooting at targets which spring into the air unannounced, at bizarre angles. I belong to the dogless school of grouse hunters.

Both the flight characteristics of the grouse and the nature of the coverts they inhabit make wing shooting an art. Flying at speeds which have been computed at between forty-five and fifty feet a second, a flushed grouse, roaring into the air, guards his life with an astonishing number of tricks in evading shot. He'll often fling himself into surrounding brush and trees with such reckless vigor that his line of flight can be marked by showers of twigs or an erratic line of waving branches. He instantly becomes a brown blur which zigzags, angles, sideslips, spins and dives. No bird understands better than the ruffed grouse the art of placing solid trees between himself and the hunter's gun. At times he will allow the hunter to pass him by. Then, his wings as silent as an owl's, he'll glide away.

Except for the passenger pigeon and the wild duck, few birds were ever pot-hunted more devastatingly than the ruffed grouse. This patrician of upland game birds wasn't always shrewd. In fact, the ruffed grouse, the "fool hen" of earlier times, was once the most trusting of birds. Baron de Lahontan, in 1703, wrote of both his prolific abundance and "comical" stupidity. When our Pilgrim Fathers set foot on this continent, grouse would flush and then sit in trees until every last one could be picked with shot from funnel-mouthed weapons. Even as late as the '80's, ruffed grouse were sold openly in the markets of Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Cincinnati at prices up to two dollars a brace. But the bird has now adjusted himself so well to the devious ways of man that, in these times, one has to travel far into the north woods to find a gullible grouse.

Unlike the woodcock and most waterfowl, the ruffed grouse doesn't flee from the rigors of northern winters by migrating southward. He merely moves from his warm-weather feeding grounds of the uplands to the more protected lowlands. Here he finds a supply of oak buds, acorns, mountain laurel, shriveled wild grapes, sumac berries and the leaves and fruits of greenbrier. Bountiful autumn feeding has added a layer of protective fat under his feathers, a reserve to be tapped when wintry storms seal most of his meager food supplies. Around the grouse's toes, nature has added horny growths similar to miniature chicken combs. These enable him to walk over soft snows. This is the season when he usually finds shelter from chilling winds in conifer trees.

There are times, however, when snowstorms are so severe that even thick conifer limbs offer the ruffed grouse insufficient protection. So now, like the Eskimo, he uses the snows themselves for shelter. Tilting on an angle while in flight, the grouse, with wings closed, plunges into a bank of soft snow. Once inside, he pushes snow until he has made a retreat for himself of perhaps twenty inches. In there he remains snug until the blizzard has passed.

But sometimes a ruffed grouse that has sought the shelter of snow becomes the victim of one of nature's cruelest turns of fate. Snowstorms now and then change into hailstorms and freezing rains. If the resulting crust is too thick, the grouse will find himself entombed. On more than one occasion I have found the remains of birds that I suspect perished that way.

At least one ruffed grouse was saved from such a miserable end. This happened on a February day following a blizzard of snow and hail. I took a walk in the woods for the purpose of putting grain into feeding shelters used by pheasants, quail and other birds. I had just finished supplying one of the shelters when my attention was attracted to the shrill clamor of a blue jay perched on the low-hanging branch of a scrub oak. I went over to the oak for an investigation.

Examining the icecap underneath the oak closely, I saw marks which had obviously been made before the freeze. Then I heard stirrings and pecking sounds from underneath. Curious, I used my pocketknife to test the crust. Its blade broke through into a hollow under the cap of ice. I cut a square out of the crust about the size of a stove lid.

I had scarcely cleared the exit in the sealed drift when, with the explosive sound of a bomb, out burst a cock grouse, almost knocking off my cap. The frantic bird thundered toward a stand of young black-birch trees.

Our New England weather is capricious, especially near the end of February. Later on, that day, it turned warm, almost springlike. I was still in the woods when, from the direction of a certain log, I heard a cock grouse warming up his drums—a joyous sound at that season of the year. Perhaps I'm just an old sentimentalist. But I thought that the drumming was that old cock grouse's way of thanking me. THE END

Between Friends

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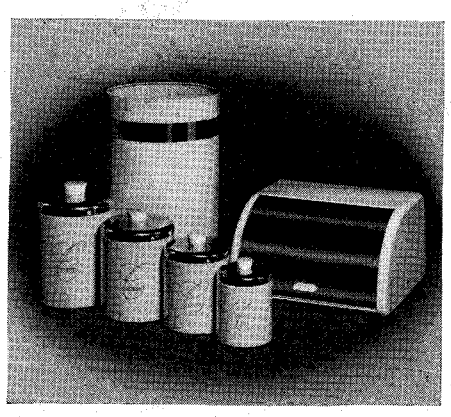

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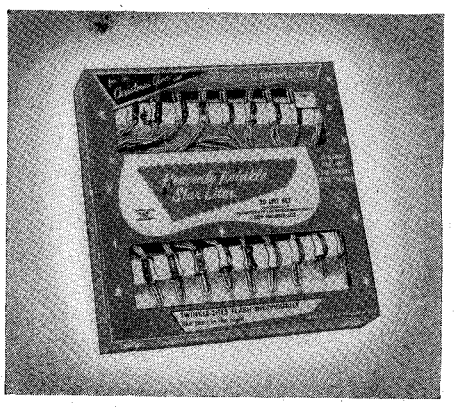

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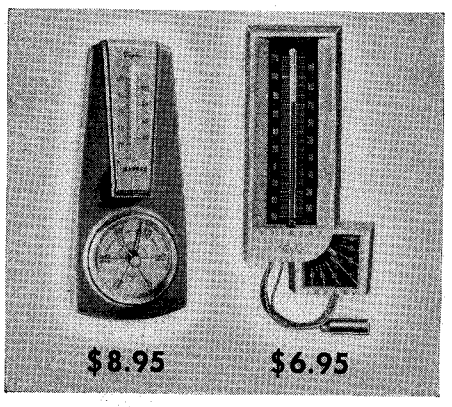

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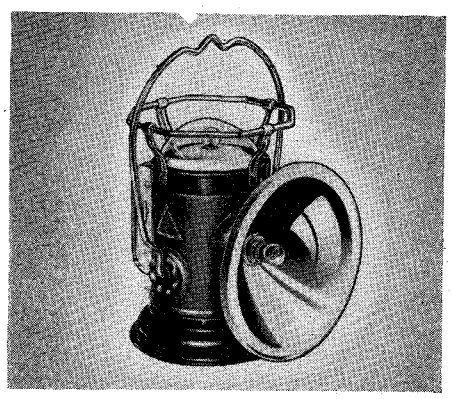

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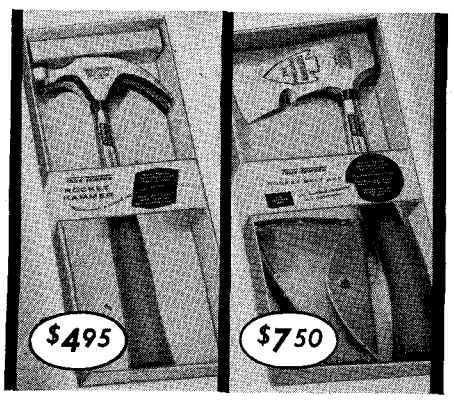

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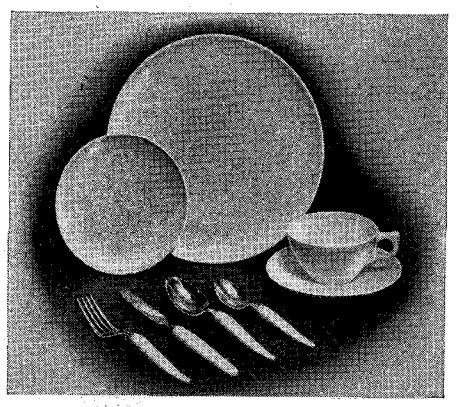
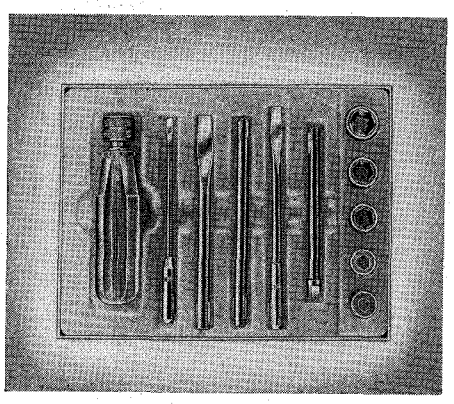


BRANCHELL MELMAC PRODUCTS

of Finest Quality
GUARANTEED ACCIDENT-PROOF
★
ROYALE & COLOR-FLYTE DINNERWARES
and
FINEST IMPORTED STAINLESS TABLEWARE
with colorful Melmac handles
to match or complement your dinnerware

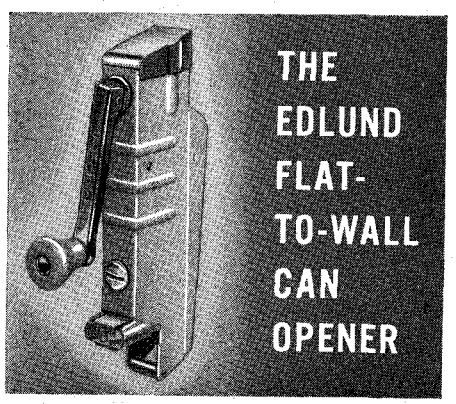
Eight beautiful colors to choose from
Services for 4, 6, & 8 • Also open stock



OXWALL DO-IT-YOURSELF SCREWDRIVER & SOCKET SET

America's top tool value! A fine 11 piece interchangeable screwdriver and socket set that keeps you well armed for all those important jobs around the house. Hardened and tempered tool steel blades for greater durability. Entire set nickel plated for longer life.

ONLY 1.79



THE EDLUND FLAT-TO-WALL CAN OPENER

Years ahead in design and operation. It never wobbles, never slips, even with oversize or odd-shaped cans! Fits flat-to-wall and stays there . . . neat and solid. Easy, quick one-handle operation. Built-in magnetic lid-catcher.

Unconditionally guaranteed for 5 years. This gift will be appreciated every day for years!

EDLUND COMPANY, INC. • Burlington, Vermont

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Here are Stanley Tools they want.

Father and son know the joy of accomplishment that comes with making and fixing. See the complete selection of Stanley Tools, with Christmas stockings for gift wrap, at your nearby hardware store.

STANLEY TOOLS

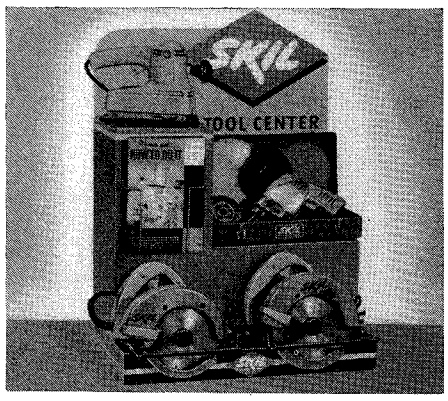
STANLEY

THE TOOL BOX OF THE WORLD

Gift Center

BUY THESE GIFTS AT STORES DISPLAYING THIS EMBLEM . . . .

A NATION-WIDE ASSOCIATION OF RETAILERS
ihha Independent
HOME OWNED
HARDWARE STORE
PLEDGED TO SERVICE · QUALITY · VALUE



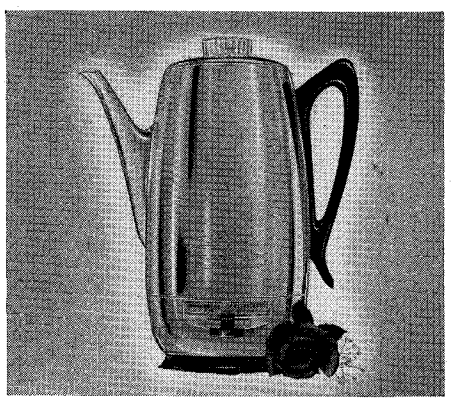
SKIL Tool Center

You'll find the perfect gift for the man of your house at this handy SKIL Tool Center, featuring these famous-quality SKIL Tools:

6″ Saw—**$49.95**
6½″ Saw—**$64.95**
¼″ Drill Kit—**$29.95**
Orbital Sander—**$49.95**

Look for this display at your hardware dealer.

SKIL Corporation, 5033 Elston Ave., Chicago 30, Ill.

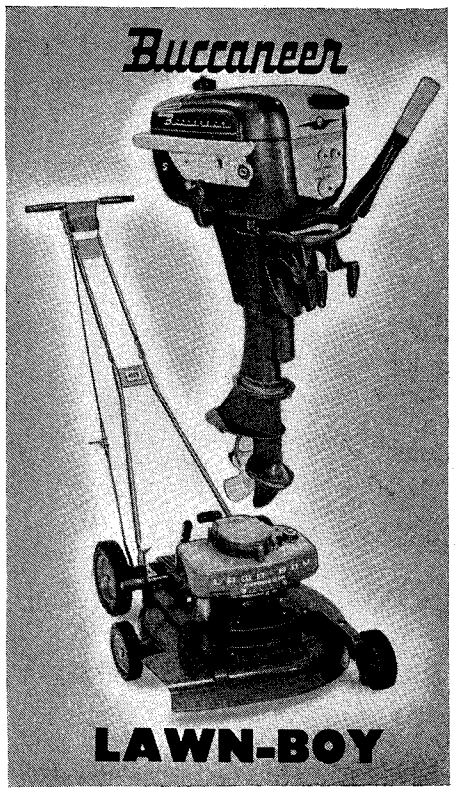


UNIVERSAL Coffeematic

with the Flavor-Selector

You never dreamed of such coffee . . . clear, full-bodied, made quickly and automatically exactly to your taste. Coffeematic brews to perfection, signals when ready, and keeps coffee piping hot without increasing the strength . . . all automatically. *From* **$24.95**

Ten-cup model shown, $29.95, in copper, $32.95.



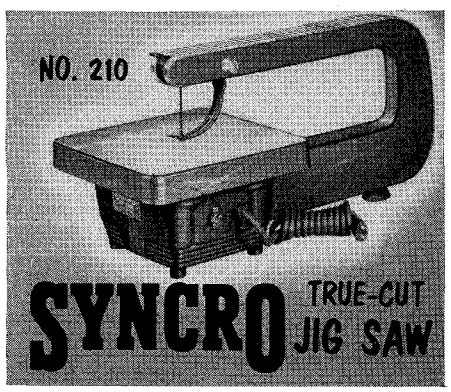
Two happy gifts for the whole family . . .

A LAWN-BOY POWER MOWER and a GALE BUCCANEER OUTBOARD

A level-cutting LAWN-BOY power mower makes lawn care an adventure. There's a smart new lightweight aluminum LAWN-BOY for every lawn, every budget; see especially the sensational new LAWN-BOY self-propelled *Automowers*.

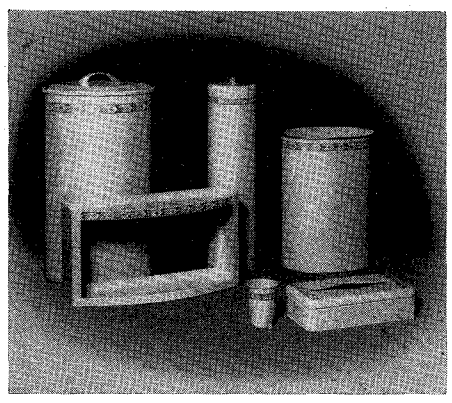
And for family fun choose one of the 8 great Gale Buccaneer outboard motors. 3, 5, 12 or 25 horsepower . . . take your pick . . . from each you'll get quiet, smooth operation at any speed up to 31 miles per hour. And you'll find features that make for the easiest, safest, happiest outdoor fun you've ever enjoyed.

Let BUCCANEER and LAWN-BOY, quality products of Outboard Marine Corporation, make *your* Christmas complete.



$5 FOR YOUR OLD HAND SAW OR POWER SAW!

On amazing new Syncro True-Cut Jig Saw Model #210 (offer ends Dec. 31, 1956.) 15″ throat! 100 sq. in. table! Cuts 1¾″ wood. Powered with famous Syncro Reciprocating Motor. No belts, cams, gears! Basic shop tool. Safest for kids! Motor guaranteed against burnout during ownership or replaced free. See tool dealer. Price: $29.95 less $5 Trade-In or only $24.95.



the hand-painted "Original" gift . . .

RANSBURG'S LAUREL BATH ACCESSORIES

Give new "decorator" beauty to your powder-room or bath with Ransburg's matched bathroom accessory set. Each piece hand-painted in gold on pink, white, turquoise, yellow or black. An *enduring* gift of new bath-beauty, for your family or friends. Popular prices.

HARPER J. RANSBURG CO., INC.
Barth and Sanders Sts., Indianapolis, Ind.

More Family Gift Center Values

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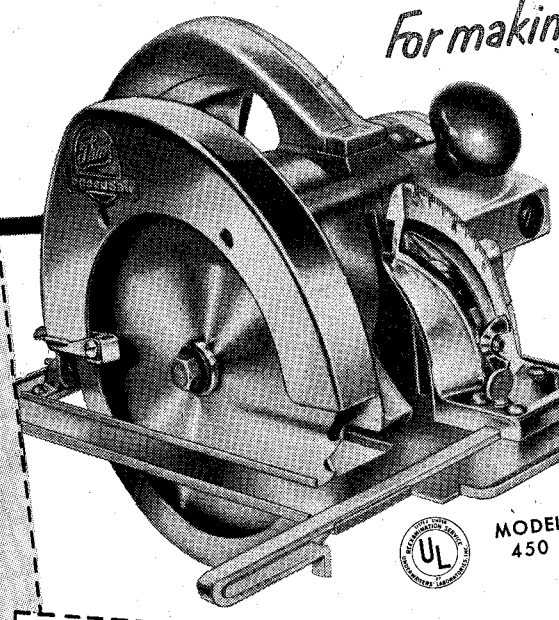
THOR 3-STAR CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

For every wife who seeks a gift
To give her man the biggest lift

If your husband has a home workshop, Thor SpeedTools will be his most appreciated gifts! They are the finest power tools made for home shop use—product of the world's largest exclusive manufacturer of portable power tools. Thor SpeedTools are precision-built, balanced for easy handling, and extra-powered for super-performance. See them at your hardware dealer now. SpeedWay Manufacturing Co., a division of Thor Power Tool Co.

Thor SpeedSaw is a real delight
For making every cut just right

Furniture, cupboards, closets, built-ins—whatever your favorite handyman builds will be done faster and fit better when he uses this big new Thor 6½" SpeedSaw. It even cuts 2x4's at a 45° angle! See other Thor SpeedSaws, from $29.95 to $64.95.



$49.95

MODEL 450

Thor SpeedDrill answers every need
For drilling steel or wood with speed

$24.95

MODEL 25

Every time your husband makes a ¼" hole in steel or a ½" hole in wood, he'll be glad you gave him this powerful SpeedDrill. It works so much faster and easier! Ask to see other Thor SpeedDrills, too—from $16.95 to $65.00, many in complete home workshop kits.

His troubles will be soon diminishing
When Thor SpeedSander aids his finishing

There's nothing like this efficient Thor SpeedSander for refinishing old furniture and getting unpainted wood ready for an expert paint or enamel job. Also polishes the finish to a high gloss! See all the other Thor SpeedSanders, too—from $24.95 to $54.50. Also complete kits.

$34.95 COMPLETE KIT

MODEL 15TK

Thor SpeedTools

THOR POWER TOOL COMPANY
Aurora, Illinois
Branches in all principal cities
World's largest exclusive manufacturer of portable air and electric tools

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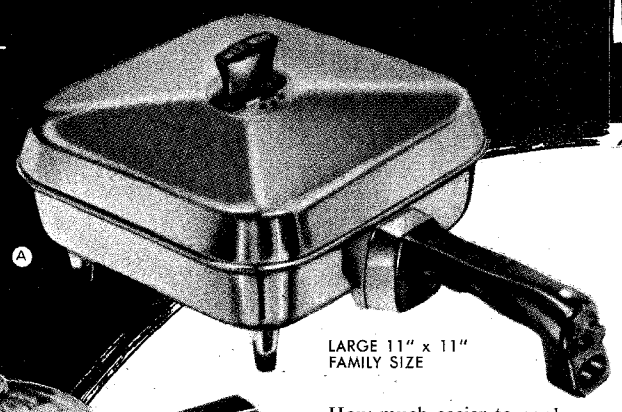
Happy discovery

WEST BEND ®

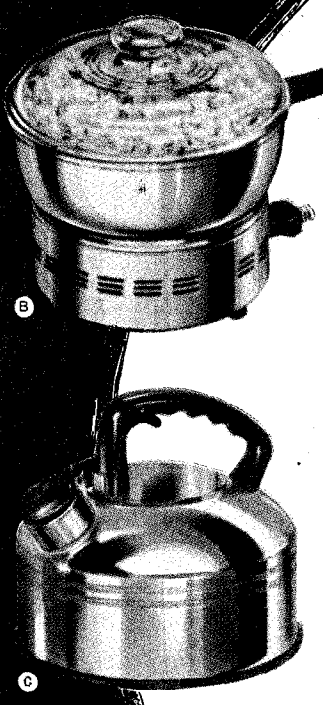
FLAVO-MATIC COFFEE MAKERS
Give the gift of superb coffee . . . with the flavor *automatically controlled.* Coffee is always gently perked—a combination of exclusive and patented features provide correct timing and temperature control.

	2 to 5 cup	6 to 8 cup
gleaming chrome	$17.50*	$18.95*
copper color	$12.95*	$13.95*
polished aluminum	$11.50*	$12.95*



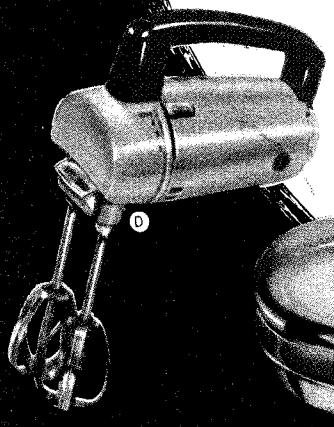
LARGE 11" x 11"
FAMILY SIZE

Ⓐ **AUTOMATIC SKILLET**
How much easier to cook now with the promise of perfectly delicious results! Simply set the dial. Controlled cooking temperature and perfectly *balanced* heat feature this thrilling gift. Exclusive vented cover knob and continuous pouring lip. Size, 11" x 11"; 3¾ qt. With polished aluminum cover **$22.95;*** with copper color cover **$23.45.***



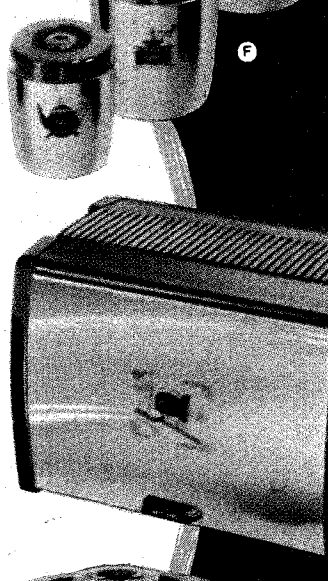
Ⓑ **ELECTRIC CORN POPPER**
For winter evening get-togethers or any family occasion. Fresh-popped corn "hits the spot." No shaking or stirring. 2 qts. "See-thru" glass cover. **$7.50.***

Ⓒ **TRIG SINGING TEA KETTLE**
Happy-go-lucky Trig—the ever-popular home gift and just about the most cheerful helper a kitchen ever had. Trigger operates spout cap. Stainless steel with copper bottom. 2½ qts. **$4.95.** Electric model, **$11.50.***



Ⓓ **PORTABLE MIXER**
Welcome as sunshine! Handy mixer in citron yellow. 3 speeds. Mixes, whips, beats, blends. Stand-up heel rest, chrome-plated beaters. **$19.95.***

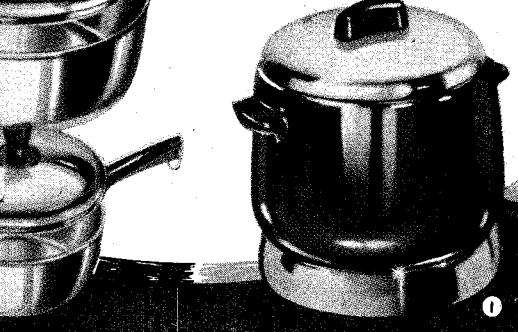
Ⓔ **FUTURA** ALUMINUM-CLAD
STAINLESS STEEL COOKWARE
Romance in two metals. Wedding of sparkling stainless steel *(for permanent beauty)* and triple-thick aluminum bottoms *(for fast, even heating).* Rounded contours and sculptured handles in Continental styling. Individual pieces from **$5.45.**



Ⓕ **CANISTER SET**
Colonial charm—in traditional copper color or bright, polished aluminum. Unique silhouettes of flour sifter, sugar bowl, coffee grinder and tea pot identify contents. Copper color **$9.95;** polished aluminum **$8.50.**

Ⓖ **BREAD BOX**
Matches Canister Set. Durable plastic top and ends. Adjustable shelf. "Hide-away" door locks in "up" position or slides out of way. Width 16½", height 11", depth 11½". Won't rust. Hardwood cutting board in separate compartment. Copper color **$12.95;** polished aluminum **$11.95.**

Ⓗ **50 CUP PERCOLATOR**
Fully automatic! Brews 30, 40 or 50 cups of delicious coffee for any party occasion. Operates as easily as an 8 cup automatic "perk." Uses regular 110 v. home outlet. Starts from cold water. **$39.95.***



Ⓘ **ELECTRIC BEAN POT**
Treasured, old-time flavor is the specialty of this unique, modern appliance. Simmer-bakes favorite foods. Stainless steel cover, ceramic pot, chrome unit. 2 qts. **$7.95.***

at housewares, hardware, gift and appliance stores; prices slightly higher in Canada.

WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO.
Dept. 57B, West Bend, Wisconsin

*INCLUDES CORD AND EXCISE TAX

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The only portable with a 5-Year Guarantee!

...stunning new colors!
Pink!
Yellow!
Turquoise!
Chrome!
White!

- Balance-tested for easy handling
- New 3-speed switch right on the handle
- New longer beaters for complete blending
- Stands on end (flat base for easy draining)
- Handy wall bracket for easy storage
- Smart gift box included

$21.50 *(chrome)* **$19.50** *(turquoise, yellow, white, pink)*

(Includes bracket and screws for wall mounting)

5 YEARS
HB
HAMILTON BEACH
The only mixers and toasters with a
5 Year
Free-Service
Guarantee
Backed by a company in business over 150 years! All Hamilton Beach mixers are so well made, you get a 5-year guarantee—4 years longer than standard guarantees. This covers all parts and labor, including the motor, except only the cord set, bowls, and damage caused by misuse.

New HAMILTON BEACH Mixette

Whichever you choose, you get the assurance of the only 5-year guarantee!

New Food Mixer

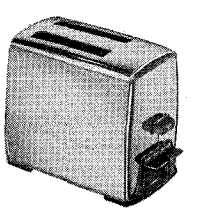
Beats *everything* without a spatula! New Cake-Mix Timer (optl.). **$42.95** white; chrome, **$11** more.

New Liqui-Blender

Blends twice as fast, twice as fine! 2 speeds. **$39.95,** white; **$44.95,** chrome.

Home Drink Mixer

Makes real soda-fountain drinks, tasty fruit drinks. **$22.50** white; **$27.50** chrome.



New Toaster

Gives you toast at its best, and the only 5-year guarantee you can get! **$19.95.**

HAMILTON BEACH CO., Div. of Scovill Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis.

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Lynch Mob at Cimarron Crossing

(Continued from Page 45)

said. "The other one rode on back to camp. Those are Shag's men, they told me that, and I know how Shag is."

"Shag Holliver's like your very own father," Bud Mathers mocked. "Took you in and raised you up all sweet and purty."

"Shut up, Mathers," Clint said. "Shut up or so help me ——"

"What, Texas boy?" Mathers said.

"I got a notion to go across and give the guns back to those two," Clint said. "I got a notion to give 'em their guns and let 'em find Tony Coford and the rest, and clean this rat's nest out."

"And Johnny Tarbell?" Brick asked quietly. Brick kept his voice down, hoping Bud Mathers wouldn't hear, but Mathers heard. He started to laugh wildly.

"I don't know, Brick," Clint Bentley said, and now he looked old for his age.

Brick was right. He was always right. He had experience in such things. Johnny wasn't one of them yet; he hadn't had a chance to prove his toughness. But running those two Texans out of town would give him his chance.

There was a kindness in Brick Dillingham, a streak of the sentimental that let him sense a man's doubts. "Quit blaming yourself, Clint," Brick said softly. "The town had a head start on you before you ever met Johnny."

Clint supposed that was so, but admitting that truth was no solution. Cimarron Crossing was a small place, taking its seasonal life from the Dodge City trail that passed a mile upstream from here. The town had started as one saloon on the south bank of the river and then, as the trail herds increased, so did the town, and now it was caught in its own growth, not big enough to support its own population. Older men could move away and find a start someplace else; the really young didn't care. But there were the in-betweens, the sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds, hot-blooded kids straining to break down the final barrier to manhood, herding together to share their own miseries. A very few found jobs; some ran away—from home, they thought, but really from themselves. And some, if they could prove themselves tough enough, found a restless sort of security in the hero worship they lavished on Tony Coford and Bud Mathers; and sixteen-year-old Johnny Tarbell was one of these.

The druggist from next door came in to sit a while with Brick, and Clint said, "I might as well go eat while I got a chance. Can I bring you anything, Brick?"

"If I know your wife, she'll have something fixed for me," Brick said, and Clint grinned, just as he always did when anyone mentioned Betty. She was a world of her own, a place where everything was good and right. And maybe that was why he hated toughs like Tony Coford and his gang, Clint thought. Sooner or later, if you let them go, they invaded the private world of people like Betty.

Bud Mathers, from his cell, said, "Why don't you let me go home in your place, rebel? Maybe Betty would enjoy finding out what it's like to have a real man come home to her."

Clint turned and walked swiftly over to the cell door. Bud Mathers moved back, but he wasn't quick enough. Clint reached through the bars and gripped Mathers' shirt, and he jerked the youth forward, slamming his face against the bars. He saw the blood start from Mathers' nose, the quick fear in Mathers' eyes, and Clint let him go, disgusted with the fear he had seen, angry with himself for letting his temper get away.

Bud Mathers retreated to the back of the cell and he stood there, cursing vilely, now that he was safe. Clint went outside and stood a moment to let the rain lash his face, finding a savage satisfaction in it. In front of the doctor's office the two Texans in yellow slickers looked up briefly, their eyes following the young deputy. They knew he was the only law in this town tonight, and they knew he was inexperienced law, just as Tony Coford knew it.

He hurried down the darkening street and the reflections of scattered lights wavered through the dusk and settled on puddles that were black as blood. It was only a few doors to the house where he and Betty lived, and he went up the path and onto the porch. Betty opened the door before he even knocked, and he felt the shock of the gun fight and the trouble in the town leave him in one swift wash of affection. He swept her into his arms

Can You Name This Star?

This demure child of three, left motherless at the age of one month, was aided in obtaining a music education by the family housekeeper. She helped to pay for it with royalties from a cookbook she wrote. After attaining importance in Wagnerian opera, the singer became the first Metropolitan Opera star to make as many as five hit movies, the first to go on television, the first to do the night-club circuit and the first to travel more than 1,000,000 miles by air. Can you name this star?

Raymond R. Stuart

Answer:

Lauritz Melchior

Give him Sunbeam
THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE
HOME WORKSHOP TOOLS

SENSATIONAL NEW
ELECTRIC HAND SAW

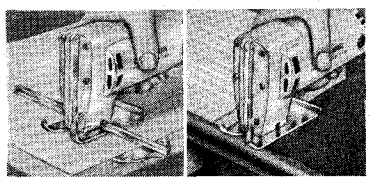
ENDS ARM AND BACK ACHING SAWING JOBS

This Sunbeam RIPS, CROSS-CUTS, JIG SAWS, COPES, HACKS, SCROLLS, KEYHOLE SAWS.

Cuts FASTER and SMOOTHER by Actual Test

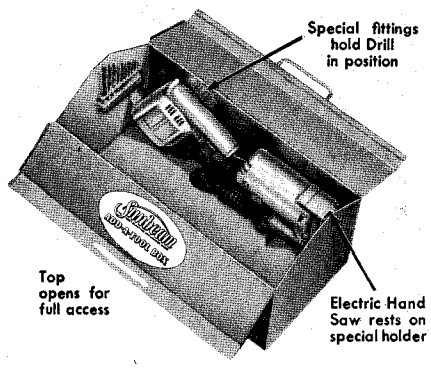
- Goes through a dressed 2x4.
- Special blades make tough cuts in iron and steel...accurate cuts in plastics.

Precision built, rugged electric hand saw. Lightweight, easy-to-use. ¾ inch stroke, 50% longer, handles cuts in 2 inch dressed lumber; circle cuts, too. Change blades quickly. Complete with Rip Guide and Blade, $42.50.



RIPS LUMBER CUTS PIPE

NEW Sunbeam ADD-A-TOOL BOX
Keeps Tools Handy . . . Ready to Go
NOW AVAILABLE! 3 MONEY SAVING OFFERS



Now a practical all metal Add-A-Tool box. Plenty of storage space for tools and accessories. Closes with handle type fastener. Get it with either Sunbeam Drillmaster drill or Hand Saw, or separately at $8.50.

SAVE $5.50 The sensational new Sunbeam Hand Saw with rip guide and one blade $42.50, set of 4 assorted blades $4.45 and the deluxe Add-A-Tool box $8.50— A $55.45 value for only $49.95

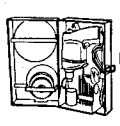
SAVE $4.20 The $27.95 Drillmaster drill with ¼ inch Geared Chuck, a $5.25 set of 10 high speed drill bits and the $8.50 deluxe Add-A-Tool box— A $41.70 value for only $37.50

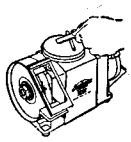
SAVE $4.20 The $25.95 Drillmaster drill with ¼ inch Hex-Key Chuck, a $5.25 set of 10 high speed drill bits and the $8.50 deluxe Add-A-Tool box— A $39.70 value for only $35.50

DRILLMASTER® DRILL
Drills 1" in wood . . . ¼" in metal
MORE POWER—RUNS COOLER

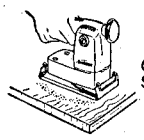
Greater efficiency for smoother performance and longer life. Higher Torque, drills faster. Fan-forced air keeps grip cool for greater comfort. With ¼ inch Geared Chuck, $27.95. Same with Hex-Key Chuck, $25.95.

Look for the MARK OF QUALITY Sunbeam® AT YOUR DEALER


Drillmaster Drill Kits


New Grinder, Sander, Honer

Powerful 1¼ H.P. Saw


Orbital Sander

© Sunbeam Corporation, 1956. T.M. "Sunbeam", "Drillmaster", Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SUNBEAM CORPORATION, Dept. 84, Chicago 50, Ill.
Canada, Toronto 18—Prices slightly higher in Canada

More Family Gift Center Values

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a Christmas gift
they'll both enjoy
...together!

Making something worth while *together* is a warm pleasure that lasts beyond the time of doing. Giving that helps realize this joy of accomplishment is truly in the best spirit of the season.

Here's a gift kit that makes working together easy and fun. It includes the big ½ hp router that does 90% of all woodworking jobs, 5 useful bits, a guide, an instruction manual and 4 *free* Easi-Bild patterns of things to make. Ask at your hardware store for Stanley Router Gift Kit — *only* $67.95 *complete*

Another fine gift for the man of the house is this new Stanley 6½" heavy duty builders saw. It is powered by a completely ball bearing, Stanley-made motor. Exclusive "Motor-Saver" Drive protects this power against the shock of impact should blade strike a nail or other foreign object. H68 makes all cuts necessary to build a standard home.

only $64.95

Cutting a 2 x 4 at 45°

Specify Stanley at your hardware store. Your dealer has these fine tools or can get them for you. For free catalog No. 400, write Stanley Electric Tools, Division of The Stanley Works, 71N Myrtle St., New Britain, Conn.

STANLEY

More Family Gift Center Values

and kissed her thoroughly, and the water from his hat ran down her neck and she didn't care. She was small and her hair was as black as night, her eyes a smoky blue, and she had to stand on tiptoe to kiss him back.

"Brick's all right," Clint said, knowing that was what she wanted to hear. "He won't walk for a while, but he's all right."

"The cowboy?"

"I don't know, Betty," he said. "Doc's doing all he can, you know that."

She put her arms around him and clung to him fiercely, just for a moment, her face against his chest. "Clint, sometimes I'm scared," she said. "I promised you I wouldn't be, and I try not to be, but sometimes I can't help it."

I know, he thought. *Sometimes I'm scared myself.* "It'll be all right," he said.

"There's so much talk," she said. "People keep remembering that Shag Holliver's men shot up Prairie City." She bit her lip and looked up, her eyes pleading. "Clint, he wouldn't try it here, would he? Not with you here?"

He looked at her, hoping she couldn't see that that was his own worry. He said, "I'll tell you what. If Shag Holliver gets any ideas like that, I'll come right out and advise him against it."

He made himself grin and he slapped his open palm against her hip, making the whole thing not even worth talking about, let alone worth worrying about. She had worries of her own with Johnny; Clint didn't want to add the burden of his job to her shoulders.

"I want to meet Shag, Clint," she said. "I know he's proud of you and I want him to know me."

"Maybe you wouldn't like him," he said, his grin genuine now. "He's rough and tough and big as a barn, and he can't even say his own name without cussin' about it."

"I'd like him," she said. "I'd love him. I love every single person in the world who was ever nice to you and I hate every single person who was ever mean to you."

"You got a heap of hatin' and lovin' on your hands," he said. "Do I get my supper or not?"

"You get your supper," she said. "And while you eat I've got some soup and a pot of coffee to take down to Brick."

"I'll take it when I go," he said. "No sense you getting out in that rain."

"Oh, pooh!" she said. "When did a little rain ever hurt anybody? I want to see Brick. Besides," she said, tilting her head, "if I'm real nice to Brick maybe he'll talk the council into giving my husband a raise."

"Betty," he said, "you're downright wicked."

She came and kissed his ear and nuzzled his cheek. "You ought to know," she murmured.

He sat down to eat and he heard the front door close behind her when she left, and he was immediately more lonely than he had ever been in his life. There for a few moments his job and the trouble had been vague and unreal, like unpleasant thoughts to put aside, but now they were back and he was alone with them, and when the showdown came between the Texans and Bud Mathers' friends, Clint Bentley would still be alone, for he belonged to neither faction and yet he belonged to both. Shag Holliver, the trail driver, had given Clint a chance at a decent life. Johnny Tarbell, who tonight would try to earn his right to be Tony Coford's new henchman, was Betty's brother. He became conscious of the thick perspiration gathering on his forehead and he wiped it away with his sleeve.

The voice from the kitchen's back door said, "What's the matter, rebel? Your nerves bad?"

Clint looked up, forcing his grin, and Johnny Tarbell was slouched there in the doorway between the kitchen and the back porch, his shoulder jammed against the door frame. He was a handsome kid, with a lot of Betty's good features, but none of her good humor, and at times, when he didn't know anyone was watching him, he looked young and a little afraid. He looked sure of himself now, standing there with a match dangling from the corner of his mouth and the thumb of his left hand hooked in his heavily studded belt. Tony Coford wore a belt like that, and so did Bud Mathers and several of the others. It was like a uniform to them, a tie to hold them together, to prove they belonged. It was a wicked weapon in a fight.

There was no use beating around the bush with Johnny. Clint had tried it. Clint said, "I want you to stay out of it, Johnny. It'll get you no place fast."

The kid spit the match from the corner of his mouth.

"Johnny, listen," Clint said, and now he was pleading, and he hadn't intended to plead. He wanted to get up and slap the smirk off Johnny Tarbell's face, but he couldn't look at the kid without seeing Betty, without realizing that Betty had been both a sister and mother to this boy, doing the best she could. There was perspiration on Clint's forehead again, and he couldn't help it. "I know what I'm talking about, Johnny," he said. "I tried it myself when I was sixteen. I know how it feels—like you're standing in a tub of molasses and the world keeps turning without you—but Tony Coford isn't the answer, Johnny, believe me." His words were rushing and he was remembering himself, tangled up with another Tony Coford, another time, another place, but they were all the same. Shag Holliver had made Clint see that, and it had been the turning point in Clint's life, and now he had a law badge on his vest and a woman like Betty to love him.

Johnny said, "You through?"

"I've told you," Clint said. "Stay out of it."

"It's funny," Johnny said. "I came to tell you the same thing."

For a moment Johnny stood there, and the look in his eyes was more than a teenager's natural rebellion against authority. It was a challenge. And suddenly Clint knew how Johnny was to win his place. If he backed down a Texan, that would prove he was tough. If the Texan was a lawman, that would be better. And if the lawman was Johnny Tarbell's own brother-in-law, that would be as high as you could get. That would be Tony Coford's new right-hand man.

Clint looked at the boy, seeing no hardened savageness such as he had seen in Bud Mathers, seeing rather an excitement, a drive, a soul-tearing need to prove himself.

Clint said, "All right, Johnny. You've told me. I'll watch my back and you watch yours."

There was a flicker of doubt in Johnny Tarbell's eyes, almost an opening, and then he closed it off. He turned and went out through the back door, and Clint sat there. In time he got his hat and went outside into the rain. He didn't put on his slicker. He wanted his gun handy.

He wasn't going to stop at the marshal's office because he didn't want to see Betty. By now Betty would know Shag Holliver was coming. Brick Dillingham didn't lie about such things. He walked straight down the street, noticing only that the two Texans in yellow slickers were still by the doctor's door. Prentice wasn't dead yet, then.

He was just even with the marshal's office when he looked up toward the

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north end where the saloons and dance halls were, and saw the crowd start down the street toward him. Tony Coford had spread his poison and found his supporters. This was to Tony Coford's liking—a gang behind him and two unarmed Texans to fight.

There were twenty-five or thirty in that mob, Clint judged, but that didn't mean much. Talking trouble and facing it were two different things, and whisky courage would wash off fast in this downpour. They kept walking straight down the street, tramping through the mud, a dark, moving body of men, and Clint tried to visualize them as individuals, deciding in his mind almost exactly who would be there. The two Texans in front of the doctor's office had seen the mob now. They knew what it meant.

"Give us our guns, marshal!" one of the Texans called. "Just give us our guns and let 'em come!"

"You two keep out of it," Clint said.

One of the Texans said, "Clint! What's the matter with you? Have you gone that Damnyankee? You ain't gonna let us stand here and be murdered, are you? Give us our guns!" The Texan's face was drawn and white, his lips pulled away from his teeth.

"You fool!" the other man shouted. "Look up the street there!"

"That's my job," Clint said. "Not yours."

The man cursed helplessly.

The sound of the mob was lifting above the pelt of the rain now, and Clint moved back to the middle of the street. He was soaked to the skin, but he was strangely warm, and he could feel his heart beating heavily. He could make out faces now, and he recognized most of them. Half of them were too drunk to be dangerous; some of them would run. There wouldn't be more than half a dozen guns among them, probably, but one gun in the hands of a crazy kid trying to prove himself was one gun too many. He saw Tony Coford, then, walking in the front ranks, swaggering, sure, and Johnny Tarbell was right beside him. Johnny was packing his heavy, studded belt in his hand.

The mob stopped, no more than fifteen feet away, and now the voice of one Texan rose high and wild, like a sound of the storm, "You can't whip all of Texas! We'll keep comin' and keep comin'! We'll take this town apart, board for board and nail for nail, and we'll throw it in the river and watch it wash away!"

Someone in the back of the mob yelled, "There they are! Let's get 'em! I got a rope here! Somebody get a horse and we'll drag 'em!"

"Get Clint Bentley too!" another yelled. "He's a Texan!"

"Get Bentley, and then we'll bust down his jail and get Bud Mathers out! Bud wouldn't want to miss any of this!"

"Get the three Texans first, and then we'll get Bud out!" Tony Coford yelled.

The light from the marshal's office spilled across Tony Coford's young face, lean, wolfish. He had prominent teeth and a receding chin and straw-colored hair. Clint kept watching Johnny, flushed with excitement, a kid who was suddenly a part of things, belonging, wanted.

"Listen to me!" Clint yelled. "Are you fools enough to get tangled up in Bud Mathers' trouble? If that boy in the doctor's office dies Bud Mathers will hang for murder! What the devil did Bud Mathers ever do for you? These two men here don't want trouble! They haven't even got guns! What the devil you gonna gain by getting the town shot up? Some of you will get killed! You're bound to! Are you that tired of living?"

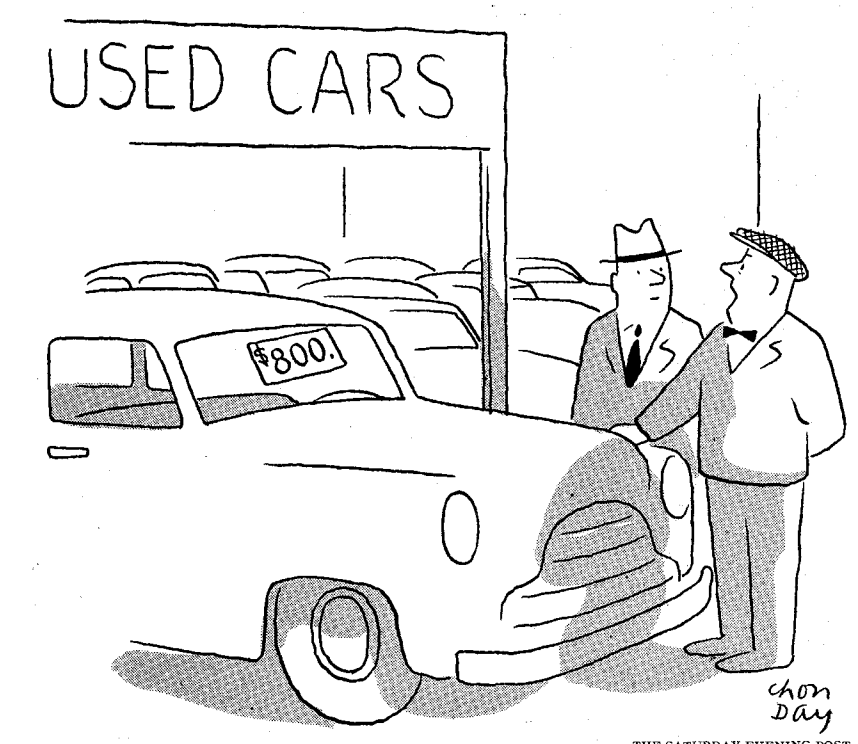
A dozen at least started moving out of the mob and over toward the sidewalks. They had come along for the walk in deference to the free drinks they had had, and nothing more. They had never had any intention of getting mixed up in it.

Tony Coford said, "You gonna listen to this Texan? You heard what that one on the porch said, didn't you? You gonna stand by and see this town torn apart, board for board?"

There was a drunken babbling and shouted threats, and then a quick, startled silence. A dozen riders had come out of a side street directly at Clint Bentley's back, and Shag Holliver, the trail boss, was riding out in front, a brute of a man with heavily lined features and iron-gray hair and a rifle across his pommel. The riders reined up tight and the mob split in two, half of it holding ground, half hitting for cover, and now it was even, twelve men against twelve, and Clint Bentley was in the middle.

Clint heard Shag Holliver's voice, and without turning, Clint said, "Don't start anything, Mr. Holliver."

"Don't give me orders, boy," Shag Holliver said. His voice was deep-throated, solid like the man. "One of my men was shot. I come to see about it. If I don't



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like what I find, there won't be no town here, come tomorrow."

Clint looked at the rain-slick faces of the mob backing Tony Coford. Half of them were young, no older than Johnny Tarbell, and suddenly they weren't so sure. But Tony Coford was still there, the leader, and as long as Tony stayed, they'd stay. Coford pulled back his coat and Clint saw the gun thrust in the gang leader's waistband. And Johnny was there, breathing heavily, holding his belt. Clint Bentley started moving forward, straight toward Tony Coford.

"This was your idea, Tony," Clint said quietly. "No use all your friends getting killed. Let's make it between you and me."

"Don't try to shove me around, rebel," Tony said.

There was the faintest hint of indecision in his voice. His hand fumbled at the gun he had thrust under his studded belt, and he took two steps back. Clint Bentley kept moving forward. He started to laugh then, softly, and when he was sure, he deliberately dropped his own gun back into its holster. The gang of kids stared, not sure what the gesture meant, and they started to split off, leaving Tony Coford and Johnny Tarbell there alone.

"I been practicing my draw, Tony," Clint Bentley said. "I'm gettin' pretty good at it. You want to see how good, Tony?" He kept walking forward, and now he was no more than two feet away and he could see the bulge of Tony Coford's eyes. "Go for your gun, Tony," Clint said. "Give me an excuse to kill you."

"You're crazy!" Tony Coford said. "You got stakeout guns! You talked them Texans into backing you up!"

"What do you care, Tony?" Clint asked. "You're real tough. You're the toughest kid in town. You wanted to fight the Texans anyway, didn't you? Try me first; then go after the Texans."

"Stay away from me!" Coford said. "Stay away from me or I'll get yuh!"

"No, you won't, Tony," Clint said. "You know why? Because you're a coward. A dirty, yellow, rotten, two-bit coward."

He reached out suddenly and slapped Coford hard across the face with his left hand. He saw Johnny move in, start to swing the belt, and at that instant Clint half turned and drove his elbow into the pit of Johnny Tarbell's stomach. He saw Johnny sit down hard in the mud of the street, heard him get sick, and now he was following through on Tony Coford, swarming in at him, smashing at his face with his fists.

As if from a distance, Clint heard Shag Holliver's bellow, "Stay out of it, all of you! The first one makes a move, my man or anybody else, I'll cut him down!"

Clint had a grip on Tony Coford's wrist. He jerked him around savagely and tripped him, and Coford fell full length in the mud. Clint fell on him. He grabbed a handful of the long hair on the back of Tony's head and he rubbed the kid's face in the mud. Tony struggled, but the fight was going out of him fast. Clint hit him hard; then roughly, he managed to unfasten Coford's heavy belt, and he yanked it off, tearing belt loops with it.

Panting, his breath choking in his lungs, Clint dragged the slimy figure of Tony Coford across his knee and started laying the heavy belt across the tight, water-soaked jeans. In time he heard Coford's sobs, and he let him up, blubbering, holding him a moment by the shirt front, and then he shoved him away.

"You ain't even worth putting in jail, Coford," he said.

The kids were standing there, staring. Clint turned his back on them and walked straight toward Shag Holliver and his riders.

"Toss down that gun, Mr. Holliver," Clint said. "Tell the rest of your men to do the same. We got a law against guns in town here."

"I don't give my gun to nobody, Bentley," Shag Holliver said. "You ought to know that."

"Don't make me take it away from you, Mr. Holliver," Clint Bentley said. "I think a lot of you. Don't make me do it."

Shag Holliver hesitated a long moment, and Clint saw him fighting with his pride, a man who backed down from no one. Then, slowly, a grin started spreading across the cattleman's rugged features.

"What the hell?" he said. "It's the way I learned you, ain't it?" He tossed down his rifle. "Shuck your irons, boys," he said across his shoulder. "Looks like this wolf pup of mine growed up man-size."

A dozen bewildered kids stood there, looking at Tony Coford, watching the Texans throw down their guns. They looked at Clint Bentley, and before he asked, three of them took guns from their waistbands and dropped them in the street.

Tony Coford made one last, desperate grab to hold his place in this town, "Get Clint Bentley! He can't whip all of us! The Texans won't stop us!"

One by one, they turned and walked away from Tony Coford, and Johnny Tarbell stood there, looking first at Tony, then at Clint, and then he, too, walked away. The doctor came out of his office, wiping sweat from his moon face, and Clint saw the defeat in the old man's features and didn't have to ask.

"You got a murder charge against Bud Mathers, marshal," the doctor said. "I did the best I could." He looked at the Texans, his eyes pleading. "Honest, boys," he said, "I did the best I could."

There was a long silence, and then Shag Holliver said, roughly, "It's all a man can do."

Clint looked at Johnny Tarbell, standing there on the sidewalk, his face white and drawn. Johnny was thinking about Bud Mathers, Clint knew, swinging at the end of a rope, and maybe he was thinking of how he had wanted to take Bud Mathers' place.

Clint said, "You'll be needing another hand, won't you, Mr. Holliver?"

"Yeah," Shag Holliver said slowly. "I will. You know of one?"

Clint didn't make any show of affection toward Johnny. It wouldn't be the thing to do. He said, "Johnny Tarbell, there. He's my brother-in-law. He'll make you a good hand."

Clint could see Shag Holliver glaring down at him, but there was a certain understanding softness in the cattleman's eyes, a hint of memory, maybe.

"You think he's tough enough to ride with my outfit?" Shag asked.

"He's tough, Mr. Holliver," Clint Bentley said. "He's tough in the right way."

He turned and walked across to the marshal's office, leaving Shag Holliver and Johnny Tarbell to work it out themselves, remembering a time just five years back when Clint himself had gone to work for the fabulous Texan. A lot of things had happened in the past five years; a lot would happen in the next five, he supposed, but it wasn't something a man worried about.

He went into the office, and Betty ran into his arms and she started to cry, but sometimes a woman's crying, if it's the right kind, is a beautiful thing to hear. In his cell, Bud Mathers lay on his back and stared at the ceiling. THE END

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The Man She Didn't Want

(Continued from Page 30)

Sue was what you might call small. She had red hair. She wore dungarees and a flannel shirt and stout, sensible work shoes. She came straight to the point. "What is this nonsense?"

John told her. He added, "We are building a check list, in accordance with state law."

"And what is the state's interest in my dogs' sex lives?"

John drew a deep breath. He tended to color at times, and he was aware of it, but he was a man who believed in duty, regardless. "Luther," he said, "is merely trying to ascertain how many dogs there are of each—uh, sex. That is, boy dogs, and—uh—girl dogs."

"Give me one good reason why." Small, and defiant.

"The license fees are different. It is two dollars and twenty-five cents for a male dog, and five dollars for a female."

"That," Sue said, "is rank discrimination and I won't hold still for it for a moment." She had more in mind, but she stopped right there and just stood with her mouth open. "How much?"

John repeated the rates.

She shuffled one shoe. "Five dogs. Two female, three male—how much is that?"

"Sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents."

There was silence.

"The fees are due and payable," John said, "on the first of next month. The license is valid for one year."

Sue said, "That's the law?"

"That is the law."

"Not something you made up?"

"It is the law," John said, a trifle stiffly this time. "All dogs over the age of six months must be licensed." He was talking to himself. Sue was gone, with less velocity than she had come in with.

Luther returned to the town office promptly at noon. He handed over his morning's list. "You owe me nineteen cents," he said, "over and above my pay."

John looked at him.

"Bandages," Luther said. He walked out on his long young legs.

At twelve-fifteen John closed down the town government and went out for lunch. He sat on a stool in the diner, ordered the Number Two plate and waited. It arrived, borne by a small redhead in a white dress too large for her in place of the dungarees and flannel shirt. Her stout, sensible work shoes made hollow sounds on the duckboards. John studied her.

"I was not aware that you worked here, Miss Willoughby."

"Coffee?" Sue said, and that was all.

John went back to the office in a thoughtful mood. A delegation awaited him—three members of the town board, headed by Cyrus Porter, who was large and bald as a cue ball and owned the hardware store and a sizable piece of the bank and a dairy farm and two gas stations and one garage and sang bass in the church choir.

"Want a word with you, son," Cyrus said.

John unlocked the door and they trooped in. Cyrus took the largest chair and settled into it. "You're a bright boy," he said. "That's why we hired you as town manager. Figured you'd dot the *i*'s and cross the *t*'s of the town's business better'n we done it."

"That is my intention."

"Toe-treading," Cyrus said, "a certain amount, leastwise, is to be expected." He paused. "But some toes are more sensitive than other toes."

"You are referring to dogs," John said.

Cyrus took his time. "Bachelor, aren't you, son?"

"I am."

"Live in a rooming house, over on Elm Street?"

"I do."

"Don't keep pets?"

John was silent.

"Man marries," Cyrus said, "sort of changes his viewpoint. Acquires a wife, a little house, a dog or two, children, gets to feeling right protective about all of them."

"The law," John said, "requires dog licenses. It requires a dog census."

"I was sittin' in the legislature when the law was passed," Cyrus said. "Read it clean through."

"Then?" John said.

"Matter of judgment," Cyrus said comfortably. "Like traffic laws, and parking tickets. You don't stick your finger in your neighbor's eye."

"The files show," John said, "that there has never been a dog census in this town. The files show further that the state has never been notified of any dog owner delinquent in his license payment." He paused. "Last year the total license fees paid to the town amounted to four dollars and fifty cents."

"City feller," Cyrus said. "Artist. Took the Vanden house for six months. Wore a beret. Had two dogs, both male, which was more than ——" He stopped there. "Can't stand gossip."

John was silent for a moment. Oddly enough, he was thinking of a small redhead in a too-large white dress setting the diner's Number Two plate in front of him. He said slowly, "In other words, the annual report sent to the state authorities was fraudulent."

"Big word," Cyrus said, still unperturbed. Then, "Matter of judgment." He got ponderously out of his chair. "Study on it, son. People don't like sore toes." The delegation trooped out.

John resumed the town government.

Promptly at five he closed the office. He started for the barbershop. He stopped. A small redhead, in dungarees and flannel shirt again, was trudging down the steps of the diner and starting up the sidewalk. He caught up with her.

"Miss Willoughby."

She stopped.

"I—uh—just wanted to say, Miss Willoughby, that there is nothing—personal in the census, or the tax." And it occurred to him to wonder that he found an explanation necessary.

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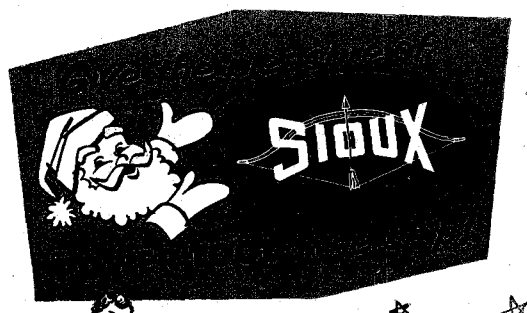

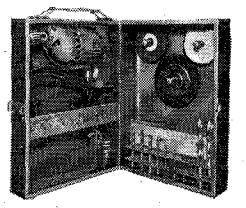

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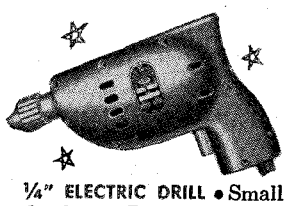

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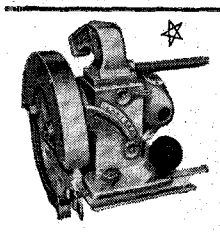

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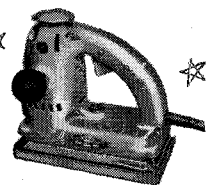

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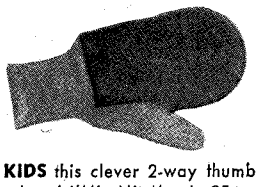

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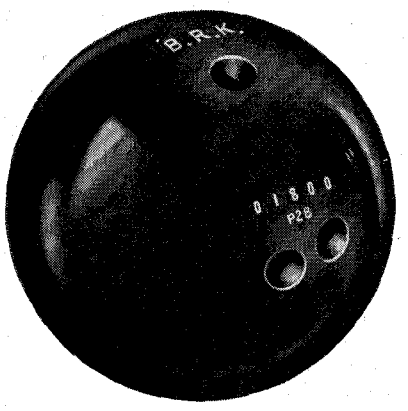

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Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance. You'll receive a gift certificate with which to claim your ball. Your initials will be put on the ball without charge.

Offer good in continental U.S. only, until February 28, 1957. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

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More Family Gift Center Values

"The law, isn't it?" Sue said. "Isn't that what you told me?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"You," John said, "—uh—took employment in the diner because of me. I am sorry."

"Not because of you. Because of the law. I don't need pity." In the pocket of her dungarees there were three dollars and sixty-two cents—wages, less breakage. Diner plates and cups, she had found, were heavy and slippery.

John said, "May I drive you home?" And this, too, like the explanation, came from, or seemed to come from, a part of his mind hitherto uncommunicative.

"Let you use town gasoline on me?" Sue said. "And raise the tax rate?"

"I pay for gasoline out of my own pocket, Miss Willoughby."

She considered it. Her feet hurt. "That," she said, "is different."

It was a small house, set well back from the road. An enormous tree stood over it protectingly. Five dogs of assorted shapes and sizes rushed out and circled the car. They converged to inspect John. They caught sight of Sue, and they promptly inundated her, and then gathered, on their hunkers, in a solemn half circle, while she spoke to them, called them each by name, apologized for being away so long.

"I can offer you a glass of well water," Sue said to John, "or a cup of coffee."

"Thank you," John said, "but I ——"

"Bring him in," a man's voice said. "I want a look at him, a good look."

"My grandfather," Sue said. She held the door, and the dogs stood aside.

John's first impression of the old gentleman was that he was no larger than Sue, and that a good share of the visible parts of him was covered with a shock of hair and an old-style cavalry-type mustache, both white, but bearing a faint pinkish tinge to testify to the red they once had been. He wore a knitted shawl around his shoulders and a robe over his knees, and his watery blue eyes looked John up and down.

"You're the young whippersnapper who wants dogs counted," Doctor Willoughby said.

John admitted it. He considered repeating his little speech about there being a law, and decided against it. From the looks, and the sound of him, laws wouldn't cut much ice with Doctor Willoughby. Not any more, anyway.

The old man seemed to read his mind. "Up in the legislature they sit and dream," he said. "Always did. I recollect ——" He stopped there. He looked at Sue. "Well?"

"I'm going to pay," Sue said. "Sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents, the man says." She looked around at the dogs. The dogs shuffled uneasily. "It's all right," she told them, and they seemed to settle down and relax.

Doctor Willoughby said, "I built up quite a reputation around here when I was a young man. Now ——" And again he stopped. "Sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents?" he said, and his tone was a question.

"I'm getting it," Sue said. "Never mind how."

There was silence. John looked at the dogs. The dogs looked at him. He said, "Uh—a loan, perhaps." And what he saw in the two faces, the old man's and the girl's, made him think better of the idea, or, at least, attempt to expand it. "You are the retired county health officer, doctor, and it would seem only fair ——"

"Retired," the old man said. "Put out to pasture, you mean, and fed oats through the fence?" The watery blue eyes seemed to flare and sparkle. "Charity?" He took a deep breath. "I'm writing my memoirs, young man, and when I publish them ——"

"Hey," Sue said. Her young voice was strangely gentle, and her hand rested lightly on the old man's shoulder. From the floor the dogs studied John in quiet contemplation, as if each was picking out the best place for the first bite. Sue said, "We'll make out fine, Mr. Town Manager." Small and defiant; and dignified, despite the dungarees and the flannel shirt and the stout, sensible work shoes. "Thank you for the ride."

In the silence he left, and walked out to his car and drove slowly back to town for his haircut. Dinner at the diner was a lonely meal.

Luther was on time in the morning, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, his bandage box in his pocket. "Out on North Road," he said, "Cyrus Porter's place, Jed Wilson's, Pete Warren's"—the three town fathers of yesterday's delegation, these—"and others. I haven't been there yet." He paused. "You want I should?"

"They have dogs?" John said.

"Everybody has dogs."

"Then you visit everybody."

Luther did not move.

"Well?" John said.

"Just wanted a good look," Luther said, "so I can tell people what you were like."

"That will be all," John said.

He resumed his study of town tax ratables. It was odd, he thought, or perhaps it was not odd at all that the North Road farms seemed to be worth next to nothing as far as assessments went, when a man, driving along the fences, would be tempted to say that the rolling fields and the outbuildings and the big white houses themselves represented a considerable investment. Doctor Willoughby's little place, on the other hand, was a jewel box with a solid-gold hasp if the assessed value was any indication. He leaned back in his chair and studied the far wall, thinking of the old man in the shawl, and the girl in the dungarees; and the more he thought about it, the madder he got. He told himself that the emotion was weakness. When the telephone rang, he had his objectivity well in place again.

Cyrus Porter's comfortable voice said, "Flinging your weight around quite considerable, aren't you, son?" No trace of rancor, merely pleasant conversation.

"Every house is being canvassed," John said. "We have listed, so far, one hundred and eighteen dogs, representing three hundred seventy-four dollars and fifty cents of revenue due the town."

"Interesting," Cyrus said. "Recollect what I told you about sticking your finger in your neighbor's eye?"

"I do."

"Pondered on it, have you?"

"I have."

"Man catches more flies with honey than he does with vinegar."

"The adage," John said, "does not apply to taxes. I intend to send out bills for the license fees. I intend to send a list of delinquents to the state authorities in accordance with the law."

"Grabbin' the problem by the scruff of the neck an' shakin' it till its teeth rattle," Cyrus said, still comfortable, imperturbable. "Any other plans, son?"

Honesty, John told himself, was the best policy. "A town-wide reassessment survey is, I think, in order. The cost of hiring an independent, competent firm of assessors would, I believe, more than justify itself by increased revenue and more equitable distribution of taxes."

"Sounds fine," Cyrus said. "The town board'll be real interested."

"I intend to inform them of my intentions, of course, and ask their approval."

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There was a pause. Then, "Son, tell me this—are you real, or is there some little gadget that turns on an' recites for you?"

"The question," John said, "is not entirely inoffensive."

"That's an answer?"

"It is."

"Be seein' you, son," Cyrus said.

At twelve o'clock John went to lunch. He sat at the diner counter and he ordered the Number Three plate, with mashed potatoes. Sue brought it, set it in front of him. She looked at him, and in her eyes, on her face, there was a subtle new expression. "Spreading yourself a bit, are you?"

"If you are referring to my lunch ——" John began.

"I wasn't."

"Oh." And there was silence.

Sue broke it. "Coffee?"

"Thank you."

She drew it from the urn, spilled only a little into the saucer as she set it in front of him. She mopped the saucer clean with a paper napkin. "There's a knack to it, I think. I haven't caught it yet." She looked at him, again with that subtle new expression. "Carrying dishes and cups, I mean, without spilling."

"I have found," John said, "that to almost every operation there is a knack."

"You sound like my grandfather."

"I am flattered."

She nodded. "You should be. He was quite a fellow in his day." And then, wiping at the counter top with a towel, her red head bent and her face hidden from him, "In these parts, in case you haven't guessed it, spitting in Cyrus Porter's eye is not exactly the best way to get ahead."

John nodded. "As we agreed, to every operation there is a knack. I haven't mastered mine yet."

"There's no trick to it. You just lie down and roll over and wave your paws in the air. Simple as that." Behind her the diner chef pushed a loaded plate and his head through the small window. He spoke Sue's name. She made no move, standing there, watching John's face, waiting.

"I think not," John said.

"You're stubborn."

"Perhaps I am."

"Going up against a horned owl with a spray gun."

"It is possible."

"Think it will get you anywhere?"

He was silent. It was a question he had not yet answered to his own satisfaction.

"Sooner or later," Sue said, "they'll catch up to you. Probably sooner." And then, "Eat your lunch before it gets cold." And she turned away.

She walked home that evening, four dollars and thirty-eight cents jangling in her dungarees. She had worked out the sum on paper; two days' wages came to an even eight dollars; two more days at the diner, then, and seventy-five cents' worth of work on the fifth day, and the dogs were home free for a year. So be it. You took what came; she had learned that long ago. Trouble was, some people didn't learn. To the doctor she made mention of the fact.

"Cyrus warned him off, eh?" the old gentleman said.

"Luther Perkins told me. He got it from Daisy Brown, who listened in on Cyrus' phone call."

"Smart young fellow," the doctor said. "Talks like a textbook on English. Maybe he thinks Cyrus is just a bald country bumpkin."

"No," Sue said, "he doesn't. He just thinks he's right."

There was silence. The old gentleman smoothed the robe over his knees. "He does look something like Abe Lincoln, at that," he said, and he stole a sidewise peek at his granddaughter's face.

"I—hadn't noticed," Sue said, which was not exactly true.

"Only thing is," the doctor said, "Abe knew when to stand and fight, and when to go along with the tide."

"That's not true."

There was more silence. Then, "Was a law passed up in the legislature," the old man said. "Dairy cows had to be inspected because tuberculosis could be passed along in their milk. Babies an' children drank it, came down with the disease. Had some here."

Sue watched the old man, and listened.

"Tested Cyrus' daddy's cows myself," the doctor said. "Warned him once, warned him twice; but the law didn't apply to him, not if he didn't want it to." He paused again, and blew reflectively through the ragged cavalry-type mustache. "Didn't warn him again. Wasn't any use. I was right; he was wrong. Law said so, so did every other consideration."

"And?" Sue said softly.

"Drove out in my carriage," the doctor said. "Took along my horse pistol. Shot his cows dead."

"Good for you," Sue said.

The old man studied her. "This is what swinging for the fences got me. People don't like to be pushed."

She straightened her shoulders. "We make out."

"How do you like working in the diner?"

She opened her mouth and closed it again. "You heard."

"I heard yesterday," the old man said. "Wasn't anything I could do about it." He was silent for a moment. "Young Abe Lincoln doesn't seem to have done anybody any good, does he?"

"He ——" Sue began, and there she stopped.

She walked out of the house and sat down on the top step. The dogs gathered around and watched her gravely. She had no word of comfort for them. This was Tuesday.

Wednesday morning Luther completed the dog census. He turned in his list, accepted his pay, hesitated. "That box of bandages," he said, and he waved one large bony hand. "For free. No charge. I—uh—decided to donate them to the cause." And he walked out quickly, his pimples flaming with embarrassment.

John toted up the list. The results were awesome—$639.75 owing the town, as against $4.50 collected the previous year from a stranger; a net increase of 13,217 per cent, on paper. He noted the figures in the records.

Shortly before noon Cyrus Porter telephoned. "Been talkin' with the other members of the town board, son. We're all right interested in a sort of progress report, an' maybe an outline of your future plans."

"That," John said, "is within your rights, certainly."

"Figgered maybe tomorrow night we'd all get together."

"Wherever and whenever you say. Here at my office."

"Sort of thought it ought to be out in the open, son; the democratic way, with anybody interested sittin' in."

John drew a deep breath. "As you wish."

"The firehouse," Cyrus said. "Eight o'clock. We'll put a little piece in the paper about it."

John closed down the town government and went to lunch.

Sue set the Number Three plate, with fried potatoes, in front of him. She drew coffee, spilled only a little, mopped it up with an absent air. It had been a long night, filled with confusing thoughts—about tubercular cows and horse pistols and dog licenses and the like, including Abe Lincoln.

"Know anything about Savonarola?" she said.

"I have read of him."

"He made himself unpopular with the people who ran his town. They burned him on a cross, in public."

"I recall the circumstances."

"The firehouse seems an appropriate place. The word's already all over town. There'll be a good turnout."

He took his time, poked at a fried potato, set down his fork. His face was solemn, and his eyes watched her gravely. "What do you suggest?"

Sue took a deep breath. "You've got a telephone in your office. You could go right back to it now, and pick it up and call Cyrus at home and tell him you've changed your mind, that since the town has staggered along this far in the old way, you don't think you'll remake it overnight."

"I could," John said. "And by so doing I would probably be allowed to remain in my present capacity as long as I—uh—behaved."

"But you won't," Sue said. "You've got your ears laid back and your heels dug in, and you aren't going to budge."

"By so doing, also," John said, "I should relieve you of the necessity for this—uh—distasteful employment."

"You," Sue said, "are impossible." She walked away, as angry as she could remember being.

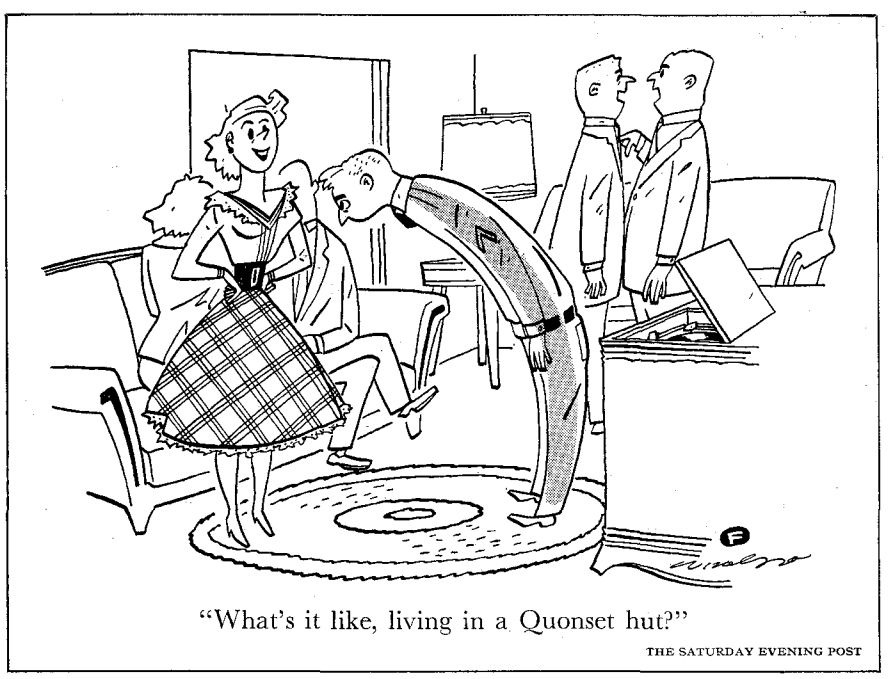
There was little accomplished in the town office that afternoon. John sat and made motions, little else. He had a caller, a man in earth-stained trousers and a plaid shirt.

"I'm Tom Roberts." He was short, and he carried his head tilted back the better to look John squarely in the eye. "Let me ask you one thing. Ever see or hear tell of a farm that didn't have a dog? That didn't have to have a dog?"

John admitted that he never had.

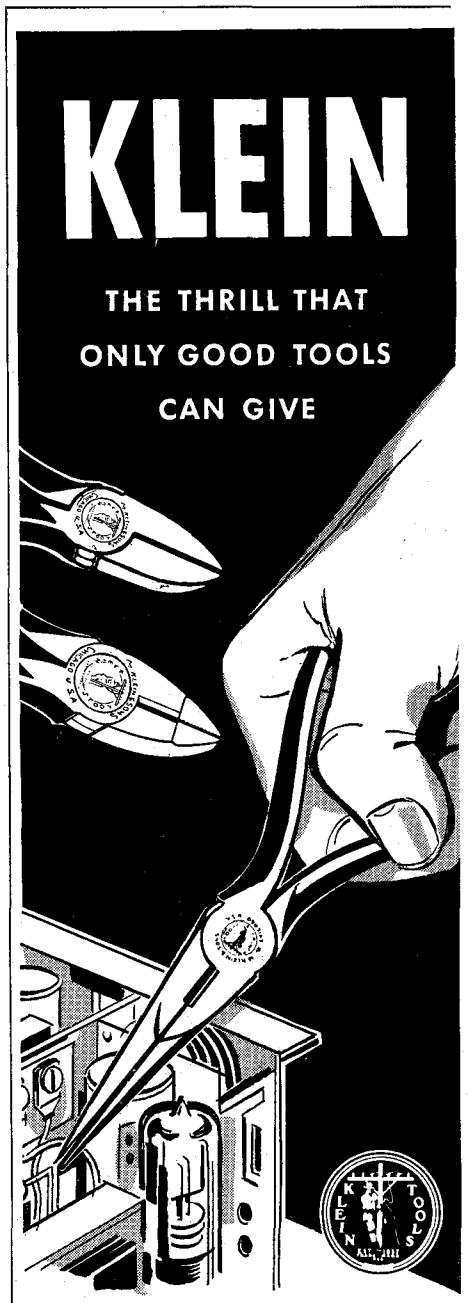
"Well?" Roberts said, and he waited for no answer. He slammed the door on the way out.

It was around four-thirty when Doctor Willoughby walked in. He carried a



"What's it like, living in a Quonset hut?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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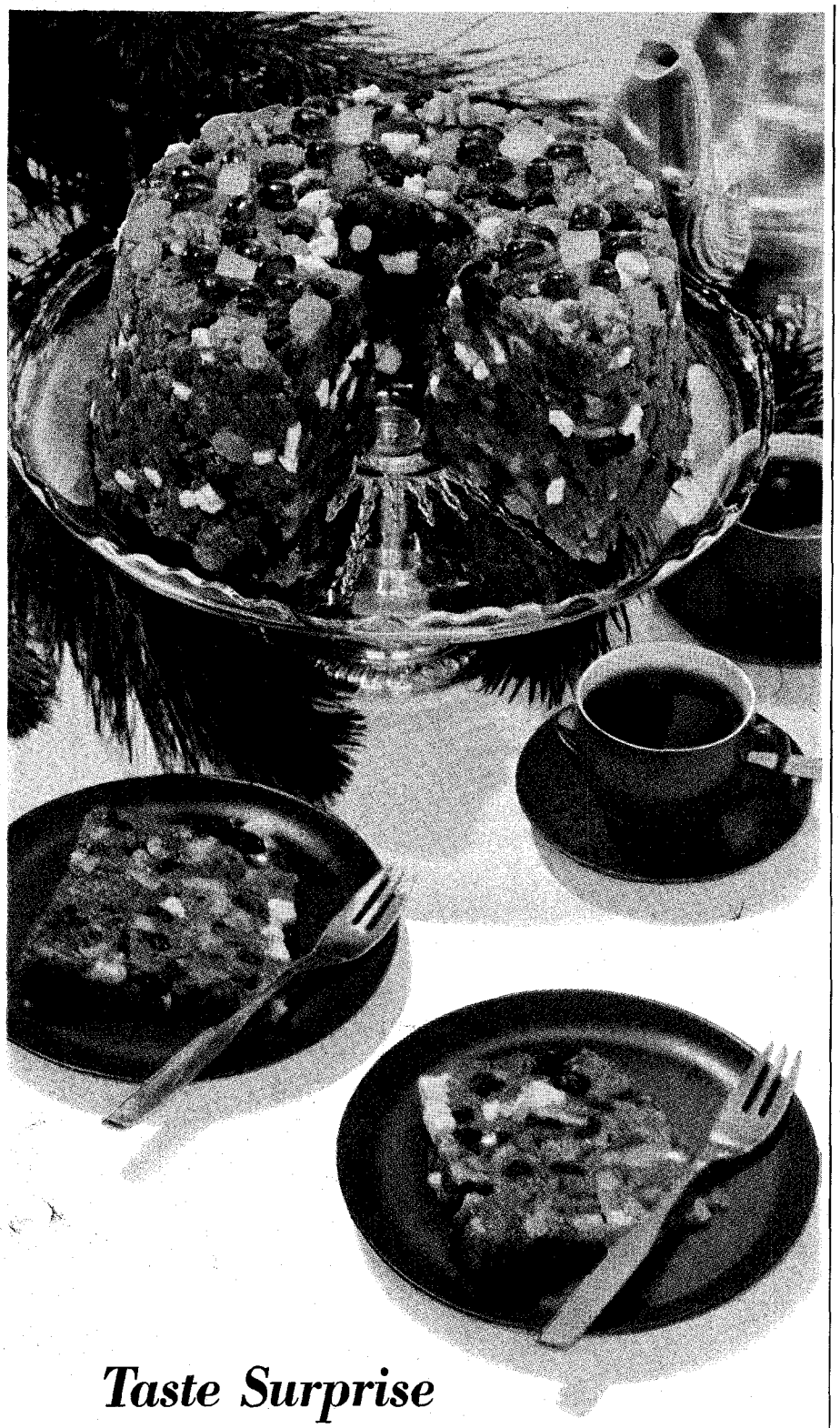

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Line with waxed paper bottom and sides of a 9-inch tube pan or a loaf pan holding about 6 cups.

Put into a bowl and let stand until needed
- ¾ cup PET *Evaporated* MILK
- 2 dozen finely cut Marshmallows
- ⅓ cup Orange Juice

Roll into fine crumbs
- 6 dozen 2½ in. Graham Crackers

Put into a large bowl the crumbs and
- ½ teaspoon Cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon Nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon Cloves
- 1½ cups seedless Raisins *(preferably half golden, half dark)*
- ¾ cup finely cut Dates
- 1 cup broken Walnuts

Add
- 1¼ cups ready-mixed, cut-up Candied Fruit, *bulk or canned*

Add milk mixture. Mix with spoon, then with hands until crumbs are moistened. Press firmly into pan. Top with additional fruit and nuts. Cover tightly. Chill 2 days before slicing. Keep in cool place.

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cane, and he wore his shawl. His watery blue eyes studied John at length.

"Just wanted a look," he said. "Wanted to see if you'd changed any." John was silent. "Some men," Doctor Willoughby said, "go by the book. Other men, not many, but some, are big enough to throw the book away sometimes."

John considered it gravely. "I think I understand you, doctor."

"I wonder," the old man said. And then, "We'll see."

Dinner that night was a lonely meal. John ate it, untasting. And afterward, driven by a vague compulsion against which there was no defense, he went back to the office. He labored late, and when he left he carried with him a bulky bundle of official town envelopes, addressed and stamped and sealed. He dropped them in the box in front of the post office.

Sleep was late in coming, and he dreamed of fire, and a small, determined redhead who watched with glee.

Throughout the next afternoon Sue labored at the diner. John did not appear. Toward three o'clock Luther Perkins lounged in, sucked on a cola and attacked a large hunk of apple pie, with ice cream. "How's your granddaddy?"

"He's fine," Sue said. "Thank you."

"Still mad at me? For counting your dogs?"

"It wasn't your idea," Sue said. "It was his—John Bonnyweather's."

There were times when Luther seemed wise beyond his years. "What they pay him for, seems like." His jaws chomped gravely, without pause.

"He ——" Sue began, and there she stopped. In the silence Luther pushed his empty pie plate toward her. She said, "Aren't you full yet?"

"I'm a growing boy," Luther said imperturbably. "Cherry, this time."

It was eight o'clock. The fire truck stood on the street. Inside the firehouse, on the oil-stained concrete, the fire company's supply of folding chairs was set up, and occupied. Sue and the doctor had front-row seats. John took his place at the small table. The town board trooped in, Cyrus Porter in the van. Somebody coughed. Somebody shifted his chair with a harsh sound. Then there was silence, as in church, maybe at a funeral. John wondered how Savonarola had felt.

"You all know our new town manager," Cyrus said, opening the meeting. Easy, comfortable, folksy. "He's a real bright young feller, with real up-to-date ideas (laughter) an' we thought he ought to have a chance to tell you about them." He nodded to John. "She's all yours, son." And then, "Before you commence ——" And he crooked his finger. John leaned over to listen. "Wouldn't want you to make too much of a fool of yourself," Cyrus whispered. "Just thought you ought to know that those dog-license-fee bills you mailed last night didn't go out. I told Arch Bonner, the postmaster, to hold them up. Indefinitely." His face was bland, imperturbable.

"I see," John said.

Inside of him at that moment something curled up its toes and died. He was impotent, that much was plain. Worse, he was useless and unwanted, a stranger in a strange land, alone, trying to run counter to public opinion and desire. By what right, he asked himself; and he found no answer. He stood up slowly.

Sue, watching, saw the change in him. She listened to his voice saying quietly, almost apologetically, "There is a law. I have endeavored to abide by it."

A man, she thought, standing before his accusers and confessing his crimes; but he had committed no crime, only the sin of being right, as the doctor had once, long ago. She looked at the doctor's face. Nothing in it had changed.

"Give me seventy-five cents," she said. "Never mind why." And when his small leather purse appeared, she almost snatched the coins from his hand. She stood up.

John, his mouth open, stopped what he was saying to watch her.

"Five dogs," Sue said in a high, firm voice. "The man says that's sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents." She marched to the table, digging deep into her dungarees pocket. She deposited bills and silver and pennies in a small pile under Cyrus' nose. She stifled an impulse to tweak it. She turned around and marched back to her seat. She sat down and glared up at John.

His mouth was still open. He closed it carefully. He opened it again, but no word came out.

And from back by the door there came a thunderous adolescent throat-clearing sound. Luther Perkins leaned forward, and his long legs followed the rest of him reluctantly. It had been a brief, unpleasant and lopsided battle with his conscience.

"You ain't old enough to talk up," Cyrus said.

The Good Old Days

Those were the days
That I could master:
The pace was slower,
And I was faster.

By Philip Lazarus

But Luther was already almost up to the table. "One dog," he said. "Not a very big one." His voice was overloud with embarrassment. He laid two dollars and twenty-five cents on the table and stalked back to the door, pimples aflame.

There was silence.

In John's mind there was confusion. He looked down at Sue. He looked at Luther. He felt, somehow, unaccountably humble. He also felt something else—the beginnings of anger, replacing the sense of impotence, of uselessness.

"Any other takers?" Cyrus said.

There was more silence.

John broke it. "Laws," he said, "are meant to apply to all persons equally." His tone was no longer apologetic. He searched the audience, saw Tom Roberts' face. He leveled a long forefinger like a pistol. "You have a dog." And he drew on his memory of the census list, fitting names and facts to faces. "And you have a dog. And you. And you." He turned to the town board, and impaled Cyrus with forefinger and eye. "You have a dog, out on your big, undertaxed farm."

"I have a dog," Cyrus said comfortably.

And Luther's voice rose again, almost a yelp. "You've got four dogs; three males and a spotted bitch! One of them bit me!"

Somebody laughed, a loud braying sound. And some, but not much, of the tension went out of the room.

John said, "I have endeavored to administer the law." He faced the audience now, and he seemed to flay them with his anger. "I have been told that I should not, because the law is to be applied only when these—gentlemen"—he waved a large hand in the direction of the table and the town board—"say that it should; and in

(*Continued on Page 116*)

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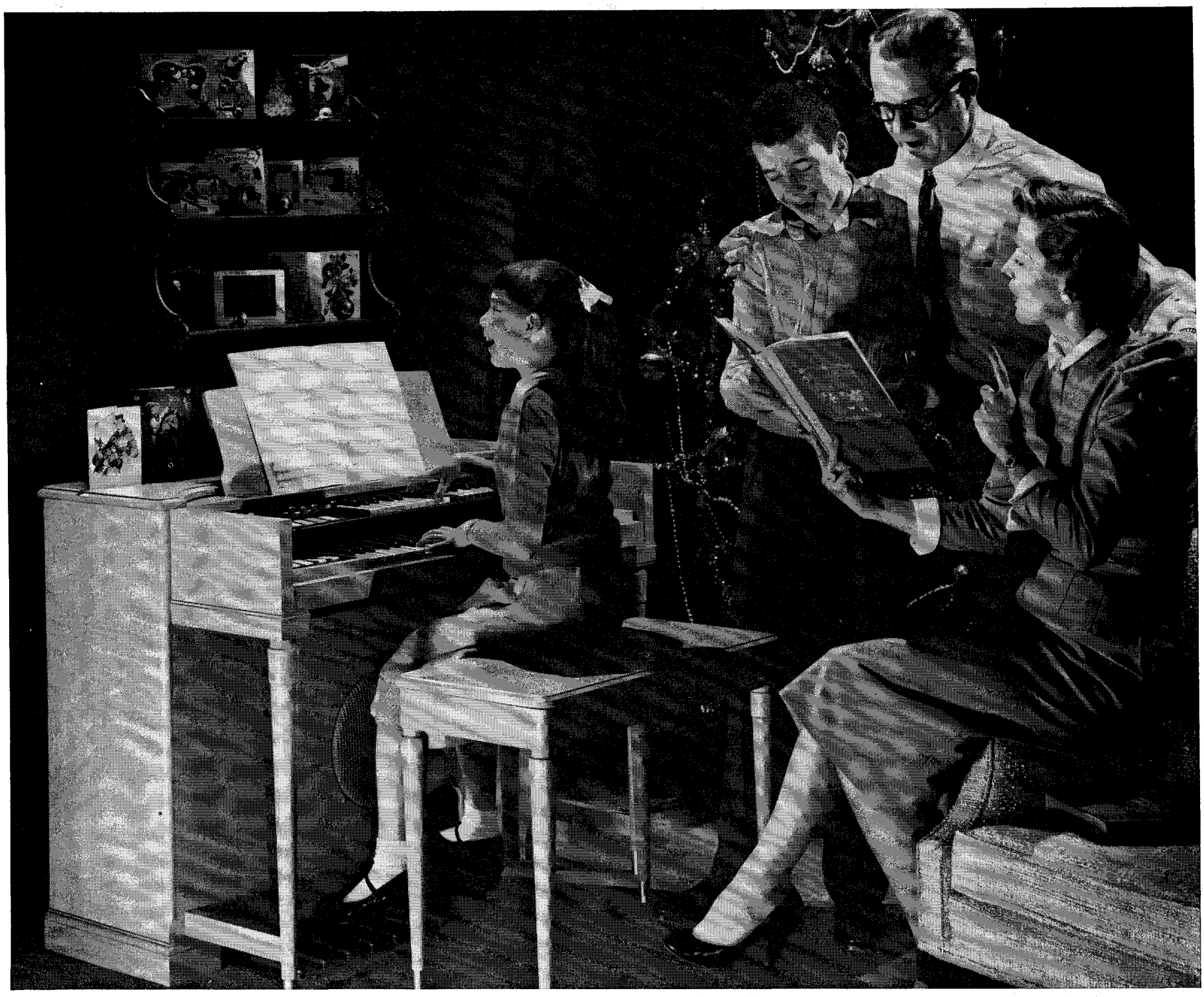

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(*Continued from Page 114*) whatever way they say it should." He paused.

"Fire-an'-brimstone man," the doctor murmured, "when he gets started." There was no answer. He looked at Sue. She was oblivious.

"Last night," John said, "in accordance with the law, I prepared the bills for the dog-license fees. I placed them, sealed and properly stamped, in the collection box of the post office—that is to say, in the hands of the United States Government. I am told now that they were not mailed out, and will not be mailed out, because the postmaster, a Federal officer, has been instructed to hold them up." He paused, and turned to face Cyrus, and his voice was a trumpet, clear and loud. "By what right?"

"Why," Cyrus said, a trifle off balance, "no need to be hasty."

"Refusal to accept legitimate mail," John said, "is a Federal offense." He was not at all sure that it was, but he would have been willing to make a small wager that Cyrus didn't know either. Or Arch Bonner, the postmaster. He searched the audience again, located Arch Bonner's face, and again he leveled the forefinger. Bonner flinched perceptibly. "Were you aware of that?" John demanded.

Bonner cleared his throat. "I—uh——" He looked helplessly at Cyrus.

Sue watched, oblivious of everything else. Strange thoughts were turning over in her mind—horse pistols and tubercular cows, and the like.

Cyrus said, "Sort of making a mountain out of a molehill, aren't you, son?" The comfortable ease had slipped a little.

"Am I?" John roared, and now the full force of his fury came out, plain for all to see, to hear. He had not intended this, he told himself; emotion had no place in administration. But a small redhead and a long-legged adolescent had stood up in meeting and spoken their pieces, for him—no, not for him, for what they thought was right. And he could do no less than support them. "A nice little town, you told me. Is it? Because you have it in your pocket? Is that it?" He paused. "I can stay, that was what you as much as said, if I lie down and roll over and wave my paws in the air." He paused again. "I won't." And he turned to the audience once more, stood there for a moment in silence, looking at them, seeing them as he had not seen them before—no longer merely faces, names, but people, kin, like himself. It was a new and disturbing concept. He said to them all, and his voice now was quiet, "It's your choice. It's not theirs. It's your town. I'll wait outside while you decide."

He leaned against the fire truck in the darkness, and breathed the cool night air. It *was* a nice little town—diner, drug store, rooming house, tax ratables, dog census, and all. He had not thought of it this way before; he had been a lonely man living a life of loneliness, a stranger in a strange land. Suddenly, and inexplicably, this had changed.

He was no longer angry; the anger had burned itself out. He was, now, merely regretful. Right was right was right—but there was more to it than that; and this was something else he had learned on this evening. "You don't poke your finger in your neighbor's eye," Cyrus had said; you don't beat your neighbor over the head with a club. You find other, more palatable ways to lead him. In a way, Cyrus had been right, and he had been wrong, he told himself. He would remember the lesson. He doubted that he would have a chance to put the new knowledge into practice here, where he wanted to stay.

He heard footsteps. They came from the firehouse—the sound of stout, sensible work shoes treading on the blacktop. Sue's hands were deep in her dungaree pockets, and her voice, in the darkness, was small. "You laid it on the line, didn't you? Take it, or leave it, just like that."

"It was a mistake," John said. "I was wrong."

There was silence. *He does learn,* Sue thought; *even that.* She said, "My grandfather used to swing for the fences too." She paused. "It's a good way—if you don't let it get out of hand."

"I will remember that," John said.

"He's telling them about it now. You sort of fired him up, and he's on his hind legs talking about some cows and a horse pistol." There was pride underlying her words. "Shouldn't wonder if it has an effect." And then, unexpectedly, "Quite a person, Luther."

John drew a deep breath. "So," he said, "are you."

She had a small smile, concealed in the darkness. She looked up at his tall silhouette. "That makes it unanimous," she said, and that was all. They waited, silent, together.

It was Cyrus who came, bearing news. "Sort of misfigured you, son." There was no resentment in his voice, only resignation. "Just as well, maybe. Town tends to get sort of ingrown, needs new blood." He paused. "Better come in an' collect your dog fees. Folks seem in a mood to pay." He paused again. "Sort of in a mood myself." He turned back into the firehouse.

John hesitated. "I——" he began, and there he stopped. He searched for and found no more words.

"Go on," Sue said. "You heard what the man said."

John nodded slowly, and the humble feeling was on him again. "I will be back."

"I'll wait," Sue said. She propped herself against the fire truck, content.

THE END

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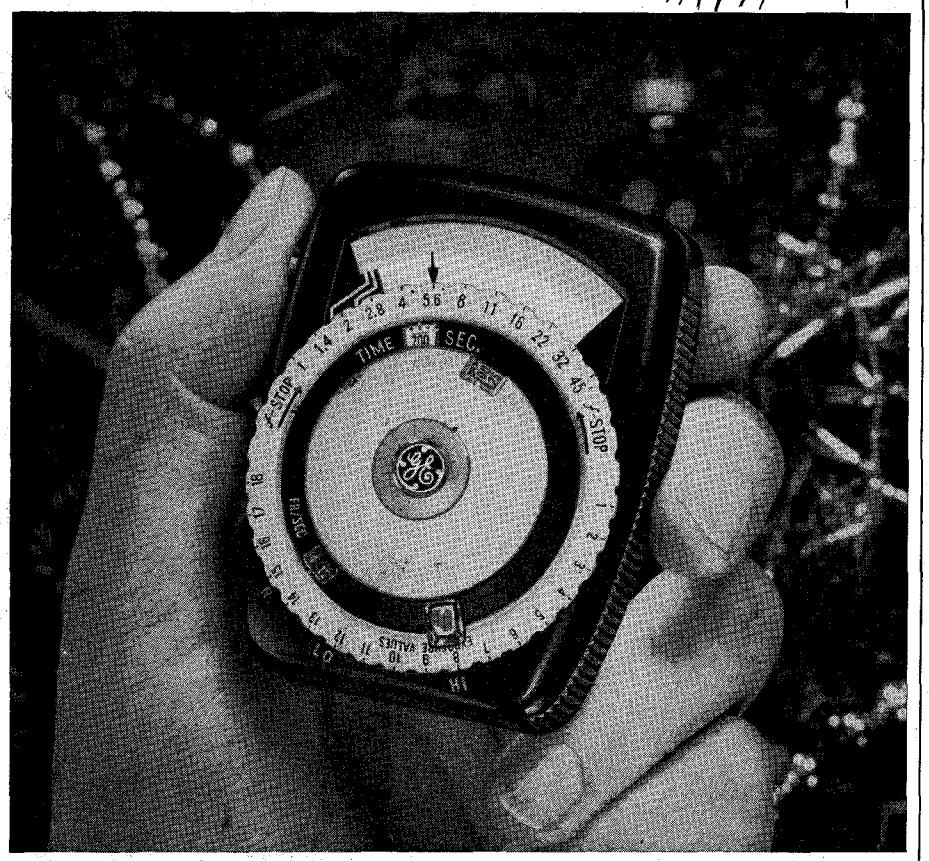

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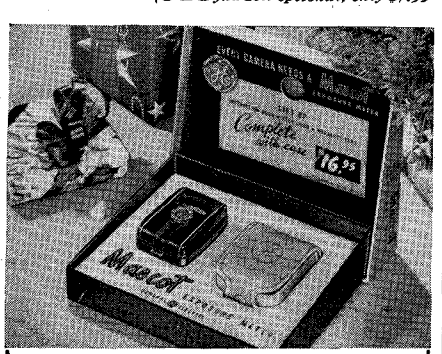

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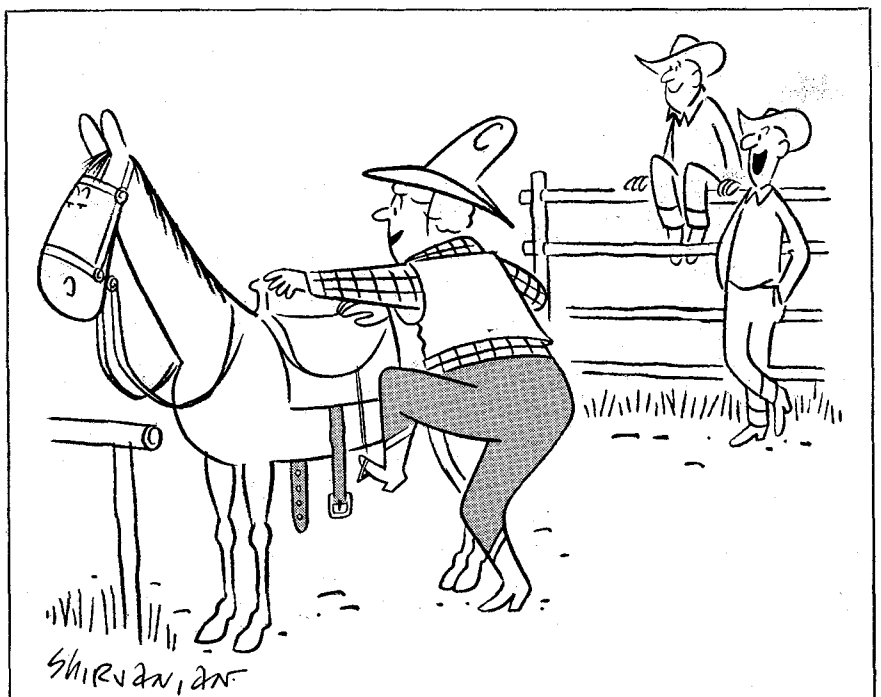


"This ought to be worth watching."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Soviet Will Never Recover

(Continued from Page 33)

liberties and personal freedom. Therefore, if the Russian leaders granted these peoples their accustomed liberties and standard of life, they were granting them more than they dared grant to the people of Russia. But if they did the opposite, this was not good enough for the peoples of Eastern Europe. This has been one basic reason for the Russian failures in this region—both the failures in Czarist times and this great setback the Kremlin has now met with.

That is the first cause. As to the second cause, you may think me naïve, but I believe that the second cause is the plain fact that the Soviet communist system is deeply wrong—wrong about human nature, wrong about how the world really works, wrong about the importance of moral forces, wrong in its whole outlook. For this reason I have always doubted whether the Soviet system would ultimately survive in full totalitarian form even in Russia itself, where it has so obstinately survived until now. And I think that this thesis of mine has been proved in these vast and stirring developments in Poland and Hungary and throughout Eastern Europe.

There's one other practical factor that should also be noted. Because of their subjection to the Soviet Union, these great erstwhile food-producing areas of Eastern Europe today face serious food deficits. This is a shameful fact. And I note that in Poland and Hungary, where the trouble burst forth, an hour's hard work is reported to buy even less bread than in the other Eastern European countries.

But, of course, the chief reasons why the trouble has come just now, at this particular moment, lie in the death of Stalin and the things that have happened since Stalin's death.

ALSOP: But I also gather you think there would have been a blowup sometime, even if Stalin's successors had maintained a fully Stalinist system?

KENNAN: If his successors had maintained a fully Stalinist system, I still think this would have broken down in Eastern Europe eventually, because it was contrary to human nature. But it was certainly the death of Stalin and the change in spirit and method on the part of his successors that produced the great changes at this juncture.

ALSOP: In that connection, one of the things that have most interested me is the strong surge of patriotism and even of anti-Soviet feeling that appears to have occurred within the ranks of the official Communist parties in Eastern Europe. That seems to confirm your thesis too.

KENNAN: On that point, Joe, we must be careful not to be confused. Two separate and distinct processes are involved in the recent great events. One of these processes we might describe as the fight for national freedom, for freedom from Soviet control. In this native fight communists have joined enthusiastically. The other process we might describe as the fight for personal freedom, for personal liberties, for constitutional guaranties of representative government and of civil rights. This process is anticommunist; it comes from the mass of the people, and most communists oppose it in part at least—even the communists who want freedom from Kremlin domination. These two struggles should not be confused; they do not necessarily always go together.

ALSOP: Yet in Poland, for instance, hasn't Gomulka already gone very far in the promises that he has made to his people? He's promised a return to peasant agriculture, restoration of free speech and discussion, and even some freedom in the forthcoming election. And isn't this, in a sense, a rather slippery slope for Gomulka?

KENNAN: He will run risks, certainly, if he grants too much personal freedom. Yet Gomulka has another important factor on his side. At the end of the last war, Poland was literally moved several hundred miles to the west. Thus Poland's new western borders are not going to be readily acceptable to the German people. They cut very far into what has traditionally been purely German territory. Unless some means can be found to settle this difference between the Germans and the Poles over the western borders, it seems to me that the Poles are always going to be dependent to some extent on the Russians for the guaranty of their present frontiers. That means they must think a long time before installing an actively anticommunist government, which is the alternative to Gomulka. In considering the future of these governments in Eastern Europe, in short, each must be treated as a special case. Each will be influenced, in the way all nations are influenced, by its own national situation. All the same, I don't think it impossible that the Communist parties of Eastern Europe, and outstandingly the Polish party, may really someday move in the direction of real democracy.

ALSOP: But do you think the Kremlin can grant substantive national independence to one or two or three of its satellites without, in the end, being forced to release all Eastern Europe from its grip?

KENNAN: As I see it, the events our people have been following with such desperate attention mark a perhaps decisive historic turning point. Their consequences will be profound, and they will affect practically every portion of the world which is today subjected to Soviet power or exposed to Soviet influence. In particular, to answer your question, I think that the recent developments in Poland and Hungary are bound, sooner or later—and I don't predict the timing—to mark the end of Moscow's abnormal power and domination throughout all of Eastern Europe. The same fundamental forces are plainly at work throughout the whole area.

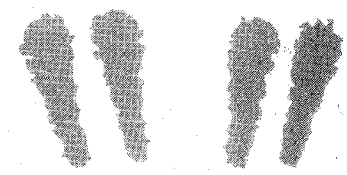
ALSOP: But will the people in the Kremlin really permit this kind of enormous breakaway from their authority without using force on the largest scale? After all, they've already used their tanks against the unarmed Hungarian workers!

KENNAN: Well, there are undoubtedly some leaders in Moscow who long to use the entire power of the Red Army, if need be, in order to crush this drive for independence everywhere. But there are two excellent reasons why I think they are unlikely to do this. First, they cannot easily restore Stalinist repression in the satellites without restoring it in Russia. Second, the physical problem has become almost insoluble for them. The satellite armies and police have been shown to be unreliable. They have, in fact, joined the patriots in a good many cases. So what are the Soviets to do—place a tank in every street in every satellite country? That was the difficulty, as I believe, that saved Tito from attack by the Red Army when he proclaimed his independence. You can be sure Stalin would have liked to drink Tito's blood. But Stalin also had enough prudence to see that there was no Yugoslav whom he could depend upon to help him rule Yugoslavia. And he did not want to place a Soviet tank in every street in Belgrade and Zagreb.

ALSOP: But do you positively rule out a resort to brute force by the Kremlin?

KENNAN: Certainly not. Obviously, the Soviet leaders may be goaded into extreme measures by unwise Western action, maybe even by unwise Western gloating. More important still, they may be goaded by the threat that in Eastern Europe they will not just have independent governments allied to Russia, but instead will get actively anti-Soviet and anticommunist governments. For this reason, I think that in this Eastern European area they'll also go to great lengths to avoid withdrawing their occupying forces altogether. This is a tricky business, and it can take any sort of turn between this moment, when we sit talking here, and that moment in the future when our words will be printed. But on the whole, barring tragic accidents, I don't think extreme measures will be used by the Kremlin throughout the whole area. Hungary is, of course, still the great question mark as we talk today.

ALSOP: Well then, George, let us return to the tremendous process at work in the satellite states. You said just now that the same fundamental forces were at work throughout the whole area of Eastern Europe which is the Soviet Union's



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primary buffer area. But how do you analyze these forces? Take the youth, all of whom were supposed to be devoutly indoctrinated communists, until these same young people appeared in the forefront of the patriot bands. How do you explain this seeming contradiction?

KENNAN: Of course some of the young people were communist-indoctrinated, and perhaps, before Stalin died, some of these indoctrinated young people were the toughest and most ambitious of the youth. They were fascinated and intoxicated by the gigantic, seemingly monolithic false front of Stalinist Russia's power. But these, I am sure, were always a small minority. Young people, after all, have to live and to enjoy life, to do the things that other young people do. The communists monopolized all the organizational frameworks in which the life of youth could take place. And if, let us say, young people wanted to march and sing, or take an excursion into the country, or go on a camping trip, the only way they could march and sing or do these other things was in a communist organization. But that did not alter their inner feelings about communism. In general, I think that in the satellite countries not more than five per cent of the people were ever on the side of Russian rule, and that includes the youth.

ALSOP: What do you feel about the reports that we have so often heard about the really volcanic effect on the youth and the workers' groups, on the communist party rank and file, and even on the hard core, of the circulation of Khrushchev's famous speech denouncing Stalin?

KENNAN: That was surely of great significance. Like the youth leaders I mentioned, many other hard-core communists really believed in Stalinism prior to the circulation of Khrushchev's speech. They believed in Stalinism in a rather determined, bitter, pragmatic way. Their discipline was so great, their communist training so impressive, that their attitude of belief at least intimidated and impressed those others who did not believe. But the true believers were just the ones who were hardest hit by Khrushchev's speech on Stalin. Here was confirmation of what other people had been trying to tell them for twenty to thirty years—namely, that the communist movement in Russia had been captured by a single man; that it had been most cynically and terribly used to serve his ambitions and his fears and his sense of guilt. And as soon as they saw this, I think these believing Eastern European communists succumbed to great and growing despair and confusion and uncertainty, and this could not fail to communicate itself to people around them.

ALSOP: And this started the ferment?

KENNAN: Yes, one must remember that in none of these Eastern European countries was Russian rule at all welcome or at all easy to take. These are all proud peoples. They all are conscious of the ability to govern themselves if they are let alone. They feel—even most of those who are communists have always felt—that they ought to be free of the humiliating domination by Moscow.

ALSOP: That leads to another question that has been puzzling me. Do you think the Soviet leaders were at all prepared for what has now happened? I've been amazed by all the hasty journeys by top members of the Soviet presidium—like Suslov's and Mikoyan's successive trips to Budapest; first to save Rakosi; then, when that failed, to install Geroe; and then, when Geroe fell, to give their blessing to Nagy. And surely that last-minute trip of Khrushchev, Molotov and the others to Warsaw, taking with them nothing but the most empty threats, looked like a desperate improvisation?

KENNAN: Certainly there was some miscalculation on the part of the present Soviet leaders. It looks as though they had not understood at all how unpopular Russian rule was in Eastern Europe, how miserable people were, how deep was the bitterness and the desire for independence. They thought after Stalin died that all they had to do was relax this pressure a little bit and people would be happy and grateful, and all would be well. They never realized how terribly tightly the spring had been compressed and what impetus it would get if you loosened it a bit. You can see in the record of these past three years the gradual stages of their awakening to this. Sometimes, they have relaxed and then, in a rather panicky way, have tried to tighten up again. You remember that Nagy was in power once before in Hungary, but, for some reason or other, he must have frightened them. They must have felt that Nagy was going too far—so they put Rakosi back in. And that didn't work either. One might almost say about the question you asked me a few moments ago—whether they could reimpose Stalinism—that this has already been tried and has failed.

ALSOP: Putting Rakosi back didn't work, as I understand it, largely because his own Hungarian communist leadership turned against him. But how do these communists just under the top—these people who are influential enough to make trouble—suddenly get the idea that Rakosi ought to go, for instance, and that someone else should come in who has been in prison or in exile?

KENNAN: Well, first of all, there must have been grave pressures on the economic front; certainly there is great distress of mind among these communists about the failure to meet the economic plans. In a simple, practical way, that failure raises difficult questions of responsibility among them as to who is at fault. Then, too, economic failure promotes another phenomenon which bothers the communist leaders a great deal, and that is lack of political enthusiasm. They don't like the feeling that they don't really command the hearts of the people. Now you can say, why do they worry about this, being as ruthless as they no doubt are? Well, for instance, there are very practical reasons why they should worry about the new generation of the youth growing up in opposition to the regime. After all, the youth must provide the needed new recruits for the governmental bureaucracy, the Communist Party, the secret police. The communist leaders don't dare to recruit people who are unreliable.

ALSOP: You mean they cannot make the system work if their recruits are limited to the time servers, the prostitutes and the blockheads?

KENNAN: Very well put. And it goes further than that. Even the tough, able, convinced, senior communists begin to lose their prestige with the population. And soon you get a situation where the communists who are stationed in a small town or village, or even in a fair-sized city, find themselves very lonely because they are up against a sort of unspoken conspiracy involving everyone else.

ALSOP: In effect, they are put into Coventry.

KENNAN: They are put into Coventry, and yet no one does anything for which he can really be easily punished. It is simply that the collective farm doesn't work, the grain doesn't come onto the market, the production of the factory isn't very good and young people hang back, they show no desire to take positions of responsibility in the communist youth movement and the Communist Party. And this goes from bad to worse, until even the hard-core believers get worried and begin to argue about what could be done about it. Then they look across the border at Tito and they begin to say, "Well, what we should do is to get Rakosi out of here. He's an old Stalinist; he's more beholden to the Russians than he is to the Hungarian people; and the people know it. Let's get someone who really cares about Hungary, at any rate, at the top of the party. Then we may have some enthusiasm, some confidence and some production again."

ALSOP: What's so striking, George, is that everything that you have been saying about the causes of the events in Hungary and Poland would seem to me to apply with equal force in all the other satellites. But how about the effect of this kind of development in Eastern Europe on the Communist parties in the rest of the world?

KENNAN: Well, I think regardless of the way the dust finally settles, the things that have happened in Poland and the disorders that have broken out in Hungary—this whole sequence of events—really spells the end of what one might still call the Third International. The monopolistic position of Russia, of Moscow, as the single center of inspiration and discipline for the communist movement had already been badly shaken even before the recent great events. Now an enormous impetus has been given to the disintegration of Moscow's authority. In fact, I would hazard the guess that Moscow's position of ascendancy is already at an end. After this, there will be no central communist leadership—not only for ideology but also for world policy.

ALSOP: This end of Moscow's position as the communist Vatican is certainly an enormous change, which is bound to have enormous consequences. But, George, we still haven't tackled the most interesting problem that is raised by the satellite ferment. What do you think will be the effects within Russia?

KENNAN: One must always be cautious in these matters, but if past history of the Russian communist movement is any guide, I should think that someone would have to suffer for this really striking Soviet reverse.

ALSOP: Who do you think that would be?

KENNAN: It's necessarily only a guess, but I would think that the person who would be most blamed for all this would be Khrushchev. I shall be surprised if this crisis does not end by affecting his position in the Communist Party. Of course, all the members of the Soviet presidium today share the guilt for the state of affairs in Eastern Europe. The old Stalinists share it outstandingly, because it was Stalin's regime which produced these impossible conditions and made some such reaction as has now occurred quite inevitable in the long run. But Khrushchev and the others must share it, too, because they have sponsored the relaxations of recent years, and these relaxations have helped to release disorder at this particular juncture. And probably Khrushchev and Bulganin and the rest will bear the immediate brunt.

ALSOP: You haven't left many of the Soviet political leaders much of a leg to stand on. I know you think the Red Army's power has greatly increased since Stalin died. Do you think Marshal Zhukov will be the beneficiary if Khrushchev loses his top place?

KENNAN: It is very dangerous to speculate on these things, on the basis of what we know today. We know that the army leaders were extremely miserable under Stalin's rule, that Stalin treated them very badly, and Zhukov, in particular. We know that (*Continued on Page 120*)

"It was the first time in the history of the precinct that the lie-detector went 'boin-n-ng.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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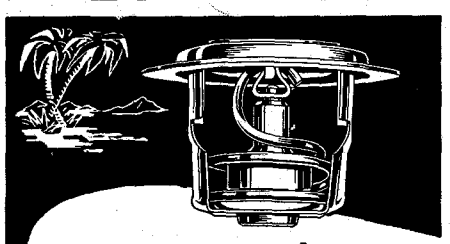

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(*Continued from Page 118*) Stalin humiliated them, gave them no credit for the very genuine military achievements which they had registered during World War II, and in general made them feel discontented and frustrated. It's quite evident, too, that the position of the army has become much more important since Stalin's death, not only because of the fact that he is gone but because of the relative change in the position of the Soviet secret police. Stalin really ruled the country through the secret police. Now that the secret police have been hamstrung, the position of the army has become relatively much more important, simply because every dictatorial regime has to have some armed sanction for its power. Today that sanction is provided by the army in the Soviet Union.

ALSOP: And, as I understand it, you also feel that Zhukov, the key man in the army, dislikes both Malenkov and Khrushchev.

KENNAN: I have no idea about his personal feelings, of course. But I do have the impression that he is not politically particularly close to Khrushchev, and I would think it's even less likely that he's close to Malenkov.

ALSOP: Malenkov having been Stalin's chief henchman at the time that Zhukov was humiliated?

KENNAN: That's correct. And therefore I'm inclined—and again this is only a guess—to think that the army's influence will not be fully identified with either of the existing factions in the leadership. Yet I don't think, either, that the army as an institution will attempt to take overt political responsibility. Finally, we must remember that almost all the existing Soviet leaders have been on the job for a very long time. There must someday be a breakthrough of younger forces, younger personalities. It must indeed be rather near at hand. And that is what I really look for. Yet I can't possibly tell exactly what these new personalities will be like, if they, in fact, emerge at all in the near future.

ALSOP: We have no idea who they are, have we?

KENNAN: Scarcely any. Yet strong personalities, natural future leaders, must exist in ample numbers in the ranks of the party, the bureaucracy and the new industrial management.

ALSOP: But what will these new leaders mean, if they emerge? In brief, do you think that the events in Eastern Europe will have a shaking effect on Russia's internal situation? Or to put it even more extremely, do you think the character of the Soviet Government may change?

KENNAN: I think the internal character of the Russian Government has already been altered by the end of Stalinism and by the greater dependence of the present leaders as a group on certain important elements in Soviet society.

ALSOP: You mean they now have to have a kind of popular support?

KENNAN: They have to have a kind of popular support—not a support by the broad masses of the people, but by groups like the army, the party bureaucracy, the industrial managers and the intelligentsia. Now all these groups are bound to have their ideas affected by the blowup in Eastern Europe. The writers and artists and professors and other intellectuals will be the hardest hit by it, because by my observation these people have managed to retain, even through the Stalin era, a certain sort of underlying idealism and self-respect and hope that Russia would prove to be a good force and not a bad force in the world affairs. They've already suffered great discouragements, and this is going to be another terrible discouragement for them, just when hope was dawning again. Then, too, the effect on Russian student

"Well, it's a living."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

youth is going to be very great. Altogether, I wouldn't preclude the possibility that you might even get repercussions within Russia.

ALSOP: You mean actual disaffection in the near future?

KENNAN: Well, I used the word repercussions. I cannot tell what form they will take. But I am sure events such as those we have witnessed in Hungary in these past days are bound to have an unsettling effect on many people in these influential Soviet groups. In this sense, you might use the term disaffection.

ALSOP: But, if you believe there is a serious possibility—even a slim possibility—of this kind of thing in Russia, why, then, do you think that a return to Stalinism is so improbable? I should have thought the least hint of internal disaffection would have triggered a new ruthlessness in Moscow.

KENNAN: But there are two difficulties about a return to Stalinism. First, one person would have to be acknowledged as the new Stalin, and second, this man would need to have the qualities that Stalin had. Neither of those difficulties can be easily overcome today. Most of the present Soviet leaders, if they are agreed on any one thing, are agreed that they do not want a repetition of the conditions they knew under Stalin. Molotov, who had a curious doglike loyalty to his old chief and seems to have admired his ways, is a probable exception. They wanted the post-Stalin relaxation even before Stalin's death. It is not something that they were pushed into. They wanted the relaxation for very personal reasons, among other reasons because they were in some ways the chief sufferers under Stalin. They were the ones whose comfort, peace of mind and security were most endangered by Stalin's terrible way of running the country. So they will hardly agree on choosing a new Stalin. Furthermore, whom could they choose? In my judgment, none of them is capable of running Russia the way Stalin did. He was a man of unique gifts and of unique evil. It took this combination to run any country the terrible way Stalin ran Russia. No, the last thing the present leaders want is the return of the nightmare of the last years of Stalin.

ALSOP: We are already beginning to hear claims that our American efforts have had much responsibility for the great change in Eastern Europe. If the consequences in the Soviet Union are as you say, the claims will be even louder. What do you think of them?

KENNAN: If you are talking about direct efforts on our part—if you mean this was the result of something we were doing—then the best answer I can make is to tell you the Russian fable about the fly that rode all day on the nose of the ox. When the work in the fields was over and the ox returned to the village in the evening, the fly saluted the villagers with great pride and said to them, "We've been plowing." But if you mean that the example of free life in America and elsewhere was an important inspiration to the Hungarians, then I can go along completely. It seems to me that the kind of claim you repeated diminishes and tarnishes the grandeur of these events. And these events do have grandeur, very great grandeur, because they are visible proof that certain principles, certain moral principles, really must be observed in the long run in the successful government of great peoples. These events prove that if those principles are consistently violated over a long period of time, this violation avenges itself. It inevitably produces trouble and disorder and even greater violence and bloodshed and tragedy. The Soviet Government has ignored these principles, has denied these principles, for a very long time indeed; and they are getting the results of that in Eastern Europe today. After long years of patient suffering, the peoples of the satellites are reacting, very valiantly reacting, against the treatment they have been subjected to.

ALSOP: In short, you're arguing, George, that evil in government brings its own reward.

KENNAN: It brings its own reward. This is my deepest belief. There are great truths in this world about human nature that have to be observed if government is going to be successful. We in America did not create those truths. I only think we were informed of some of them by the founding fathers of our country and, to some extent, we have remembered them. And to the extent that we stick with them ourselves and have confidence in them, we shall at least have a great power of example. Let us not inflate our claim beyond that point. If, as I had long and desperately hoped, greater freedom is coming to Eastern Europe, it is coming be-

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cause there are, after all, healthy forces in all peoples, and those forces are now asserting themselves. We didn't create those forces. They were there. God created them, in my opinion.

ALSOP: But what about the operation of these great truths, these profound principles of yours, in the Soviet Union itself?

KENNAN: You mean, why have they not seemed to operate thus far? The answer to that, I think, is not the efficiency of the Soviet system, but the previous poverty and ignorance of large portions of the Russian people. History teaches us that when peoples are very poor and very ignorant, they may be subjected for very long periods of time to the most ruthless despotism. It is only when they begin to sense the possibility of better and higher things that they begin to demand better and higher things. And it is precisely because Russia has undoubtedly made great progress in many spheres, because Russia has raised the level of the people's life in fact, that conditions have now been created in which it's going to be remarkably difficult to rule the Russian people ever again as Joe Stalin ruled them.

ALSOP: What would you say were the most important of these new conditions—the spread of education, for example?

KENNAN: I think I would. They cannot avoid educating their people, otherwise they cannot have a good managerial class or even a good industrial-foreman class. But such people must have self-respect. They must have hope. They cannot be indefinitely submitted to cruel humiliations.

ALSOP: And that means you can't have Stalin's kind of totalitarian rule without as a minimum risking the loss of everything that has been gained in Russia?

KENNAN: It means that, and more than that. The present leaders of the Soviet Union are now caught in perhaps their deepest dilemma. This dilemma lies in the growing disparity between the reality of the governmental pattern they have inherited from Stalin and Lenin, and the reality of the Russia in which they live today, the more educated, more literate and more highly organized Russia that they have created by their industrialization. Between these two realities, something is going to have to give somewhere. The Russian rulers are going to have to recognize—and recognize at home—certain of these basic truths about human nature which have been so nobly demonstrated in Eastern Europe. When that time will come or how it will come, I don't know.

ALSOP: But you feel sure it will come.

KENNAN: Yes, I feel sure it will come. You may ask whether it will mean the breakup of the present communist leadership. Again, I don't know. I have said on other occasions that freedom might come to Russia by erosion from despotism rather than by the violent upthrust of liberty. When you get very serious disagreements in a society such as the communist society in Russia today, they can, of course, always be composed by a regrouping of forces among the top, the most influential people; and in such a regrouping popular aspirations may well find their reflection. But if these divisions are not so composed, they can quite suddenly and unpredictably lead to the most staggering internal difficulties and weaknesses. That has not happened in Russia so far, but it is a possibility that should not be excluded. What we have seen in Hungary and in Poland in these recent days, could conceivably be the beginning of a disintegration which will carry deep into Russia itself. It could be the prelude to a great convulsion in the whole Soviet communist system. Or perhaps it may be the prelude of bad trouble in special areas, like the former Baltic states and the Ukraine. We must wait and see.

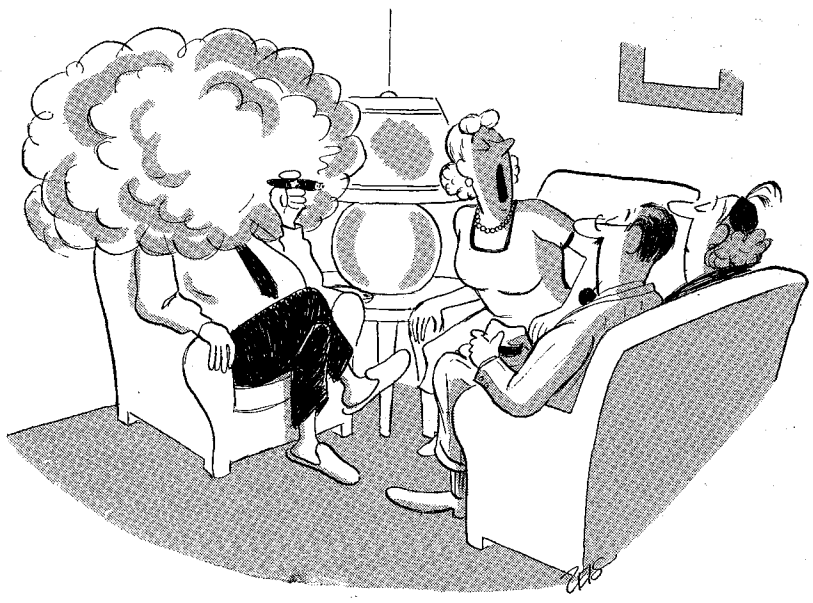
ALSOP: Yet, on the whole, you don't think that's really likely at the present time?

KENNAN: I don't think it's likely now, but I think it is going to happen eventually. I have noticed this about my own thoughts and diagnoses of the dynamics of the communist movement in the past. Very often the things that I and others who have lived in Russia have thought would happen, *have* indeed happened in the end. But they have come to pass more slowly than we had anticipated.

ALSOP: Timing is the hardest thing to predict.

KENNAN: Timing is, of course, the hardest thing to predict. But the operation of the great underlying principles of human society is not hard to predict. That is what the Soviet leaders will have to face up to, soon or late. I don't mean for one moment to raise foolish expectations of an easy, automatic solution of the world problem. Until the Soviet Union changes very drastically, we must face and make the necessary effort to deal with the harsh military and political realities of the Soviet Union as it exists today. But we Americans must also learn to base our calculations and hope on the long-term realities of human nature and political behavior, not on the short-term ones. Confidence in these realities and the courage and patience to let them do their work are the things we need.

THE END



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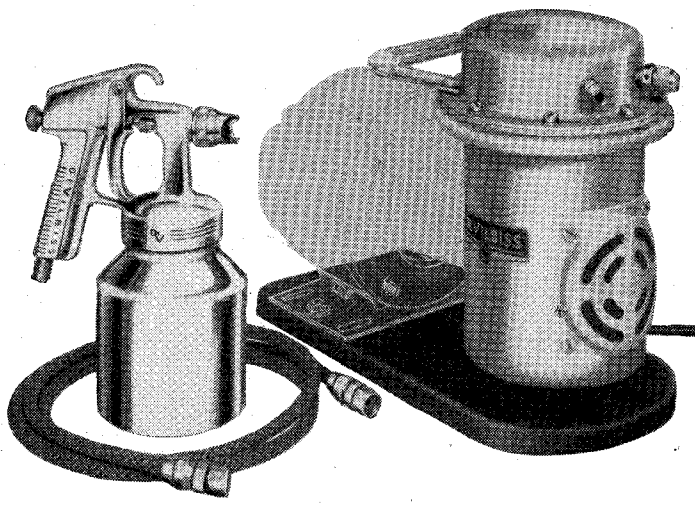

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My Wife Died of Cancer

(Continued from Page 31)

that I have accepted what is probably ahead, I am surprised at what good can come out of this kind of death sentence.

So far, I haven't had unbearable pain. Surgery has been performed with exquisite skill, leaving almost no perceptible scars. The after effect of maximum X ray has been more distressing—similar to a bad burn. But the enjoyment of what I can do is greatly heightened, for naturally I know that I may not be able to do this again.

Perhaps my last spring, for instance. The trees, bushes and grass look greener than ever before. For the first time in my life, I was aware of the bursting forth of life, the beautiful unfolding of Nature from her winter's rest, the infinite variety in shape and form and color of growing things; the simple but eloquent beauty of a single rose, a few bright red tulips dancing gracefully in a gentle garden breeze.

Of course, this is part of the feeling that makes man dare to hope that he goes on from this world to some kind of better existence, but even if that should not be true, my heightened senses give me a feeling of exaltation and peace, and my conscience allows me to enjoy what I can now, shorn of any striving for the future. As the song goes, it is suddenly later than I thought, and so my hopes of trying to justify my existence by some real contribution to the world and perhaps of accomplishing some small measure of good in helping others are now beyond a doubt out of the question. All I can do is enjoy the remaining minutes, the remaining days, and have the courage to bow out with the light touch.

For why should others be made miserable by me? I am not miserable unless I persuade myself into that state of mind. There are hundreds of examples around me every day, in the newspapers, in personal contacts, of those far worse off than I. Man, after all, is his own worst enemy, not death.

I do not believe that this surrender of my life is God's will. I firmly believe that God is Love, God is the good things, the best things in life. Our ills are the result of our own inability to cope with man's frailties. God could cure us, but I believe it must be part of His plan that we learn with His aid to conquer our own frailties. I like to think that someday we may abolish war and that then all man's powers and resources may be directed toward conquering human weaknesses. How wonderful could be the results.

I shall fight for every day of good living, but I find supreme compensation in knowing that I shall escape old age, which, to me, can be almost the most pitiful of all existences if accompanied by the ravages of senility, when one's faculties are gone and one is completely dependent upon those around him for a life which at best reduces itself to simple animal comfort.

Of course, there are people I hate to leave, especially my husband, for we have enjoyed a better than usual partnership and love for a little over twenty-five years. But even in our married life this crisis has brought us closer together, and has heightened and intensified our joy in each other. We have learned to live one day at a time and have been able to count almost every day a golden day. Compensation, again, perhaps, for the shadow beckoning.

Then there are those whose friendship I cherish. Since there are none of my husband's or my family left close to us, I have perhaps leaned harder on friends than I would have otherwise—old friends and new, for we moved two years ago into a strange community. Even friends of a short time have done so many kindnesses for me, have been so understanding and so genuinely interested, and in some cases their own example of courage such an inspiration that it has been a deeply warming experience to know them. Without this crisis I might not in a lifetime have known them so well or discovered their kind hearts.

So I say, the pressure's off. I can be myself with no reservations. I can enjoy to the full each little daily pleasure and kindness, for it doesn't matter now what people may think of me. The only one I need please now is myself and the only standard I need apply to my behavior is that of doing no harm to others, doing what little good I can for them and not imposing an atmosphere of gloom or despair on them. Truly, I feel no such gloom or despair.

Don't waste your sympathy on me. In the last few months I have had wonderful experiences which you may never enjoy. I have had my faith in people, in their innate goodness, tremendously enhanced. I have enjoyed the little things of life more keenly than ever before. I will do everything possible to prolong my life, but I shall not feel cheated when the curtain is pulled down. Life, on the whole, has been very good to me and I hope those left behind will find it even better.

Thus her message ended. She was able to live out her days and reach the end with her spirit of happiness prevailing as she so fervently desired.

I had come to realize, three months before the end and more fully after she was gone, that she was devoting herself mainly to preparing me for life without her—giving me a good send-off—her concern centered upon me, as we had no children.

Her cheerfulness softened my sense of tragedy. Her mind was intensely occupied—her best defense against discomfort. We recognized what was ahead, but simply didn't dwell upon it. Our conversation was of the present and of the past.

Our days were filled. At times I found myself almost breathlessly rushing to bring about little experiences, often mentioned, but never realized. One day we drove to see a commercial orchid grower, who showed us through his greenhouses containing over fifty thousand plants. Later, when he learned that Ruth was in the hospital, he cut all the blossoms of his single specimen of a fragrant, miniature variety and sent them to her. Their fragrance filled her room.

Loss of my occupation early in June was a blessing to me not appreciated at the time, for I didn't suspect how few days of companionship were left.

Toward mid-July, Ruth noticed that her dresses were becoming tight. In a panic of apprehension, I telephoned for an appointment with the internist in Chicago the next day—while Ruth did a washing and had a special friend in for dinner to share a new recipe! You know from her message that she had already accepted this inevitable moment.

The doctor came from the examining room, shaken, to tell me that a terminal condition had developed with appalling rapidity. Now came the last desperate effort to check the disease by a heavy administration of nitrogen mustard, another of the chemicals which had, under experimental conditions, sometimes retarded lymphsarcoma. After a few days' recuperation from the shock of the drug, we returned for ten days at home.

Ruth was able to make those the ten days of life's ultimate fulfillment for me. The crowded chart of a typical twenty-four hours of medication, frequent changes of position, occasional shaky walks about the house and lawn comprised our mutual fight against her pain and discomfort. But it was relieved by frequent intervals when she might say, "I haven't a pain or a care in the world." The stimulus of modern drugs enabled her to awaken from five or six hours of intermittent sleep, completely refreshed.

When friends dropped in at the cocktail hour, she was usually able to join us, and once or twice had them stay for an impromptu supper in our bedroom. She was serenely at peace with God and herself; her perceptions acutely heightened. I gained from our conversations in the quiet hours of night the answer to some of life's riddles, and a better understanding of man's relationship to the Almighty. How often, despite my sense of tragedy during those intensely experienced days and nights, I thought of the line, "One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name."

She began to slip rapidly after a week, and she and I decided upon a return to the hospital. Preparations were made on a bright Sunday morning with grave misgivings on my part about her ability to stand the 125-mile drive. No word of finality was spoken, but she made her uncertain way to her sewing room, to the kitchen, to the French doors overlooking the lawn. I was quite unable to speak, so the dead silence was unbroken as she finished this last look at her home and turned to the front door. There she leaned against the archway and the buried stress of months came out in bitter sobs. In a moment, she regained composure and, after being assisted to the car, was able to speak casually as we drove away.

It was a pleasant drive, with our mutual feeling of finality unexpressed save for a few instructions to me to be carried out at the end. We stopped in a shady spot on a side road, midway, for a dose of codeine, and coffee from the jug. A meadow lark nearby was exchanging calls with its mate in a distant pasture. Ruth commented with amusement on the unmistakable female wiles which she recognized in the more distant bird.

On Tuesday afternoon I drove home on an overnight errand. That evening Ruth telephoned me from her bed to satisfy herself of my safe arrival before succumbing to the effect of a hypodermic. We shared amusement at her thick-tongued effort to converse as the drug took hold.

When I returned to her room the following evening, her strength was ebbing fast. She yearned for the end; expressed heartfelt sympathy for a friend, similarly stricken, whose days had been prolonged. We talked of things suggested by letters she had received that day. One was from friends expressing humble admiration for her spiritual maturity which enabled her to be companionable as well as cheerful and courageous in the face of her troubles; recalled memorable times we had had together over the years, and ended with an expression of love and the hope that she would continue to be sustained. I read it aloud. It was like a benediction.

When I left her, she put her arms around my neck and gave me the first firm kiss since radiation began to affect her mouth in December. "I can kiss good again, can't I?" were her last words to me. The end came with merciful suddenness.

THE END

The Perfect Squelch

Ten-year-old Tommy was having a wonderful time touring a famous seaside cave in a public park under the casual and kindly supervision of his uncle. Then a rather stuffy lady, a self-appointed protector of public property who loved to "don't" children, joined the touring group. Immediately, she warned Tommy: "Little boy, don't pick the seaweed." She followed with countless more: "Don't touch the pretty anemones. Don't take that little crab from its pool. Don't kick stones into the water."

Others in the group, made uncomfortable by her steady nagging, held their breaths as Tommy spotted a shiny stone and put it in his pocket. Sure enough, he was observed. "No, no," the woman said reprovingly. "Put the stone back, little boy. You shouldn't spoil this lovely cave."

"I'm not," Tommy replied with a fed-up look. "I'm making it bigger."

J. Plumb

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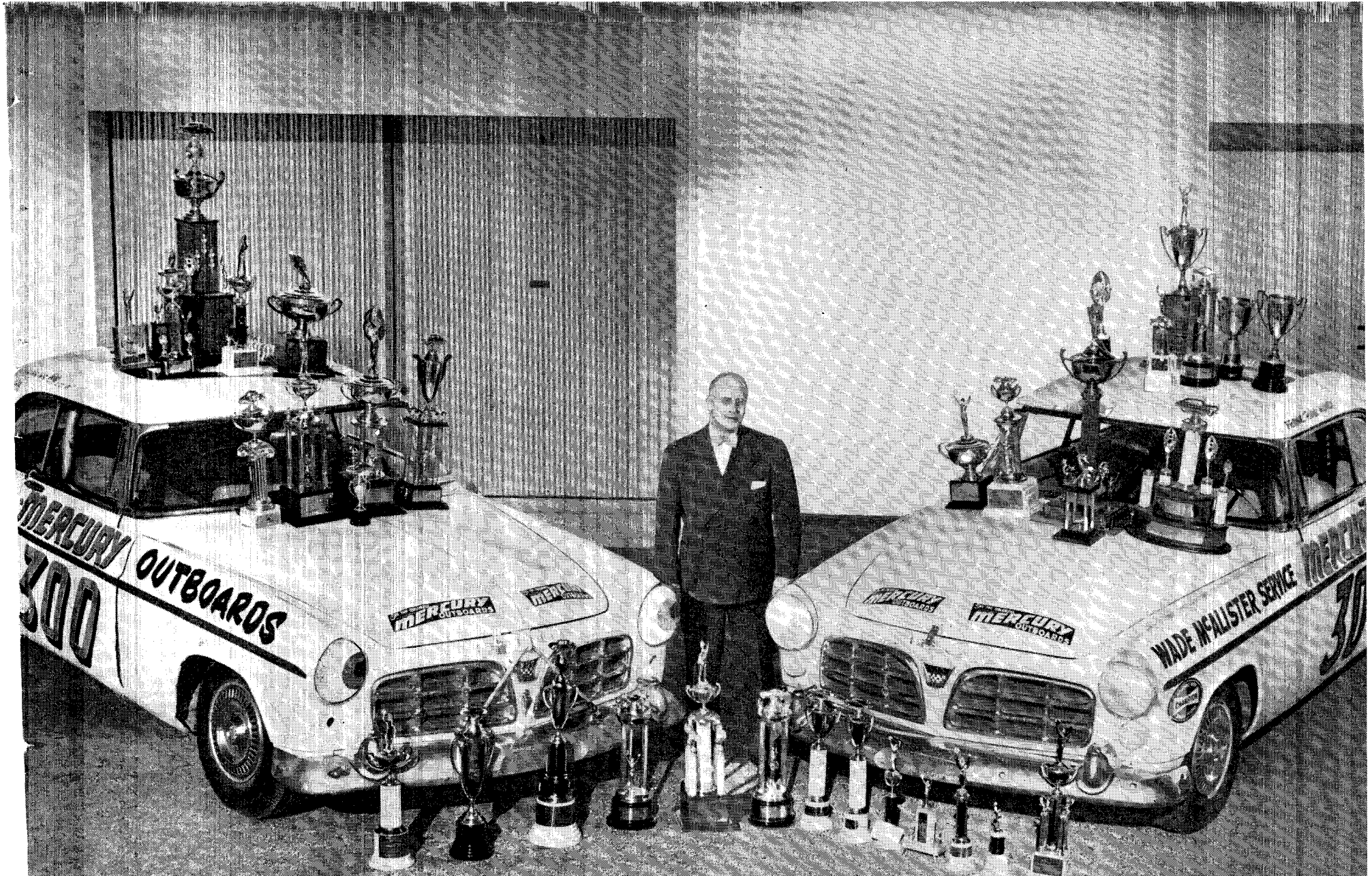

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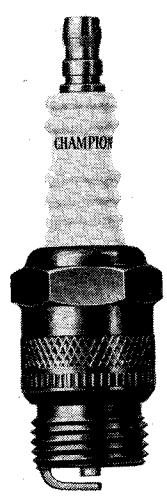

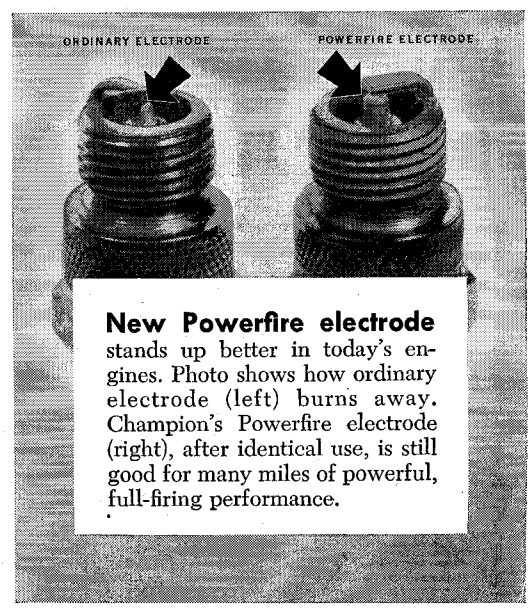

New Powerfire electrode stands up better in today's engines. Photo shows how ordinary electrode (left) burns away. Champion's Powerfire electrode (right), after identical use, is still good for many miles of powerful, full-firing performance.

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Dirty Work at Monte Carlo

(Continued from Page 41)

the faithful as "the Kitchen." One by one, they drifted to the crap table in the back of the room and rather desultorily began betting. By this time Jason Lee and Aggie had been recognized, first by Monsieur Lebroc, the "physiognomist" attendant at the entrance, and second by the croupiers of the dice table. They had spent a week at Monte Carlo earlier in the month, had shot a lot of craps and lost heavily. Or rather, Lee had lost heavily. Aggie of the invisible apron strings had played only with what chips Lee gave him. Now here they were back again, probably trying to recoup. Shaker no one had seen before.

For almost an hour the dice game went along normally, and then, as this form of entertainment can sometimes do, it got markedly warmer. Capering across the felt as Lee threw them, clicking sweetly against the backboard, the little green plastic cubes were beginning to dance, backed by more and more important money. "Six the point, six is the point!" sang the croupier, shooing them back across the felt toward Lee. And then: "Six the winner!" Lee and Company collected their winnings and went down heavily for the next one.

"Coming out, coming out! Eight is the point!" chanted the stickman.

"Eight, dice!" begged Lee. And the dice, as dice should, obeyed.

"Eight! Eight the winner!"

Sensing drama, a crowd began to gather until they were standing two and three deep around the sixteen to eighteen men playing at the big kidney-shaped table. The pile in front of Jason Lee was attaining architectural stature, yet his flat, simian Oriental face never changed expression. Like a sleepy brown monkey, he watched the game, placing his bets and nodding, invariably playing the front of the table marked "Win." Since the top bet allowed at this table is 40,000 francs (about $115), Lee was now distributing chips not only to his boy, Aggie, but to strangers on either side to bet for him, dragging only his winnings and letting his stakes ride at the maximum.

Now Aggie had the dice, a frolicsome pair of bones in those fine, competent hands, and was throwing sixes, an occasional four or eight, then more sixes. For fifteen minutes Aggie worked it up, a series of over twenty consecutive passes.

"That's my boy!" croaked Papa Lee, pulling in one fat pot after another. The crowd at the table was hushed and tense.

"Man!" breathed an American next to Lee. "Don't that boy of yours ever throw nothing but sixes?"

Six after six, and then finally a seven, and the dice passed to a stranger at Aggie's right. But the croupiers had exchanged a glance.

"For the love of heaven, take it easy, son," Lee counseled Aggie quietly, and waited for the dice to come round again.

But at that moment, before the dice could make it home to one of our trio, the croupier raked them in, tucked them away in his dice box and threw in a new pair—this pair red, unworked and distinctly cool. In the general uproar of protest that followed, no one fought the injustice more insistently than Lee, who pelted the croupier with a rain of tips and, that failing, made several loud and invidious comparisons between Monte Carlo usage and that which prevailed on the tables of Las Vegas. But the croupier, seemingly indifferent both to the tips and to the folkways of Las Vegas, stood by his guns and his fresh dice, and the game went on. Disgruntled, Aggie and Shaker left the table, walked out of the Casino and went back to their hotel. After a few minutes and a few more bets, Lee cashed in his considerable stacks of chips and followed them.

During the evening the three conferred behind closed doors, and later that night, Lee, alone, went back to the Casino to prowl the crap table, presumably to see whether the green dice, the docile dice, had by any chance been thrown back in the game. They hadn't. They were by that time sitting on the chief inspector's desk in a back office of the Casino, calipers and scales ready for a thorough examination when the inspector came on duty in the morning.

Nothing had apparently happened, and nothing perhaps would have happened, if Papa Lee had not lost his *sang-froid*. Supposing that the dice on the inspector's desk were not exactly *comme il faut*, no one, without additional evidence, could possibly have known which of eighteen players had palmed them into the game. Moreover, nothing is more conspicuous than an inscrutable Oriental suddenly going scrutable. Like a man lost, Lee rushed back to his hotel, tossed his bags together and moved across to the chic Hotel de Paris, probably hoping thereby to pick up a little additional prestige and also to put three blocks between himself and his low-life friends. The next morning he abruptly switched plans again, repacked his bags and made tracks for Nice, taking Shaker with him and leaving Aggie behind as a decoy, but forgetting in his hurry to bribe the taxi driver to keep his mouth shut. In Monte Carlo practically everybody, in one way or another, works for the Casino, and the first thing the unbribed taxi driver did when he got back was tell the police what a couple of strange birds he'd just rushed out of town. This was the tip-off the police were waiting for.

An experienced cook is one who can operate any kind of can opener.

FLOYD R. MILLER

Meanwhile Lee's obedient decoy had gone dormouse, lay down on the bed to take a nice peaceful nap, and woke to find himself arrested. Questioned, Aggie knew nothing of Lee or Shaker—just passing acquaintances, that's all—and nothing at all about any kind of skin game. Frisked, he was as mystified as the police were over a receipt found in his wallet from T. R. King & Co., of Los Angeles, for $220 worth of loaded dice.

This was already enough for the police to go on. But to fix matters even better, Aggie's taciturn old pal, Shaker, chose just that moment to phone from Nice to tell him to hot-foot it over, he and Lee were waiting for him at the Air France terminal, ready to jump on the first plane that came along. Having tapped that call, the Monégasque police dropped Aggie like a hot brick, handed him his walking papers, and while he packed to get out of town, tipped off the Nice police. Aggie was jaywalked to the border and followed all the way to the air terminal at Nice, where the French cops obligingly arrested all three. When Shaker's baggage was turned upside down, the police found 164 pairs of loaded, mismarked and fixed dice in three paper cartons and two long wool socks. In cash they picked up $5670 from Shaker, and $8400 in traveler's checks from Papa Lee, all of it supposedly won the day before with the custom-tailored dice. Little Aggie was, as usual, flat broke; all he ever had was what Lee doled out to him.

French police reporters covering the arrest were lost in admiration of those 164 pairs of dice—one more example of American manufacturing ingenuity! Many of them lacked a three, or a two, or a five; many were loaded for seven and eleven, some for craps. Their only noticeable flaw was that they were a slightly darker color than the Casino's dice—"sea-green instead of water-green," said the Casino poetically—and it was this, plus Jason Lee's overenthusiastic betting, that had tipped off the croupier. On closer examination, the calipers and scales of Chief Inspector Louis Cérisol had also shown that they were one millimeter too small and two milligrams too heavy.

Now, with three crapshooters in the headlines, the French press had to explain to its readers just what the game of craps was. "A rapid and brutal game in which the disciplined American of today finds release for his native violence and love of risk," explained Paris-Match. "Craps," said Detective solemnly, "is an aristocratic name for la Passe Anglaise, which is forbidden in France, practically unknown in England, and currently played only in the Far East, in Tangier and the U.S.A." But then Detective thought it ought to give its readers an idea of the "singular and mysterious incantation" that accompanies the game, and presented Jason Lee tossing the dice and shouting: "Put your money on the Win line; it won't grow between your fingers! I am so warm I'll need no blanket tonight! Don't let's allow the dice to cool down!" Whereupon, still according to Detective, a croupier was heard to remark: "This client has surely passed by the school of Idaho, which is the state of the U.S.A. where craps is best played. And yet there are sixty-five different fashions back there of playing craps. This boy must know all of them." Detective then made a stab at explaining "*le petit Joe*," "*la petite Phoebé*," and "*Ten-the-Hard*," admitting, however, that this was "a language comprehensible only to the initiates of the game."

In common accord, the French press found "the brain," "the Asiatic, Lee," the most interesting of the three and jumped to the conclusion that it was he who had palmed the loaded dice into the game. But had he? Although it was Lee who stood to profit by it most, it seems to have been Aggie who actually pulled the trick, just as it was Aggie who, financed by Lee, had left Monte Carlo earlier in the month and flown back to Los Angeles to have the improved dice made. Yet even this is hard to determine, given the fluid ease with which all three kept changing their stories. First, of course, they denied all. Lee denied knowing Shaker, Shaker denied knowing Aggie—until the police discovered that they were brothers-in-law—all three denied knowing where those 164 pairs of fake dice had come from. A week later, in return for the Casino's promise to drop its charges, all three signed full confessions. But charges, once preferred, are difficult to withdraw, particularly when an extradition demand has been made, and when the Monaco authorities announced that they would be tried anyway, the three retracted their confessions and started all over.

There is a thrifty old adage in these circles that says that one can take the rap as well as three, and once our trio saw the economy of this maxim, it was only seconds before the faithful Aggie got tapped for the role. Aggie now confessed handsomely and abundantly. It was he who had bought the dice in Los Angeles, as the receipted bill proved; it was he who had slipped a pair into the Casino game; it was he who had cunningly planted the cartons and socks full of dice in his brother-in-law's luggage—all without the two others suspecting a thing. It had been a deplorably underhanded thing to do, and he was sincerely sorry. However, in Las Vegas, Aggie added, you can pull a pair of dice out of a game any time you want to and take them home as souvenirs. All

(*Continued on Page 129*)

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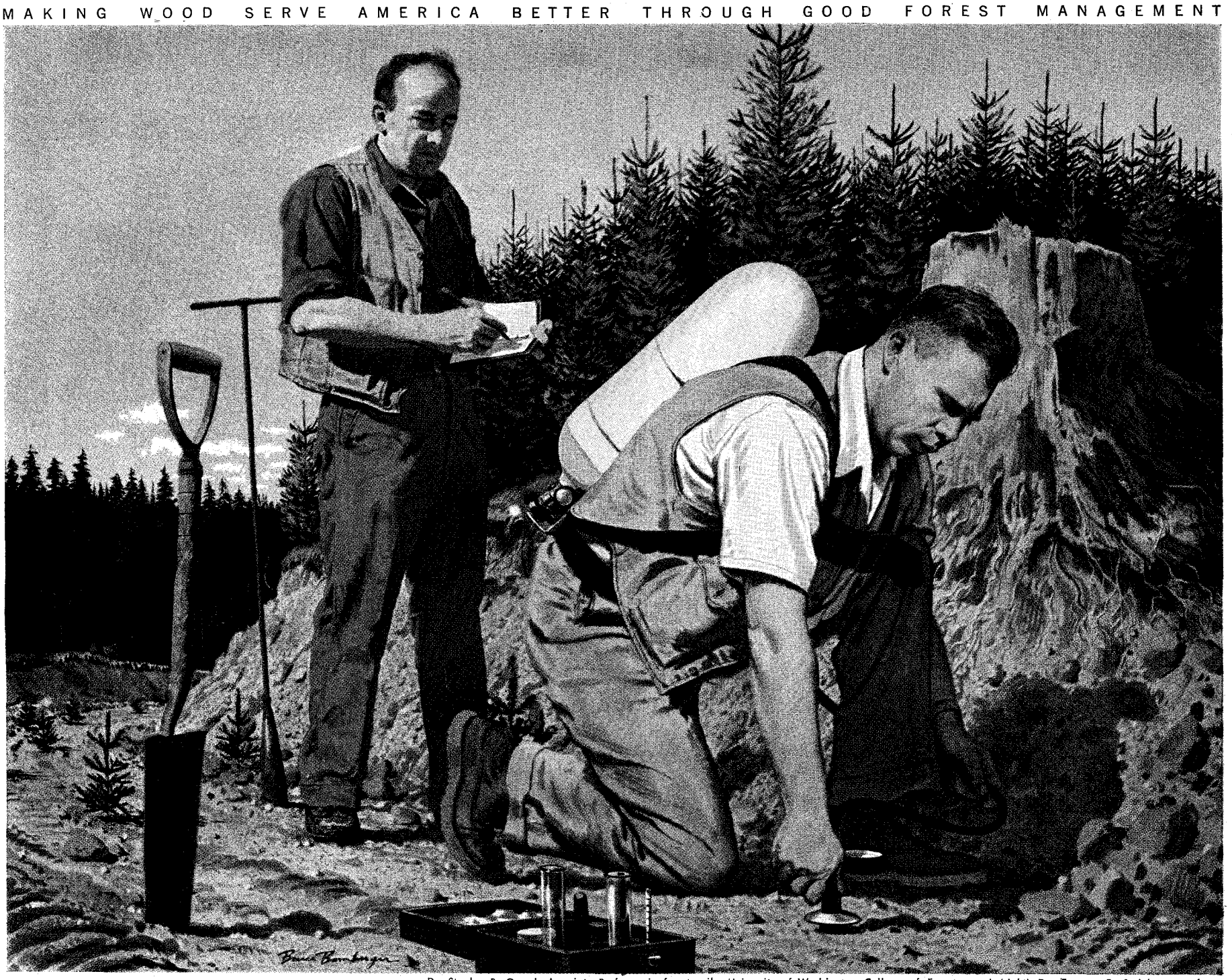

Dr. Stanley P. Gessel, Associate Professor in forest soils, University of Washington College of Forestry and (right) Dr. Eugene C. Steinbrenner, forest soil specialist, Forestry Research Center, Weyerhaeuser Timber Company. Above, they are examining compacted soil to establish its ability to grow new tree crops. Both are engaged in a continuing program of forest soil research intended to improve productivity of Pacific Northwest timberlands.

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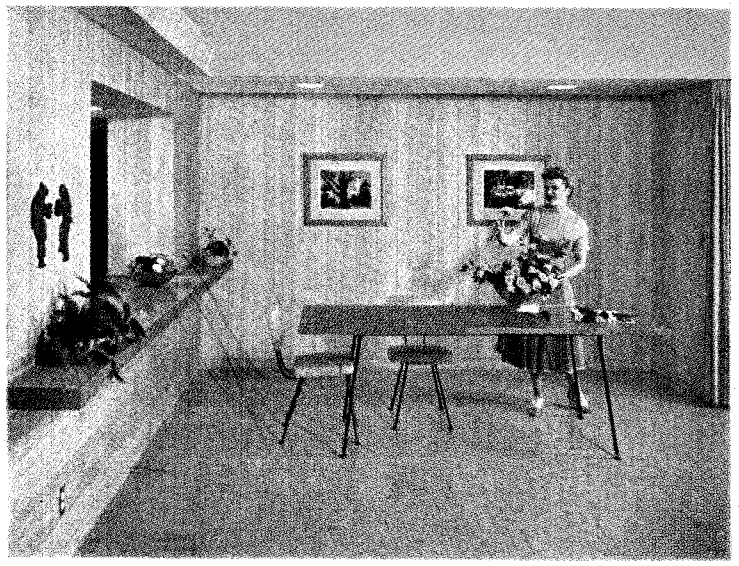

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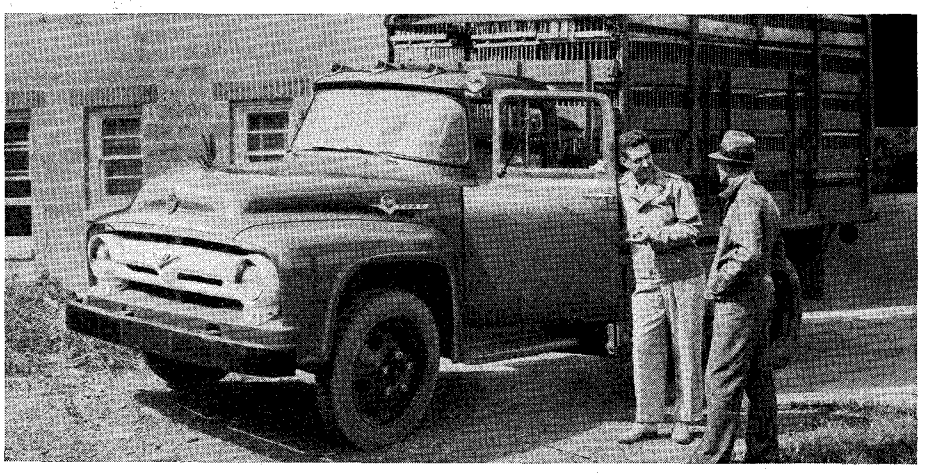

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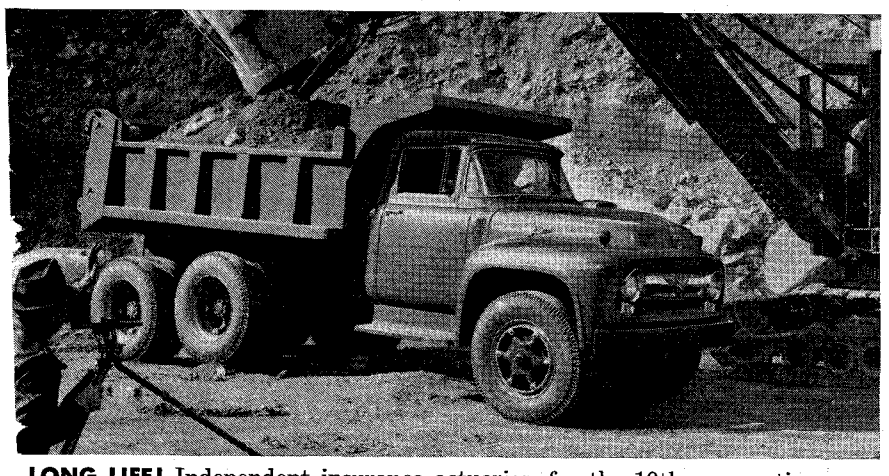

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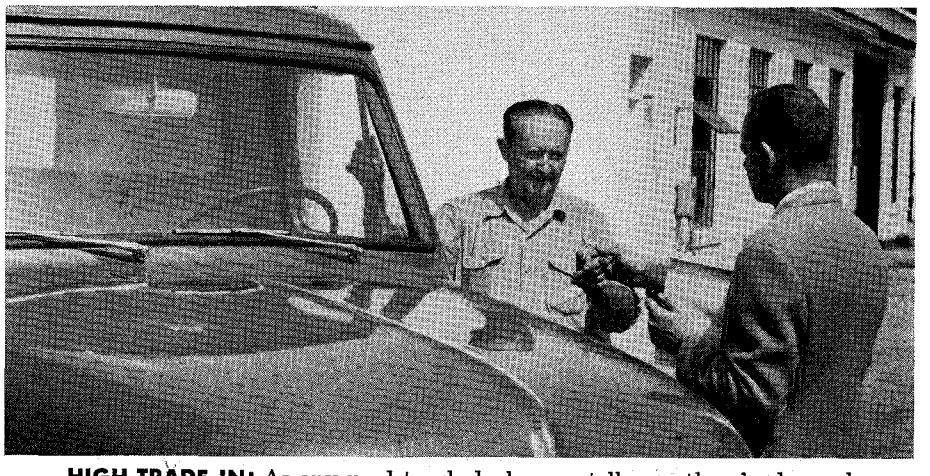

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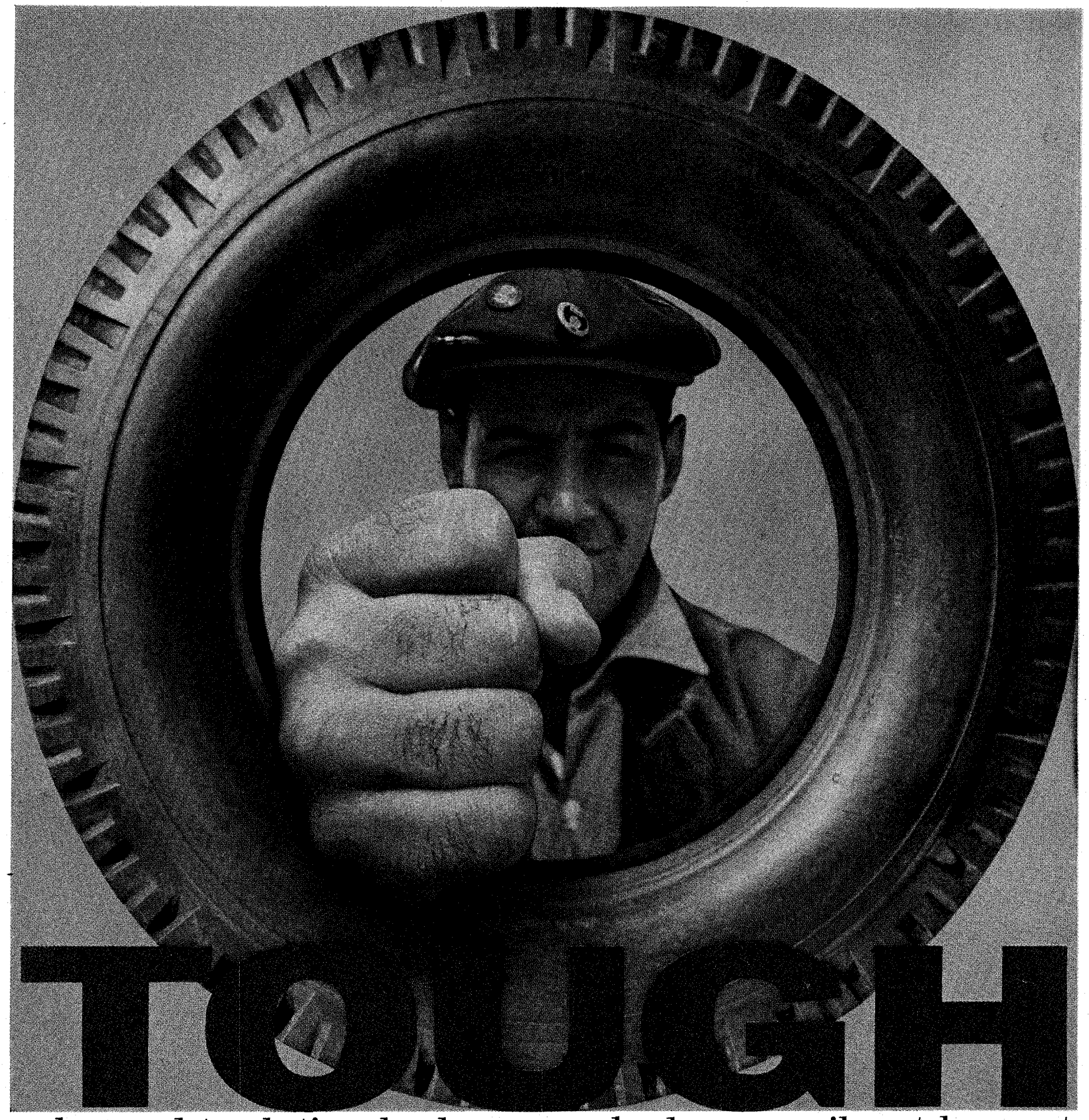

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(*Continued from Page 124*) he'd really wanted was something to remember Monte Carlo by.

Now began a series of shuntings from one French prison to another—from Nice to Aix-en-Provence to Marseilles and back—while the publicity-conscious Monégasques waited for their prince to get his marriage over and get rid of all those American guests and reporters. Sooner or later, the three would have to be extradited back to Monaco and tried, but everyone was agreed that it would be poor taste indeed to try three of Miss Kelly's countrymen for running a con game in Monaco at the very moment that romantically inclined young lady was becoming its princess. If Mr. Jason Lee, who was already screaming and swearing and banging the bars of his various cells, could have known that his case was being held up by a point of international etiquette, he would have hit the ceiling as well as the walls.

As it was, he was like a small caged animal, furiously biting and scratching and flailing out at everyone and everything within reach. It was all an anti-American conspiracy—"These guys hate us because we're Americans!" It was a Casino fix—"I hired eight lawyers and every one is working for the Casino!" Aggie and Shaker were trying to frame him—"It's a shakedown! They were campin' out on me!" The French authorities were corrupt, the Monégasque authorities were corrupt—"They're all crooks!"—and the only reason he was "in the tank" was that the Casino had to "save their faces" and "railroad" him through a rigged trial. When, in the midst of all this raging, the American consul informed the three that their passports had been lifted and would be visaed only for a quick, one-way ride home to the States if they were found guilty, poor old Jason got the basin.

For any American abroad, that little green passport is an infinitely precious document. For Lee, it was an absolute necessity, to his life, his business, his way of living. Without it, he could not possibly keep up his business operations in Tokyo, and in Tokyo, despite the Japanese resentment against Koreans, Lee was a big man. He was owner and operator of a $200,000 Western-style night club, owner of substantial real estate, some of which was leased to the United States Embassy, and codirector of an import-export company called the Unasia Corporation, which covered a multitude of enterprises. All his life he had been a gambler, and had got where he was through gambling and running illicit gambling joints. One of the best known was a North Clark Street dive in Chicago that he ran from 1941 to 1953 with such excellent patronage and protection that in twelve years it was never closed. Now, after years of setting out the bait for the suckers, here he was in the humiliating position of having swallowed the hook himself.

Old hands as they were at the floating back-room kind of game, he and Aggie and Shaker had forgotten that the Casino of Monte Carlo was legal, solidly backed by the Monaco government and by the law. They had also forgotten that to take on Monte Carlo was to take on an entrenched little police state owned and controlled by one of the richest and most powerful men in the world, Mr. Socrates Onassis. Levantine-Americans themselves, Aggie and Shaker should have thought twice before trying to muscle in on Mr. Onassis. Mr. Onassis knows his way around the fringe of legality, too, but it is a fringe that in Monte Carlo he reserves for himself. A man's home is his castle, no matter what it's moated with, and the new Seigneur of Monte Carlo evidently likes his castle to be impregnable. With a little more humor, he might have quashed the whole affair and let the three off with a reprimand, but Mr. Onassis has only recently arrived himself, and humor is something that comes later.

As a matter of fact, in its one hundred years of existence, the Casino of Monte Carlo has seen many a swindler come and go, and in that time has learned to cope with almost every known kind of gambling dodge. Although Lee and Aggie and Shaker scored two notable firsts—the first Americans caught at it, and the first to fob their own dice at craps—they are only the most recent in a long line of rogues who have tried to prove at the Casino's tables that cheating can prosper. And it can—for a while. Lee and Company just happened to come on the scene a little late, after the barn door had been fitted with too many locks.

In the 1850's, when the Casino was first struggling to establish itself as Europe's off-bounds gambling den, it was a favorite hangout for international swindlers and card sharks, counterfeiters, cocottes, spies, pickpockets and thieves. Monte Carlo in those days was as open as the Yukon, and for much the same reason—fortunes were won and lost so fast here that no one could keep track. Crooks congregated freely in the gambling rooms, playing with counterfeit money and even tampering with the roulette wheels. Holdups and jewel thefts were so common that the safest thing you could do with your money and valuables was to lose them to the Casino.

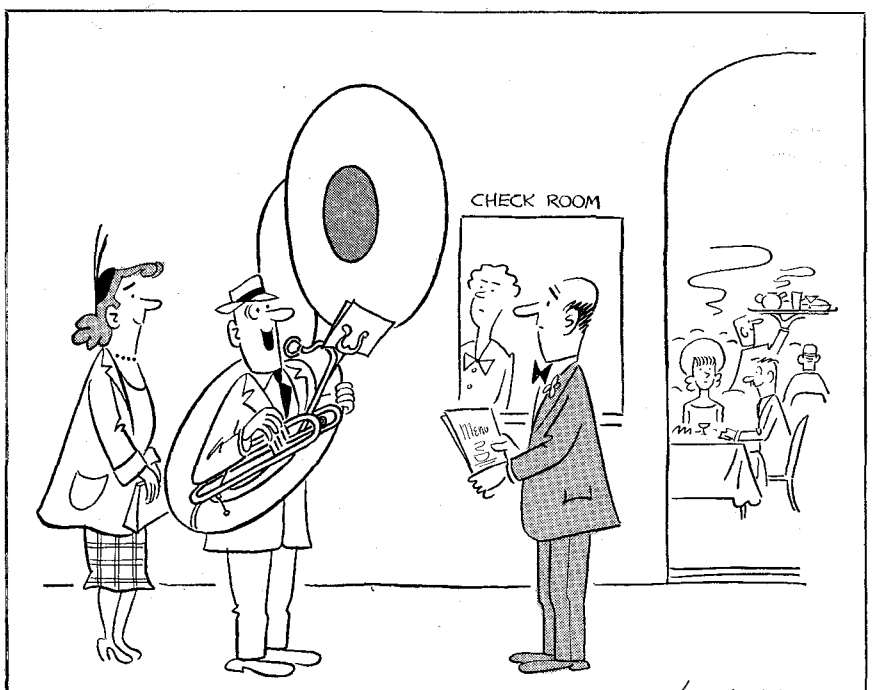
Then, in the 1880's, came the bombings, which shook Monte Carlo to its foundations and blew up such a scandal that the Casino was forced to take security measures for its own survival. The first was a time bomb set by a gang of thieves who were going to hold up the Casino and everybody in it. The second was planted by a crackpot who had been reading the propaganda of the Victorian "moral-hygiene" movement and wanted to rain destruction on this "large house of sin, blazing with gas lamps by night, flaming and shining by the shore like the habitation of some romantic witch." Both bombs fizzled, but the lesson was there. To protect itself against crooks and reformers both, the Casino had to lay on an anti-demolition squad of house detectives.

Bombs away, the sharp boys now turned to monkeying with the machinery. One of the most successful at this was an athletic young gambler who jimmied a Casino window late one night and slipped in to adjust a certain roulette wheel more to his liking. With a pair of pliers he widened the slots of the 15 and 3, and narrowed the slots of the three numbers in between. He won the equivalent of $20,000 on that wheel before the help noticed. Another young man with a similar bright idea went up to Switzerland, where the Casino's roulette wheels were made, and bribed a worker in the factory to misbalance one wheel and mark it for identification. For two months this character had a terrific run of luck, until, in his youthful enthusiasm, he pushed it so far that an inspector got suspicious and examined and retired the wheel.

Counterfeiters, too, had some good sport with the Casino. In the early years, bets were made in bank notes or coins, usually the French gold louis or the English pound, and one of the croupier's jobs was to heft or ring or bite a coin before placing it on a number. One innocent English gambler who had sent home for funds and got a five-pound note in the mail, ran it up to £10,000 before anyone discovered it was literally stage money, a phony bill used on the stage of the Drury Lane Theater. When the Casino finally inaugurated the chip system, things quieted down for a while, but only until the boys could get a bead on the chips. Two enterprising Frenchmen then began counterfeiting 200-franc chips—worth about three dollars—a neat little forgery that lasted almost a month and cost the Casino plenty, including the cost of tossing out all its chips and *plaques* and buying an entire set of new ones.

In the plush period between the two wars, when baccarat and *trente et quarante* got the big-money play, the nimble-fingered crowd turned its attention to the cards. One foursome bribed a dealer at *trente et quarante* to "sandwich" a stacked deck into the shoe, made a fabulous kill while the deck lasted, and then walked calmly down to the railway station and skipped to France without ever getting caught. The dealer, left behind, confessed and was fired.

An even more ingenious gimmick was tried in the late '30's, when another four-man combine took the precaution at baccarat of putting a phosphorescent chemical under their fingernails and marking the face cards, as they came up, with



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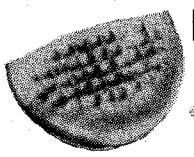

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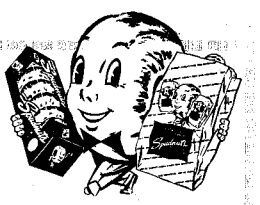

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tiny flecks invisible to the naked eye. When that deck came into play again, they upped their stakes and went to work. This went on for three days, the takings so lush that the Casino knew something was wrong, but didn't know what. All that distinguished the four was that they all wore dark glasses, à la Farouk. Puzzled at the connection between phenomenal luck and dark spectacles, one of the inspectors got a pair of sun glasses himself and immediately spotted the phosphorescent flecks on the cards. The four were arrested, tried and got three years.

With the development and perfection of a staff of inspectors, such ambitious swindles are becoming increasingly rare. What worries the staff much more now is the petty thief, the surreptitious cheat and, above all, the woman gambler. "Our mission," explains Chief Inspector Cérisol, a handsome, white-haired Monégasque of superb *politesse*, "is to make it possible for our clients to gamble in tranquillity. And what disturbs the tranquillity is not so much men engaged in the big swindle as women engaged in the little ruse." It's not that women are less honest than men, or "not necessarily," says Cérisol, smiling. "But they just don't like to lose."

And so they try their little tricks. There is, for example, *la poussette*, or the little push. A woman sits down at the *trente et quarante* or roulette table and spreads her handbag, papers, notebook and cigarettes in front of her. She makes an even-money bet and then, as soon as even or odd or red or black is announced, reaches a graceful finger around her clutter of belongings and flicks her chip from the losing to the winning category. She is always paid off the first time, sometimes the second and third. After that, she is politely asked to leave. Next most popular gambit among the ladies is what the Casino calls "*réclamations*," a gambit especially hard to put the finger on if the woman in question is an attractive one. What the lady does in this one is wait until a big gambler, preferably a little drunk, starts strewing the roulette table with chips. Then, when one of his chips or *plaques* wins, she claims it as hers. If the man holds out for his chip, then both are paid off, and the second time the lady tries it she is shown the door. But if, as is more usual, the gentleman concedes, there is nothing the Casino can do. "The Casino," Cérisol shrugs, "cannot control the gallantry of men."

The ladies who go in for such little spoofs are seldom adventuresses or professionals, but usually sweet, simple little housewives who, as Inspector Cérisol says, "just don't like to lose." Many of them also flirt outrageously with the croupiers, under the impression that the croupier can influence the wheel or the fall of a card. Few errors are committed by the Casino's dealers, but those few are committed because of such distractions.

Monte Carlo's security force is now so quiet and efficient as to be virtually imperceptible, but when it moves, as it did with Lee, Aggie and Shaker, it moves with gumshoe swiftness. The Casino will not say how many inspectors it has on its payroll, but it is safe to guess around 200. These are known as "*les occultes*," and are popularly rumored to have eyes in the backs of their heads. In addition, the house has an untold number of tipsters ready to pick up a little extra cash for spotting anything unusual. And, of course, the croupiers and supervisors. Outside, not allowed in the Casino unless called in, but more or less aching to be called, is the Monaco police force, the strongest in the world for its national area, with roughly five policemen to the block. And beyond that, like a great shadowy protective net, stands Interpol, Europe's international police clearinghouse, which tips off all the casinos in Europe on the latest con game and who's practicing it.

With all that stacked against them, one might think the smooth operators would prefer to do their operating somewhere else. But this is Monte Carlo, the biggest citadel of them all and the biggest challenge, and the hope of a fast kill never fades. With their instinct for the easy mark, it's no wonder, either, that the sharp set should now regard the crap table as the new field to conquer. For if the Casino has one weak point, craps is it. Since February, since what Cérisol is already calling "*l'expérience Las Vegas*," the dice have been redesigned and their colors gone more Homeric—"water-green, blood-red or wine-dreg purple"—but the Casino is still decidedly edgy about the whole thing. Even after six years—craps was introduced here in 1950—the croupiers still handle the game as if it were an unexploded land mine. They don't quite hold their noses, but they don't look happy either, particularly when the United States 6th Fleet is in port and the boys get to blowing on the bones. "They talk so much, they get you rattled," one croupier complained. He lowered his voice. "They even talk to the dice!"

One week after Mr. Grimaldi and Miss Kelly had said "I do," and sailed off into the sunset, our three Las Vegas rover boys were transferred to the tiny sun-splashed prison of Monaco, put through five weeks of interrogation, and tried. Yet what seemed to be on trial was not the three culprits, but the game of craps itself. Once it came out that Lee and Aggie had United States criminal records—larceny, vagrancy, assault, bootlegging, illegal gambling, disorderly conduct—the fate of the trio was no longer in doubt. Papa Lee made like an outraged businessman and went back into the marine-salts-for-Japan routine. "They got lotsa little fishes out there," he explained hopefully. "Need salt." But the judge wasn't buying any marine salts either. Before much more could be said, the entire court settled down to a Gallic discussion of the game of craps.

Everybody joined in to explain it to the judge. Everybody, that is, except the three accused, who, not understanding the French, looked morose and sleepy.

"This game," said the judge gently. "Do the dice pass from hand to hand? If a player wins, does he conserve the dice? Can it arrive that a player keep the dice ten minutes or a quarter of an hour?"

"Yes," said Aliprandi, one of the croupiers involved. "Or he may lose them quite quickly. In which case, he and his friends might show their annoyance."

A witness cut in to elucidate. "This game of craps, in effect," he said, "does not take place in a very silent or distinguished atmosphere. Unlike roulette or baccarat, one says and does many things while playing, while throwing."

"There are *plaisanteries* of tradition in this game, then?" asked the judge.

Everyone agreed that there were *plaisanteries* of tradition in this game.

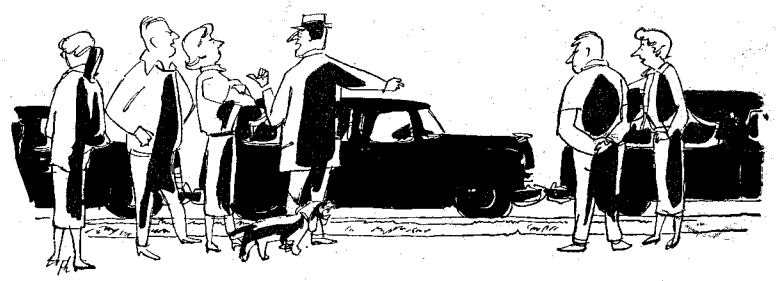
A defense lawyer was reminded of a member of Miss Kelly's wedding party who had been much criticized for his attitude at the crap table. "It is said that he comported himself lamentably, slapping his thighs, spitting on the dice and telling them little love stories ——"

"Love stories!" said the judge, incredulous. "It is like this that this game is played?"

That settled it. Looking exceedingly stern, the judge gave Shaker six months, Lee and Aggie one year each and 200,000 francs' fine.

Two weeks later Prince Rainier, a little less stern and a little less averse to American love stories, let Lee off with his fine and the three months in prison he had already served.

Yet, loaded or legal, one has not the impression that "this game" is here in Monte Carlo to stay. THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The O'Sombre Funeral Home parked its hearses in empty lots until nearby residents complained that it got on their nerves. At that, the funeral home parked the hearses in the streets instead. The exasperated residents sued to stop this practice.

"The lots are restricted by law to residential use, and so, in effect, are the streets in a residential district," the homeowners argued. "To park hearses there amounts to using the streets for business purposes."

"The streets belong to everyone," counsel for the funeral home replied. "They aren't covered by residential restrictions such as would apply to dwellings and lots."

If you were the judge, would you make the hearses move?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The hearses stayed. The court ruled that street parking is open to the public generally, including the operators of hearses.

Based upon a 1953 Kentucky decision.

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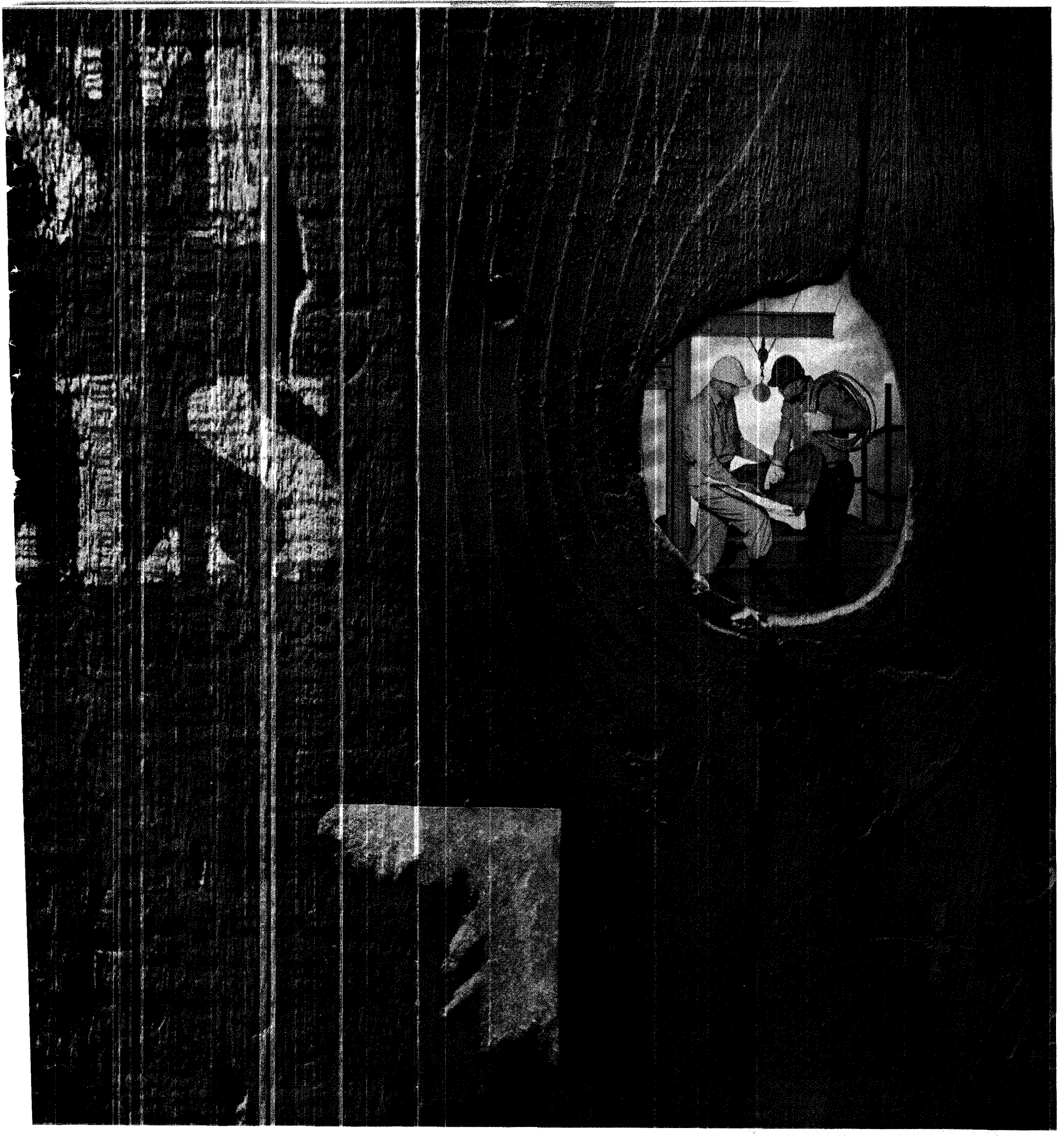

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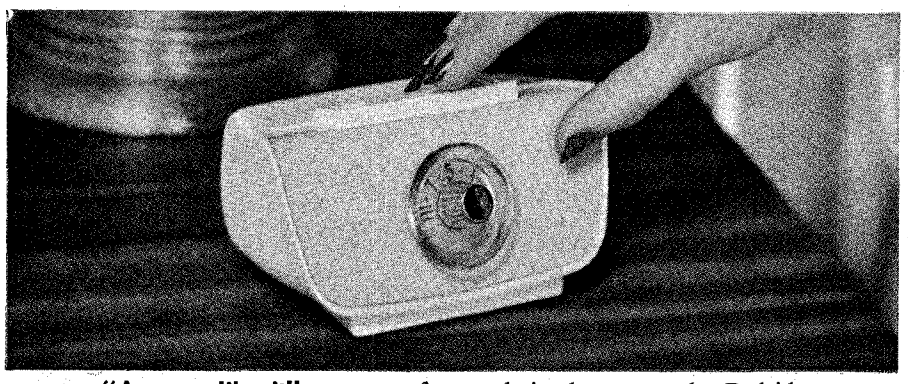

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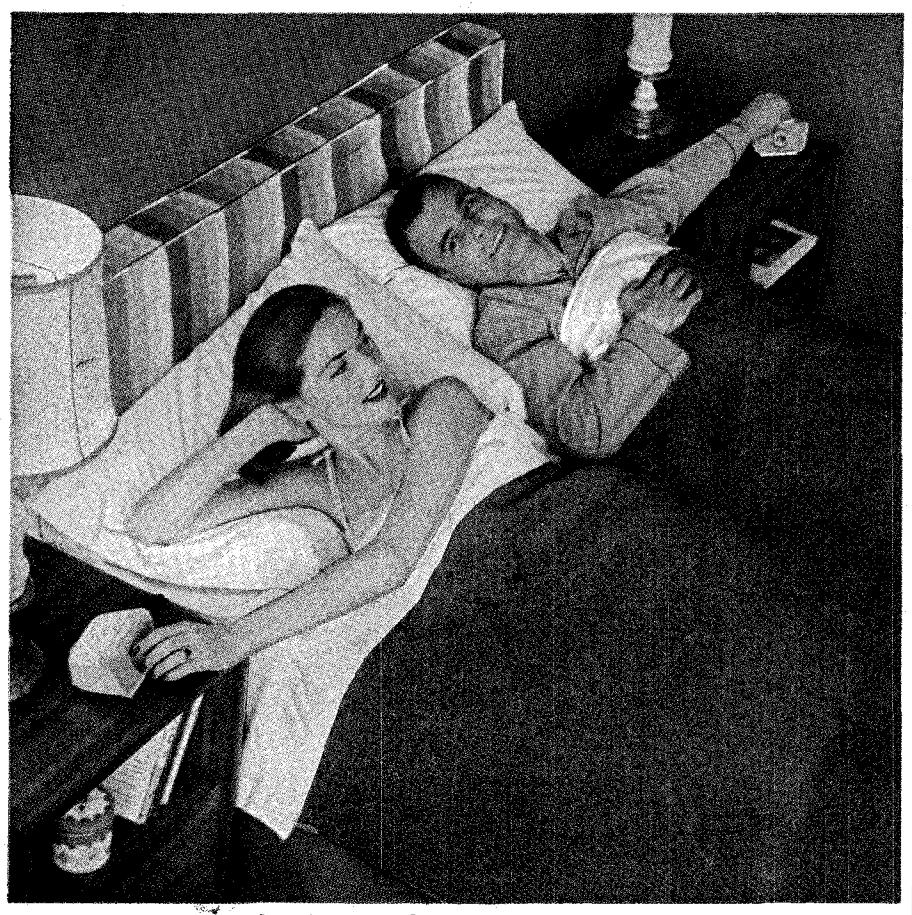

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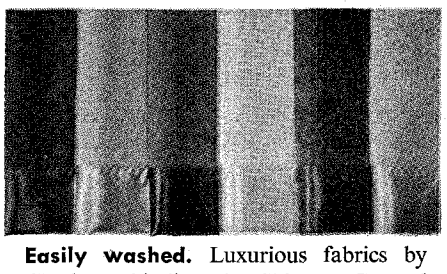

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Boss, You're a Crook! (Continued from Page 37)

"One share in Enterprise Press," she read. "Par value one hundred dollars. How come?"

"Enterprise Press prints brochures, briefs, reports and other legal and business documents. The firm was failing, and old man Dalrymple's son took it over. It needs capital. All our senior partners, and the juniors, too, subscribed for stock to help the lad off to a good start. Complimentary to the old man, of course; otherwise lawyers would never back such a speculative venture. Collectively, they put up a hundred thousand dollars."

"And gave you one share?" she asked.

"Well ——"

"Don't tell me, I know. Dalrymple sold it to you. First he tried a hundred shares, then fifty, and so on down until you settled for one, because we haven't a spare dime. Right?"

"Uh," John said.

"Uh is all I need to know. Let's sell it."

"Never," John said. "Old Dalrymple would find out, and wouldn't like it."

"And he'd scowl, and that would be simply frightful."

John kissed her. "I get your point, Helen, but we'll have to keep it. It might even turn out to be a first-rate investment."

"All right, Mr. Jesse Livermore. Five minutes to clean up for dinner."

The Smiths arrived at eight. Smith was good-looking and bright. His wife wasn't so pretty as Helen, but had a challenging expression and exquisite teeth. John liked them both and soon saw that the quality of their bridge would strengthen the liking.

Smith seemed impressed with the opportunity ahead of him with Jones and Brown. "I had a bid from your firm," he told John, "but felt that the seniors might be getting decadent."

To this John replied, "Uarph."

At refreshment time Helen and Mrs. Smith started for the kitchen. "You counselors," Helen said, "can talk shop while we're gone, but the second we come back the legal verbiage stops."

Mrs. Smith nodded agreement. "Those men," she said, "would never stop talking about equity and writs of certiorari and torts until their hair fell out."

"Sounds to me," Helen said, "like the hare and the tort." On this note they left the room.

Smith said to John, "I can't help but agree with them. Corporate law isn't light conversation. You know, New York State has some funny corporation laws. I looked through them before coming here."

"They're pretty restrictive," John agreed. "It's much easier to incorporate in Delaware or New Jersey."

"Restrictive and more," Smith said. "I'd never let a client incorporate in New York State."

"Oh, I wouldn't go that far," John said. "Incidentally, I just bought a share in a New York corporation. Probably never realize a profit, but ——" The wave of his arm showed a princely lack of interest in profits.

"I'd sell it," Smith said. "You've heard of stockholder jeopardy and double jeopardy in connection with bank stocks. Well, in New York, an old law makes stockholders liable jointly and severally ——"

"Jointly and severally," Helen said, walking in with a tray. "Jeopardy and double jeopardy." She put the tray down. "Let's get back, my fine legal friends, to women's hats and children's diseases." Mrs. Smith came in with ginger ale.

"We're serving this early," Helen added, "because John will be working until two o'clock. That way, you see"—this was for Mrs. Smith—"he'll never stagnate. Gets him out of ordinary fettle into fine fettle."

"What I like about Jones and Brown," Smith said, "is that they guard the health of their men."

"Thank you, counselor," Helen said. "I wish John were a carpenter. One whack on the thumb and you're home for the day."

The Smiths left at eleven. Helen went to bed. John worked until three, set the alarm for nine and tumbled into bed. Helen got up, reset the alarm for ten-thirty and faced it away from John.

When the alarm went off, Helen was waiting at John's bedside with coffee. She kissed his forehead. "Time to get up, John. Drink this."

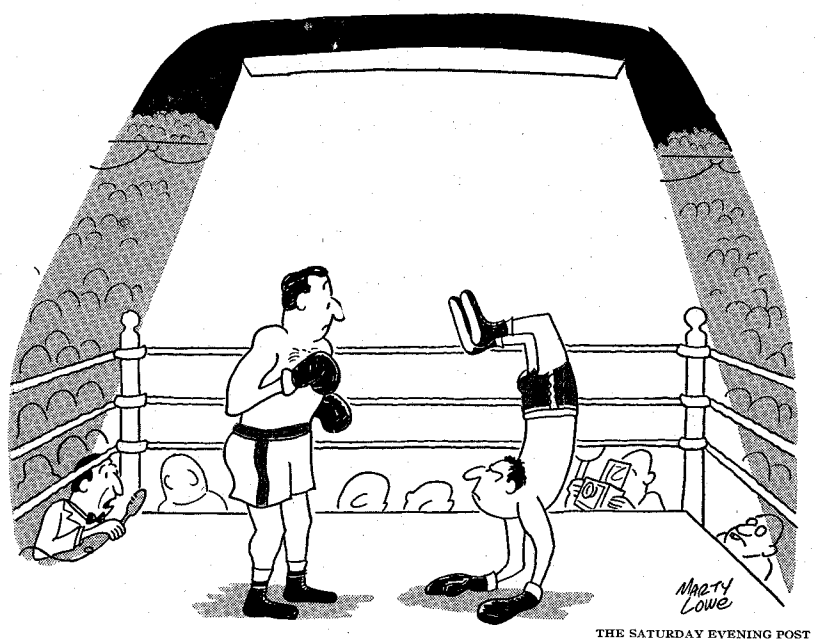
"Thanks, Helen. Please call the office and say I'll be late. Be nice."

"I'll be very nice." She called Dalrymple and returned, vindicated. "That'll hold him."

"Exactly what did you tell him?"

"The simple truth—that you worked until three this morning. I told him you'd be in about one o'clock."

"One! I'll be there at eleven."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Johnson's unorthodox style seems to have the champ momentarily baffled!"

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"It's ten-forty-five now."

"Helen! The clock—you didn't ——"

"For a fact, I did. John?"

"Yes?"

"What was that conversation with Smith about my stock?"

"Oh, Smith was chatting about a law passed in 1811, amended in 1952. No one pays any attention to it. Smith made a study of New York laws before coming here and ran into it."

"Will we land in a messy little jail?"

"Hardly," John said. "Thanks to you, I had a solid sleep. I'll be up and away."

John caught the noon train and plunged into more research on Dalrymple's big case. His conscience kept him late at the office, and he arrived home at seven-thirty. Both the dinner and Helen had cooled. She heard John's well-marshaled reasons for his lateness with mock acquiescence.

"Forensic," she said. "Steeped in logic. Airtight. The people were here today."

"Indeed," John said carefully. He should know who "the people" were, but didn't. "What did you tell them?"

"To come back after I'd talked to you. We really should be doing it too. If you had a few free moments, we'd be doing it."

"That we would," John sparred. "I'm all for that sort of thing."

"Naturally, we want to do as much as we can, but with expenses the way they are ——"

This thing involved money, that was certain. "Money," John temporized, "is an item."

"Of course. You can't build a church educational building for nothing."

The church drive—that was it. A furrow appeared in John's brow. "How much do they have us down for?"

"Four hundred. We would have two years to pay it. I don't see how we can give two hundred a year right now. Of course ——"

"Yes?"

"They'd take any salable securities, and I thought ——"

"Helen, no. Not that Enterprise stock. That's out. Let's pledge the money and we'll raise it somehow. I could do the neighbors' income taxes around the first of the year."

"The very thought," Helen said, "makes me glow. Why"—she let herself be carried away—"I could take in washing and we could make this place hum."

"Helen, please!"

The following week, Dalrymple won his court case. He called John in, congratulated him, gave him a five-dollar-a-week raise and gently sold him another share of stock in Enterprise Press. John saw, with inner resentment, that the certificate had already been made out in Helen's name, as he had requested the first one. John went home, announced the raise, and then showed the stock to Helen.

"Anyway," Helen said, "it was close. The raise, after taxes, would have just paid the church pledge. But Dalrymple had to get it. How can a rich man want money that badly? I'm going to write across the church pledge form: 'We have no money for the church. Mr. Dalrymple took it.'"

"I'd like to be fixed so you could."

"One of these days I'm going to act first and think next, just to see how it reverberates."

The next day John got home at a normal hour, with no brief case. "A night off," he told Helen. "The bank is open tonight. Let's have dinner out and take the stock to the safe-deposit box. Then we can ——"

"Dinner out," Helen said, "would be fine."

"Dinner out, then the bank, then a movie, maybe," John said.

"Dinner out, then a movie, would be fine," she answered.

"Helen ——"

"Sir?"

"Why not the bank?"

"Well"—Helen swallowed nothing with difficulty—"we can go to the bank and hang around a while and cash a small check. That done, we can go to a movie. The stock part is, as you would say, void and of no effect."

"Why?"

"Because I gave the stock to the church is why. The people came today. The stock was in my name, *ergo*, mine. *Ergo*, I gave it to the church. Our pledge for this year is paid."

John took a chair. The thoughts soon to come to him would be more than his weakening legs could bear. Helen had done what he would never have dared. Why, he thought, did a timid man marry a courageous woman? There would be an outcome to this, he knew.

"Anyway," he said aloud, "it will be swift."

"What will?"

"The outcome."

"The outcome," Helen said calmly, "is that we have dinner out and go to a movie and the church has its money."

"Money? The church will get nothing for that stock."

"They'll get," Helen assured him, "par. I told them how. It's what we smart, financial-type women know as a captive market. I told the campaign people that Mr. Dalrymple, who is chairman of the church trustees, is backing the stock and has his own (*Continued on Page 135*)

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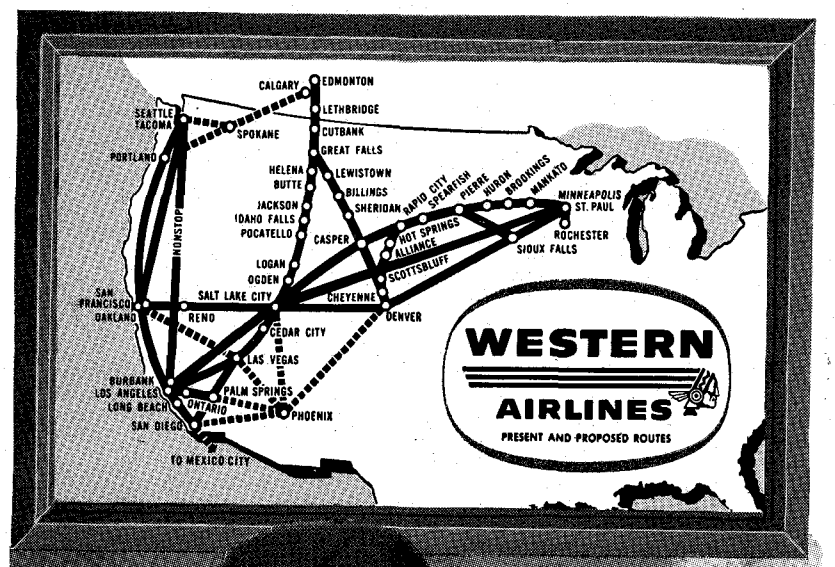

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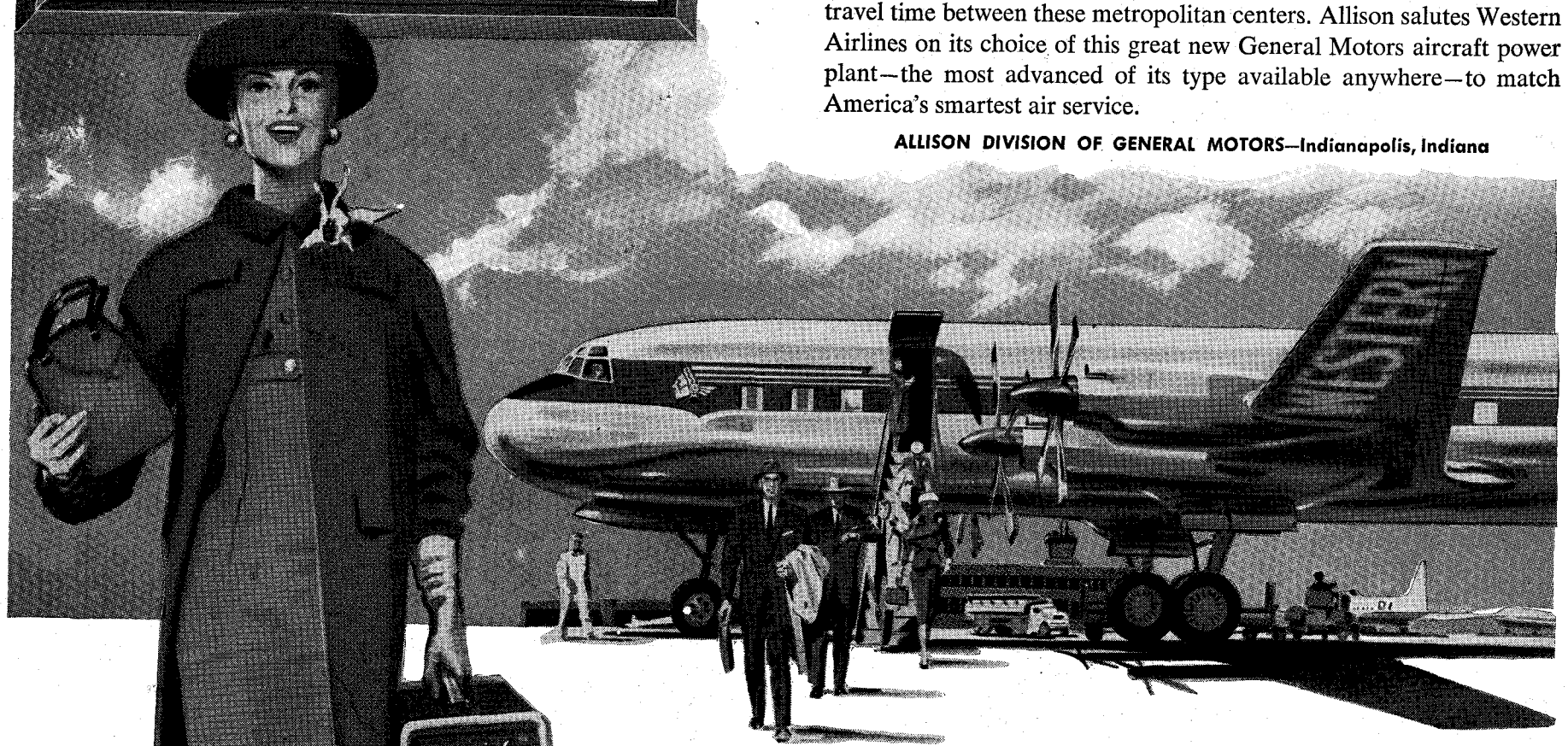

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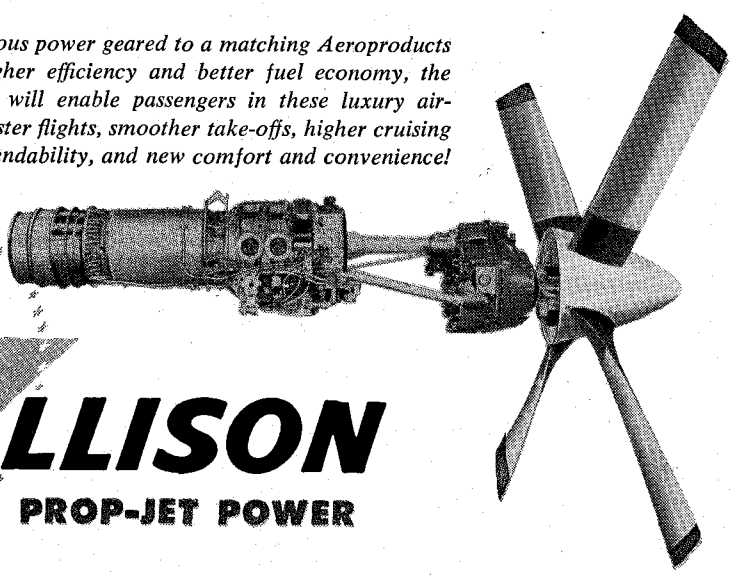

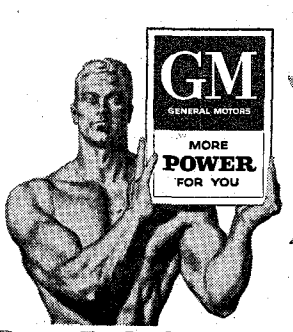

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(*Continued from Page 133*) son in control. He can't refuse to buy it from the church. Such," she added, "is a captive market."

John groaned with sincerity.

"Groan, then. But I learned at my mother's knee that when chickens come home to roost, a roost should be waiting for them, *à la* Dalrymple. Do you want to tidy up or go out looking like a—like a junior lawyer?"

In his office the next day John waited for a summons from Dalrymple. None came. Finally he went to Dalrymple's office. A flashy blonde was at the desk usually occupied by the secretary.

"He's out of town," the girl said, "and his secatary took off for vacation. I'm her substitute, temporry."

"Where did Mr. Dalrymple go?"

"California. Month, maybe. Left you a note. Haven't typed it out yet. Catch up with it tomorra."

John felt a swelling sense of relief. Perhaps by the end of a month —— "What's his note about?"

The girl picked up a shorthand book and flipped the pages. "Here it is. H'm. It says"—she frowned—"he wantcha ta look after Enterprise, something or other, Press—his son—his son's company. It says, while he's gone—oh, yes—will you please keep your, something or other, eye on Enterprise Press while I'm gone, and if you can give my son, Ronald, any—wait, gosh—counsel or advice, I'll appreciate it. And something about Ronald's nose—yeah, you're to keep his nose to the grind—m'm ——"

"Grindstone," John supplied.

A month's respite on the stock, and a chance to help Dalrymple's son; John managed to rationalize this into a good omen. He'd never met Ronald, but would in the morning. Relief heightened his manner at home that evening.

"It's almost," Helen said, "like having company to dinner. Makes me want to get out my good china, like when you called before we were married."

"Why don't you?"

"Not on your life," she said. "It was all right as a suitor to break it, but not a husband. This Ronald—is he serious-minded?"

"I don't know," John answered. "I used to hear wild rumors about his college life. He's the old man's pet, I guess."

"Why didn't Dalrymple let one of the senior partners look after Ronald?"

"Maybe he has confidence in me," John said.

"Spoken like a solicitor. My mysterious, unfailing woman's intuition," she mused, "tells me you're heading for trouble, express collect. Ronald fails while you watch. Old man Dalrymple returns, blames you; then finds out he has to buy his stock back via the church."

At nine the next morning John took the subway to Hudson Street in lower Manhattan and went to Enterprise Press. The building was old and dingy, but workmen and decorators were making over the front office, with expanses of glass, pastel colors and stainless-steel appointments. Some were installing an intercom system, others air-conditioning equipment.

John muttered, "You could use up a hundred thousand fast, this way."

"Sir?" the receptionist asked.

"I'd like to see Ronald Dalrymple."

"Come back around noon."

"Noon? Couldn't I reach him before that?"

"Noon," she said, "if then. Better phone first to be sure."

"I'm pretty busy," John hedged. "I work in his father's law office." He brightened. "I guess Mr. Dalrymple is out selling."

"Sailing, maybe. Hardly selling. We got three new men for that."

"Commission salesmen?"

"Those boys? Hah. Salary."

John heard clanking noises from the shop. "Shop busy?"

"Shop," she said, "is closed. Ronnie is buying new equipmen'."

"With the shop closed, what have the men to sell?"

"Oh, they aren't worrying. They're drawing their pay."

"Are they experienced printing salesmen?"

"Doubt it," the girl said. "They're friends of Ronnie's. They help him man his father's yacht—but if the thing ever came untied from the dock, they'd get hysterics and dive overboard. I know. I've been on that boat."

"I'll phone Mr. Dalrymple later," John said, and left.

Back at his office, John phoned Ronald at twelve and again at two. At five-fifteen Ronald called. "What can I do for you, Mr. Platt?"

"Your father asked me to assist you while he was away," John said. "I'd like to meet with you at nine tomorrow morning."

"Hardly nine, old chap." Ronald's voice was cultured. "Glad to see you at, say, eleven-thirty. Or better make it two. Tell you what, I'll pick you up at five and we'll get a couple of drinks at the Regent."

"Can't make it," John said. "How about the day after, at nine? I want to see your plant."

"No point to it," Ronald said. "The plant isn't operating. We're getting new equipment."

"New presses," John said, "cost real money."

"How well I know that," Ronald said. "Going to have to raise more capital. Awkward, dad going to the coast just now."

"I think," John said, "you need to see me more than I need to see you. I'll be down there tomorrow noon. If you aren't there, I'll find my way around. I want to look over your books."

"Do that, old chap. I'll try to be there."

At noon the next day Ronald's receptionist said, "He may come in. He left word we were to show you every courtesy. Just what courtesy was it you wanted us to show you?"

"I'll look over the shop; then talk to the bookkeeper." John walked through the idle shop, talking with old-time employees of the former company, who were also idle during the change-over. He learned little about printing, but a lot about obsolete equipment. The old presses were to go as part payment on the new.

From the bookkeeper John learned that the firm's capital was almost entirely obligated for new presses and extensive alterations. "But," the bookkeeper assured him, "there'll be more where this came from. Ronald's father is rolling in dough."

John went back to his office. He prepared a telegram to Mr. Dalrymple:

YOUR SON NOT AVAILABLE FOR DISCUSSION. HAVE SEEN ENTERPRISE PLANT AND RECORDS. FUNDS EXHAUSTED. YOU WILL SOON BE CALLED ON FOR ADDITIONAL CAPITAL.

He took the telegram to a senior partner, John Finucane, and explained conditions.

"Don't send it," Finucane advised. "If you do, the old man will wire the five of us to put the money up, ostensibly until he gets back, but we'll wind up with stock. That's the way he got so rich. The rest of us aren't so well off, and had to dig pretty deep to fork over ten thousand each. I can't put up another cent and neither can the others. How many shares do you own, Platt?"

"I—uh—disposed of my holdings."

"Smart lad. Wish I could do the same. Dalrymple never seems to hold the bag on any deal he gets into. He's retiring when he returns from California."

John barely managed to keep from blurting "Good." "Enterprise," he said, "has enough money to pay its debts as of now, but nothing more. If Ronald continues paying salaries, when the printing-machinery people demand their money they might force him into bankruptcy. I'm rather worried about an old New York law that holds stockholders jointly and severally responsible ——"

"Heard about that law in school," Finucane said, "years and years ago. Don't believe it's ever been invoked. Don't worry about that."

It was two weeks before John caught up with Ronald. He did it by taking a train to Long Island and going to the Corinthian Yacht Club. The interview showed John that Ronald could not grasp the fact that Enterprise was owned by its creditors, not by the stockholders. Again about to send a telegram, he remembered that the senior Dalrymple would be back in a few days.

"Things," Helen said that night, "may work out. Dalrymple went away before learning that he's got to buy his stock back from the church. He may get nasty with you, but after all, he's retiring. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, as you lawyers would say if you knew enough. So the partners move up, leaving a gaping hole. You fill the hole, lock, stock and tack hammer. Doesn't that bring a spot of color to your wan cheeks?"

"I still think we're going to wish ——"

"I don't. I told our new neighbor, Mr. Smith, that I'd given the stock to the church. Know what he said? He said, 'Good girl; get the church to have the stock transferred quickly.' It's been years since anyone said 'Good girl' to me. Anyway, it's done. The financial secretary at the church is taking care of it. When does Dalrymple get back?"

"Monday."

"Monday," Helen speculated, "should be an outstanding day."

On Monday, John took an early train, hoping to see Dalrymple first thing. But the old man's plane was late. At ten, John's phone rang.

"John Platt talking," he said.

"Love that voice," Helen said. "Dear, I have news with financial coloration and legalistic overtones, including, but not limited to, unless otherwise stipulated, jeopardy."

"Jeopardy," John said guardedly.

"The overt and intentional act of a jeopard," she said. "Know what?"

"No. What?"

"We now have, by registered letter, return receipt requested—which is pretty good alliteration by the post office—a succinct but unfriendly notice from the employees of Enterprise Press, demanding from us—just a moment, I'll read it—'as stockholders resident in the state of New York, jointly with other resident stockholders but severally nonetheless, the sum of eighty-one thousand three hundred and eleven and forty-four one hundredths dollars, parenthesis, dollar sign, eight one ——"

Report Retort

By Jane Merchant

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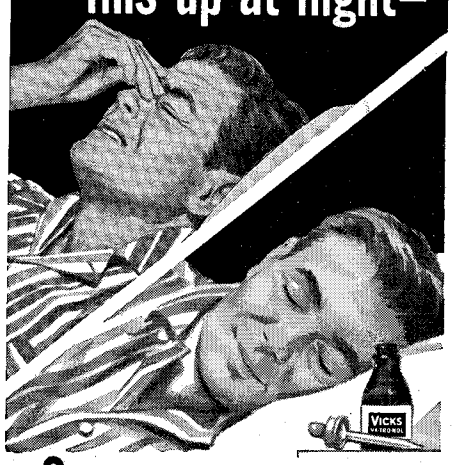

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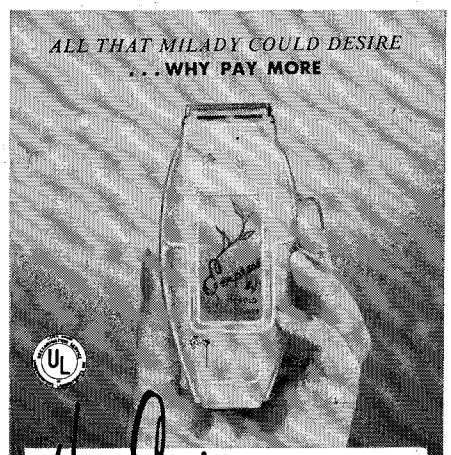

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"Don't go on!" John begged. "We're stuck! My good heavens!"

"No, we're not stuck," Helen said.

"Then the church is stuck," John agonized.

"Wrong again," she said cheerfully. "The financial secretary had called Dalrymple's brokers, who wired Dalrymple, who wired the brokers back to buy the stock. Boy, have you got a wife!"

"I have a wife," John said, "but, within the next hour, no job."

John called Ronald. Ronald was out. He talked to the bookkeeper. The bookkeeper said that the employees had been paid up to the time they had to shut the plant down, and added, "Most of the eighty-one thousand is for back fringe benefits—overtime, vacation, holiday and severance pay. Their lawyer was here and showed me the law. But everything in the place is mortgaged to the hilt, and the last payroll cleaned out the bank account."

"Why didn't you tip me off?" John asked.

"Ronald wouldn't let me. Said it was his father's business, not yours. We didn't know about this law."

"It's a beaut," John muttered. "I wonder how their lawyer tumbled onto it."

"Seems he was a state senator in 1952 when the law was amended. He thought it might come in handy when he was back in private practice."

John's secretary laid a note on his desk. It said: "Dalrymple back. Partners meeting in board room. Want you."

In a silly, subconscious gesture, John straightened his tie. It would make no difference now if he wore it around his waist. Suddenly he liked his office, its appointments, his job as junior partner. When he entered the board room, a sense of doom hit him like a blast of air from a boiler room. Dalrymple sat at the head of the table, with the senior partners on either side. All glared at John except Finucane, who had to tie his shoelace just then.

"You," Dalrymple said.

No apt reply occurred to John.

"Sit down," Dalrymple said.

John remained on his feet, frozen.

"If I ever saw an undermining schemer!" Dalrymple said. "I allowed you to buy stock in a company in which I had a financial interest. The moment I left town you foisted the stock onto our church so that I had no choice but to buy it back. I left you in complete charge of the Enterprise Press. You let the business founder and failed to advise me its condition. Do you deny it?"

"No," John said miserably.

"Now"—Dalrymple picked up six registered envelopes—"your employers and junior associates, who were also stockholders, are being held jointly and severally liable to the employees of Enterprise Press for eighty-one thousand dollars. You're the one exception. You used the church as a scapegoat to relieve yourself. Do you deny that?"

"No," John said, almost inaudibly.

"You knew about this obscure law," Dalrymple accused.

"Yes."

"You failed to use your knowledge for our protection."

"Correct," John said. His eyes slid to Finucane, who now had trouble with the other shoelace.

"You were next in line for a senior partnership. It's fortunate we discovered your real character in time. I suggest you do not use us as reference for another job. If you have nothing more to say, you're through as of now. That's all."

"Not quite all," John said. "I have something to say."

"Say it and get out," Dalrymple said.

"Every man in this room worth his salt as a lawyer knew about that law," John said. "Finucane knew of it. I drew it to his attention and he told me to forget it. That's a minor point. The major point is that you, Mr. Dalrymple, have used your senior and junior partners to help bail out your incompetent son. You peddled your family liability to your partners at par. You might better have asked for the money as a gift. That, at least, would have been honest."

"Are you calling me dishonest?" Dalrymple blurted.

"Well, I found out what your son was, in ten minutes' talk with him. When you pretend to your partners that you lived with him for thirty years and didn't know you were asking them to back a failure, I call that feeble-minded. I hear you are retiring today. I would like to defer my own leaving long enough to see the pleasure on your partners' faces after you walk out."

John looked at the other partners. He was certain that the rigid statuary of their postures had relaxed slightly.

"I'll say one thing more," John said: "If there is one sharp mind in this nest of decadence, he'll see how this situation can be turned to brilliant advantage."

John had their attention.

"You can fight this ridiculous law through the courts," John said. "You'll lose, and appeal, and lose again, but you can cause its repeal. Meantime, you'll be advertising this firm favorably to every substantial corporation in the state. Your eighty-thousand-dollar loss will buy millions of dollars in corporate business."

The partners stared at John in silence.

"As for Mr. Dalrymple's intemperate indictment of me," John said, "my answer is that I appear to be the only lawyer in this room smart enough to look out for himself." This did not give rise to cheers. "Mr. Dalrymple, I suggest you personally pay the sum your partners are being sued for and refund what they paid for this worthless stock."

John walked out, closed the door firmly and went to his office. He telephoned Helen. "The ax," he said, "has fallen."

"Good," Helen said. "I hope you told them off."

"That I did. I'll take a noon train home."

Helen was at the station. Helen was dressed in her finest. Helen was in a holiday mood. Helen was a brick, thus to try to cheer him up. He gave her the best smile he could, and got behind the wheel.

"I have plans for you," Helen said. "First you're to call the office. Then we're going to Silvermine, in Connecticut, and buy the most elaborate dinner within fifty miles of New York."

"But, Helen, we can't afford it! I've been fired. Besides, I'm not going to call the office, now or ever."

"You are. Finucane called right after you left. It's urgent."

"Urgent, my eye. Probably wants to tell me I left a pair of galoshes. I'm not going to call him."

"John, you'll have to. I promised you would. I promised."

John stopped the car in front of the drugstore and swung around to stare at Helen. "Say," he said, "just what is this?"

"John, I'm not supposed to tell you, and I'm simply not going to do it. You must have left those old dodderers shaking! After Finucane finished, all the partners took turns on the telephone except Dalrymple. Go into the drugstore and call Finucane."

"Not now or ever. Those wart-headed, narrow-minded old ——"

Helen put her hand over his mouth. "Listen, solicitor. When Finucane called, I took the same attitude you're taking. I even refused to deliver the message. Then the pressure started, and they finally broke down and told me what they wanted."

"What do they want?"

"They want you back. They said you were magnificent and something about new blood, and you're to try a big case they said you'd lose, and you're to lose it in a blaze of glory. Pardon me if I don't understand the legal mind. And that's not all. The rest is confidential too."

"Uh," John said.

"Spoken like a barrister," Helen approved. "The firm will now be Bollinger, Meadowcroft, Freyvogel, Beekman, Finucane and Platt, but that's an anticlimax and you'll have to get the Platt up front. I could set it to music. Your salary will be fifty thousand, with a substantial interest in the firm. Don't you dare let on I told you, because I'm a woman of her word. Go call them."

John's spirits were climbing fast. "Now," he said, "aren't you real proud of me for working up to a senior partnership?"

"Not a scrap," Helen said. "I'm proud of you for being a he-man. I haven't been kissed by a he-man for five years. So kiss me, then phone."

Creditably, John carried out both orders.

THE END

"That's what I call a sandwich."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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House With a Charmed Life

(Continued from Page 38)

than L'Enfant's plan to recommend it. Tom Moore, the Irish poet, visited Washington in 1804 and described the city as:

This embryo capital, where Fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which second-sight seers, even now, adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
Though naught but woods and Jefferson they see
Where streets should run and sages ought to be.

Col. John Tayloe, of Mount Airy, Virginia, decided as early as 1797, however, that he would have a town house in Washington. The colonel could afford it—his income from the family tobacco lands along the lower Rappahannock was an awesome, for those days, $75,000 a year—but it took a "second-sight seer," as Tom Moore said, to imagine a city displacing the forest in the proposed capital. George Washington had that vision, was related to the Tayloes by marriage, and is said to have swayed them toward the District of Columbia and away from Philadelphia, where they had expected to establish a winter home. Mrs. Tayloe's pleasure in remaining near her close companion, Nelly Custis, at Mount Vernon, also must have been an influence. It was her friend, Benjamin Stoddert, first Secretary of the Navy, who negotiated the purchase of the lot, just two blocks from the White House. The land cost $1000.

The Octagon's good fortune began with Colonel Tayloe's choice of architect. He turned to one of the geniuses of the age, an eccentric gentleman who took a degree in medicine, but devoted his energies to architecture, invention, race horses, city planning, painting, writing—in fact, almost everything except the serious pursuit of the profession he had learned in his youth. He was Dr. William Thornton, also famed for his prize-winning design of our Capitol building, and for many years first director of the Patent Office.

Doctor Thornton and Colonel Tayloe knew each other well. They shared a passionate interest in race horses—the one is said to have brought some of the first Arabian blood to America, and the other became the moving spirit behind the track and meet established in Washington. The new city was Thornton's business, as well as pleasure, for he served on Congress' Federal City Commission from 1794 to 1802. He is credited with having helped L'Enfant simplify some of the street intersections in his original plan.

Thornton's genius, confronted with the problem of placing a home in the narrow V formed by the intersection of one of Major L'Enfant's diagonal boulevards with a cross street, found a solution in the unconventional shape of the Octagon. The novel floor plan, which has six sides and not the eight its name implies, combines circular and rectangular rooms. Doctor Thornton built secret doors, closets and a hidden staircase in the left-over space between the inner walls. He completed the Octagon's mysteries with a tunnel that takes off from the basement in the general direction of the Potomac River.

The doctor curved the front wall of the house, forming a half circle in the street-corner apex of the V; and this, to the Tayloes at least, must have given the illusion of an eight-sided home. They called it the Octagon from the beginning, and in later years protested the use of any other name. Thornton continued the curve within the house to create a distinctive circular entrance hall on the first floor, and the handsome Treaty Room above.

The circular table Madison used occupies the middle of this room today, just where it is thought to have been on February 17, 1815, when the Treaty of Ghent was received and ratified. The small leather-bound trunk in which Henry Clay's secretary, Henry Carroll, brought the treaty from Europe rests on the table, and the chairs and settee in the room are original Octagon furniture. This is the only room in the Octagon that gets full museum treatment. The large rectangular drawing room and dining room on the ground floor are both decorated and furnished much as they must have been when the Tayloes occupied the Octagon, and are frequently used by the A.I.A. for small meetings and receptions.

"Can Arthur come out and play?"

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by KitchenAid

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The restoration of the Octagon, the construction of surrounding executive offices, meeting rooms and a library and the tying of the whole together with an appropriate walled garden and walks are projects that have kept the architects busy and required hundreds of thousands of dollars over the past half century.

The most recent improvement was reinforcement of the floors in the second-floor exhibition rooms and of the exquisite curving staircase which circles the center hall from the first floor to the attic.

The first-floor ceilings and their elaborate, graceful cornices had to be removed at this time. Molds were made, however, and the cornices were restored in their original form when the ceilings were replastered. The cornice in the Octagon dining room, incidentally, was copied in the President's oval study when the White House was rebuilt a few years ago.

The survival of cornices and elaborately turned woodwork through the years, when the mansion was successively occupied by a girls' school, the Government's Hydrographic Office, a succession of artists and draftsmen and finally by ten slum families, is more of the Octagon's good luck. No one can explain the immunity conferred on the intricate cast-stone mantels made in London, England, by Coade. They were crusted with grime, in rooms piled four feet high with debris, when the architects took over the building in 1898.

The mantels are priceless today, but apparently were common in the late eighteenth century. Doctor Thornton, who was asked by Thomas Jefferson to "set your imagination to work and sketch some designs for us no matter how loosely with the pen" for the University of Virginia, later recommended the use of cast stone to his friend at Charlottesville, "to be had very cheap from Coade's manufactury in the Borough of London."

Thornton, from a Quaker family, was born in Tortola, in the Virgin Islands, and, according to a contemporary, "his company was a complete antidote to dullness." He studied medicine at Edinburgh, traveled widely in Europe, and began his versatile career in Philadelphia, where he married the daughter of a fashionable school mistress, worked with John Fitch in developing a steamboat, became a member of Franklin's American Philosophical Society, won a medal for his book on the elements of written language, and took the plunge into architecture.

His schooling in structural design was limited, to say the least. One of his handsomest buildings was the hall of the Library Company in Philadelphia—a structure that stood across the street from Independence Hall, was demolished in the 1880's, and shortly will be rebuilt by the American Philosophical Society on its original location. Thornton's account of the way he designed it is almost more than a modern architect can take. "I saw a publication for a plan of a public library in Philadelphia," he wrote, "offering a premium for the best. When I travelled I never thought of architecture. But I got some books and worked a few days, then gave a plan in the ancient Ionic order, which carried the day."

He worked a bit harder to win the competition for the Capitol, at Washington. "I lamented not having studied architecture, and resolved to attempt the grand undertaking and study at the same time," he explained. The plan evolved only after "I studied some months and worked almost night and day."

A bitter argument arose over the relative contributions of Thornton and Benjamin Henry Latrobe to the final design of the Capitol. Latrobe, who set the pattern for the profession of architecture as we know it today, was far better grounded in his business and was the man who carried the job to completion, but this meant little to the mercurial Thornton, who loved a battle of wits and stuttered when excited. He also engaged in a running dispute with Robert Fulton, claiming that his friend Fitch had precedence in the invention of the steamboat. One of Thornton's boasts was his invention of wallboard or, as he described it, the making of planks from sawdust. Fulton, according to the memoirs of Colonel Tayloe's son, Benjamin, thought that he had originated the process, and described it in great detail to Thornton.

"There is nothing new in that," the doctor announced. "I have known of it for a long time."

"But you never knew of my invention," Fulton countered, "to make oak planks from pine sawdust."

This must have left the doctor, for once, without a reply. On another occasion recorded by Tayloe—quite possibly at the Octagon—a male guest, by the name of Magruder, was embarrassingly late for dinner. Thornton quipped, "Mr. Magruder, you are an intruder."

"You lie," said Magruder.

"Mr. Magruder," said Thornton, "you are ruder and ruder!"

Magruder at that point grew cruder and knocked Thornton to the floor. The doctor got to his feet in amazement. "Damn the fellow!" he exclaimed. "He doesn't understand wit!"

There are two portraits of the irrepressible Thornton in the Octagon. One, a

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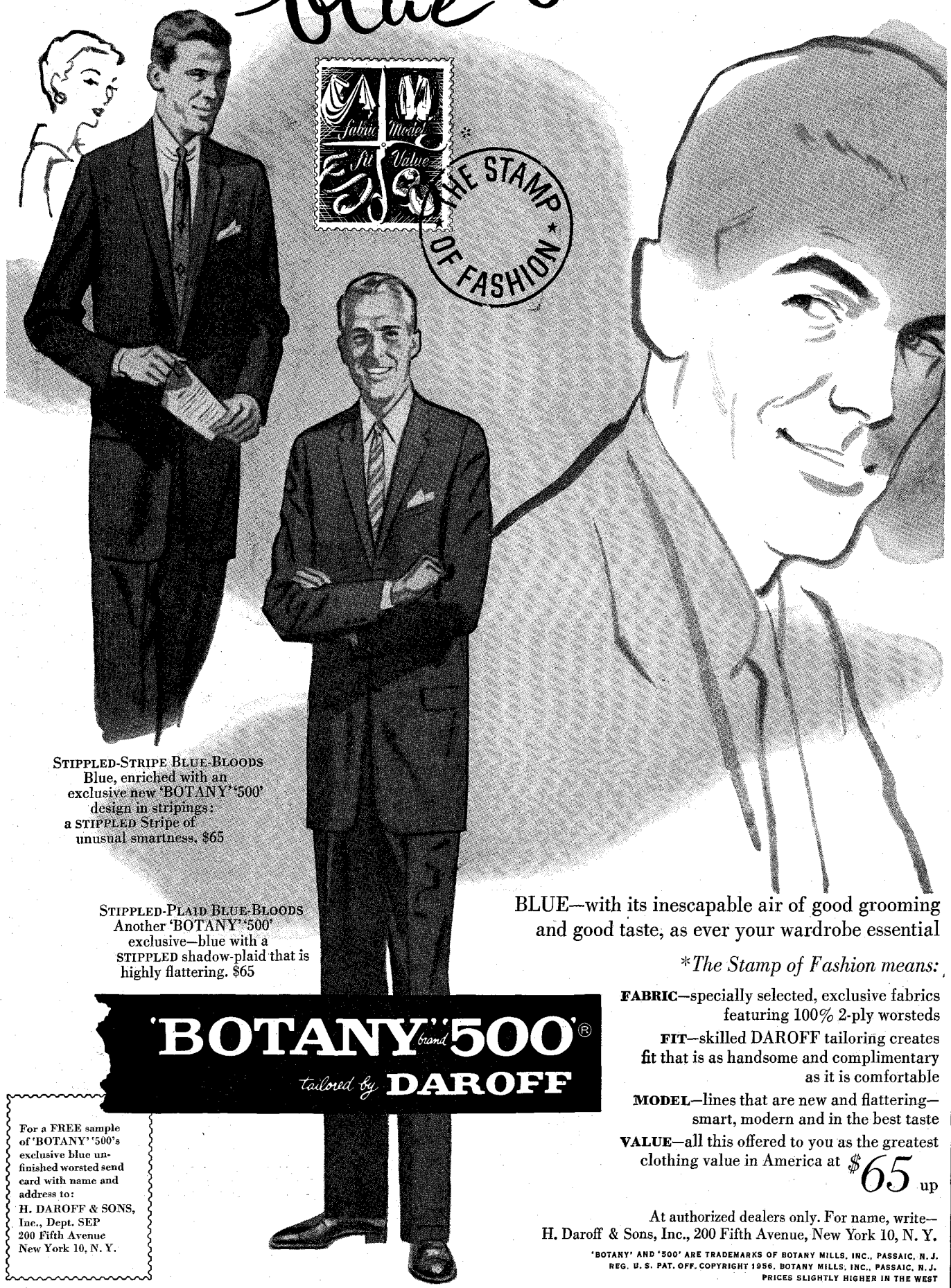
blue bloods



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modern likeness in oil, hangs only a few feet from a similar canvas of his contemporary and adversary, Latrobe, in the drawing room. The other is a crayon profile, drawn from life, by Charles B. J. F. de Saint-Memin. The Octagon also boasts a matching Saint-Memin portrait of Col. John Tayloe. Saint-Memin created his profiles with the aid of a "physiognotrace," which copied on paper the exact outlines of the head. The A.I.A. purchased the Tayloe profile from one of the colonel's descendants. Doctor Thornton's is on loan from the American Colonization Society, the organization founded by Henry Clay to resettle the Negroes in Africa. Doctor Thornton was the society's first secretary.

The Saint-Memin profiles hang on either side of the fireplace in the Octagon dining room. The space between them, directly over the mantel, is reserved for a lady. Dolly Madison, the architects hope, will someday return on canvas to grace their mansion. This is the particular dream of Henry H. Saylor, editor for the A.I.A., who spends his working hours at a desk in the Octagon, brushed by the shades of the colorful characters who people its past.

The Madisons occupied the Octagon early in September, 1814, only a few days after the British, having sacked Washington, returned to their fleet in Chesapeake Bay. Doctor Thornton, as usual, had a hand in everything. He was the man who found Colonel Tayloe's son, Benjamin, and negotiated a lease for the President (the Octagon was not in use by the family at that time of the year); he rode alone into Washington and talked the British out of burning Blodgett's Hotel, which housed his Patent Office, and he helped engineer a safe conduct for Francis Scott Key aboard a British man-of-war—a trip that resulted in The Star-Spangled Banner.

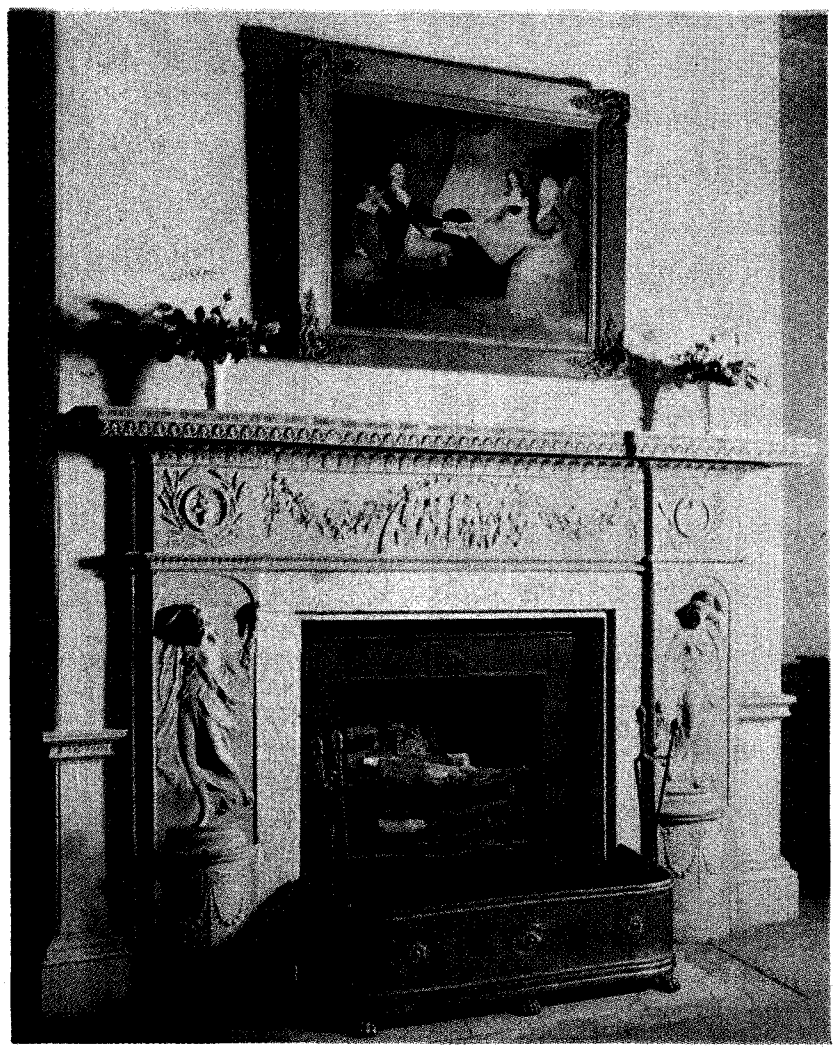
The French ambassador had moved into the Octagon, at Mrs. Tayloe's invitation, when the enemy marched on the capital. His flag saved it from destruction. "French John" Sioussat, the White House steward, must have had a premonition that he would lord it over the Octagon kitchens for a year. He rushed Mrs. Madison's poll parrot from the White House to the French minister's cook for safekeeping while Dolly herself fled to Virginia with a handful of personal belongings and the rolled Gilbert Stuart canvas of George Washington, hastily cut from its frame. Little else was saved from the President's House, which did not become known as the White House until it was rebuilt and white-coated to hide the fire-blackened walls.

The Madisons were quickly at home in the well-furnished Octagon. The President established his study in the circular room on the second floor. Dolly, who loved to entertain, revived her wardrobe with a shipment of Paris gowns on which, she records, the duty was $2000. Her dress for the New Year's Day reception at the Octagon, in 1815, was described as "a robe of rose-colored satin, trimmed with ermine, with gold chains and clasps around her waist and arms, and a white satin turban upon her head, whence sprang a tiara of white ostrich plumes."

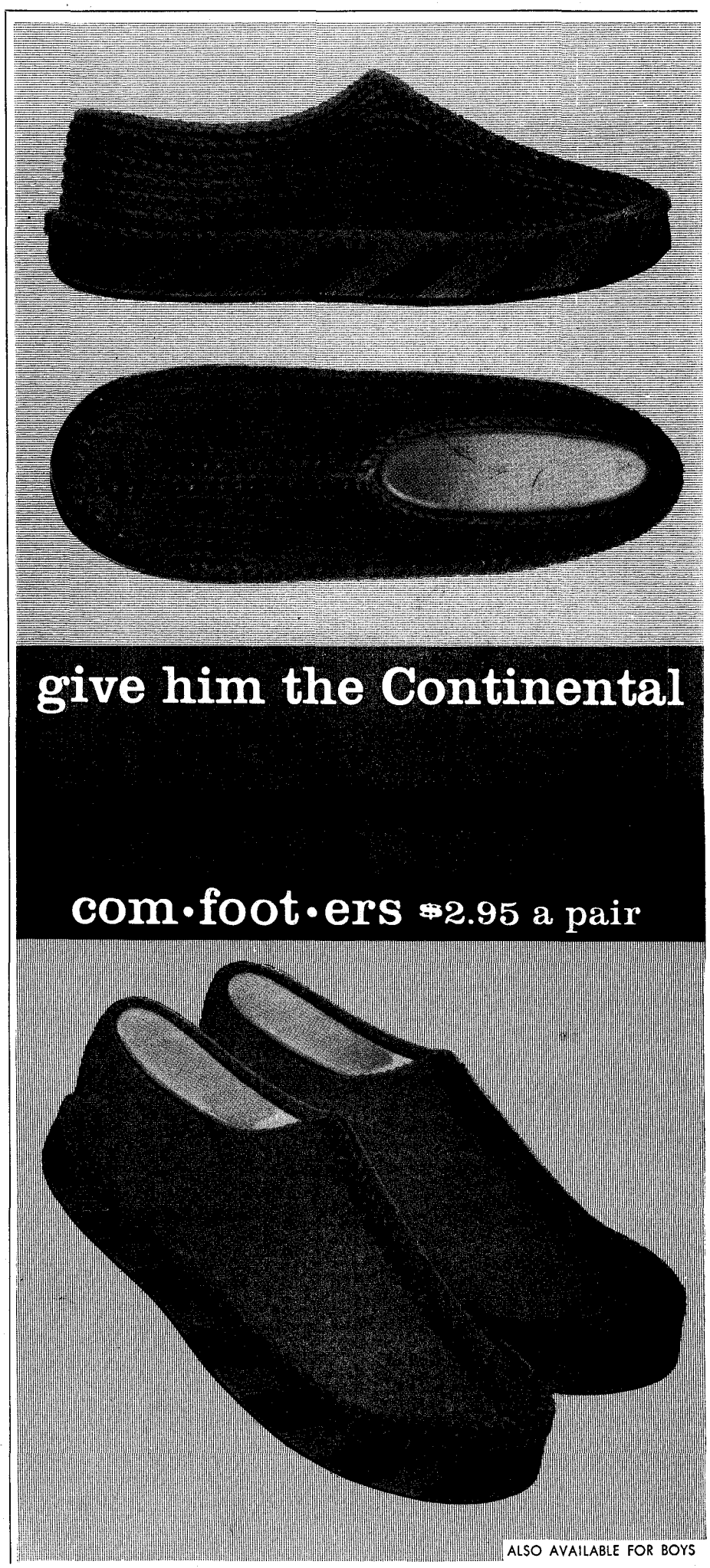
The big day at the Octagon, and undoubtedly the best party of all, occurred February 17, 1815, after Henry Carroll arrived from Europe with the treaty. Word of the British defeat at New Orleans had come only a few days before. The celebration began, as Paul Jennings, Madison's valet, remembered it, with Miss Sally Coles, daughter of the President's secretary, opening the curved, paneled door in the great hall and calling down the concealed back stairs, "Peace! Peace!" Drinks were ordered for all the servants, and Jennings claimed that Sioussat was drunk for two days—but apparently not until French John and Jennings and Sukey, who was Jennings' wife and Dolly's maid, and the rest of the staff had seen the President and his Cabinet through a mammoth, impromptu reception.

The basement kitchen of the Octagon, brick-floored, with a huge fireplace and ovens filling one end of the room, is restored today as a ladies' lounge. Just behind the chimney, not far from the back basement door, the brick-lined tunnel begins. It is blocked off twenty feet beyond the entrance. Its original destination is a mystery, but presumed to have been one of the little creeks and bayous along the Potomac, then not far below the Octagon.

A smokehouse and stable were built to serve the Octagon, and both outbuildings are still in use. The smokehouse is a storage for garden supplies and equipment, while the arched brick doorways of the stable serve as a façade for the institute's library. This forms the north arm of the modern, yet harmoniously Georgian administration building, which protectively circles behind the house and garden. The trees and shrubs which have created one



This priceless cast-stone mantel, imported from England, survived the Octagon's long years of neglect.



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of the finest small gardens in Washington, are maintained as a memorial to the institute's war dead, and marked with a granite stele by sculptor Lee Lawrie near the Octagon's east wall.

The preservation of the stable as a shell for the two-story library, completed only three years ago, ended a fifty-year-old controversy within the A.I.A. The proceedings of the institute in the early years of this century record perennial argument over the fate of the old stable. Every member in those days, when the institute rolls carried only a fraction of the 11,000 recorded today, seems to have had a different idea about the Octagon stable. Some felt demolition was the only solution. The District once condemned the structure as unsafe, and the walls were patched only in the nick of time.

The debate, begun only a few years after the architects had purchased the Octagon, helped clarify the sentiment and the policy of A.I.A. members toward their historic home. The president of the institute, chiding the advocates of demolition in 1913, put it on the line. "It (the Octagon) is essentially a historic monument," he said, "and we are in a very peculiar position in holding it as owners and at the same time not recognizing its value as a national monument in Washington."

The recognition has been universal since, and, of course, was not lacking from the beginning. It was almost a fetish with Glenn Brown, for many years secretary of the institute, who brought the architects and the Octagon together. He discovered the mansion in 1886, while writing a series of articles on Georgian houses, and in 1889 suggested its use by the A.I.A. The suggestion was made again in 1897, when the architects decided to move their headquarters from New York to Washington, and the Octagon was leased the following year by the institute for thirty dollars a month. It was purchased from the Tayloe heirs in 1902 for $30,000.

Glenn Brown and the A.I.A., busy with their own restoration of the Octagon, were a potent force in the movement, at the turn of the century, that forced a return to L'Enfant's plan for Washington. The city commissioners and the Federal Government had gone in other directions. The huge brick pile of the Smithsonian Institution jutting into the Mall, and the Treasury Building that blocks Pennsylvania Avenue near the White House, are examples of what had occurred. The modern city, conforming to the grand plan of the past, dates from the establishment of a National Commission of Fine Arts in Washington fifty years ago.

Edmund R. Purves, executive director of the institute, calculates that the A.I.A. to date has spent $2,000,000 in restoration and improvement of its Octagon headquarters. Nearly two thirds of this is the cost of the administration building and library. Most of the furnishings in the Octagon are gifts, or on loan, and not included in the total. The antique furniture in the Octagon dining room, a collection of museum pieces, is a gift of the family of A.I.A. fellow John W. Cross, in his memory. The Treaty Room is entirely furnished by gifts, several from Tayloe heirs.

Of all the objects that have found their way back to the Octagon, the circular table that Madison used has the most amazing history. The table is pivoted, handsomely inlaid and desklike in its arrangement of wedge-shaped drawers, marked with ivory letters from A to Z. It remained in the Tayloe family until 1897, when George Ogle Tayloe, who lived in Georgia, sold it through a friend to Mrs. A. H. Voorhis, for her home in San Francisco. Mrs. Voorhis, at the time of the great earthquake and fire in 1906, when the flames threatened her dwelling, wrapped the table in sheets and wheeled it through the streets to a safe area. Five years later she loaned the table for exhibit at the A.I.A. convention held at the Fairmont Hotel, and shortly afterward sold it to the San Francisco chapter, which restored it to the Octagon.

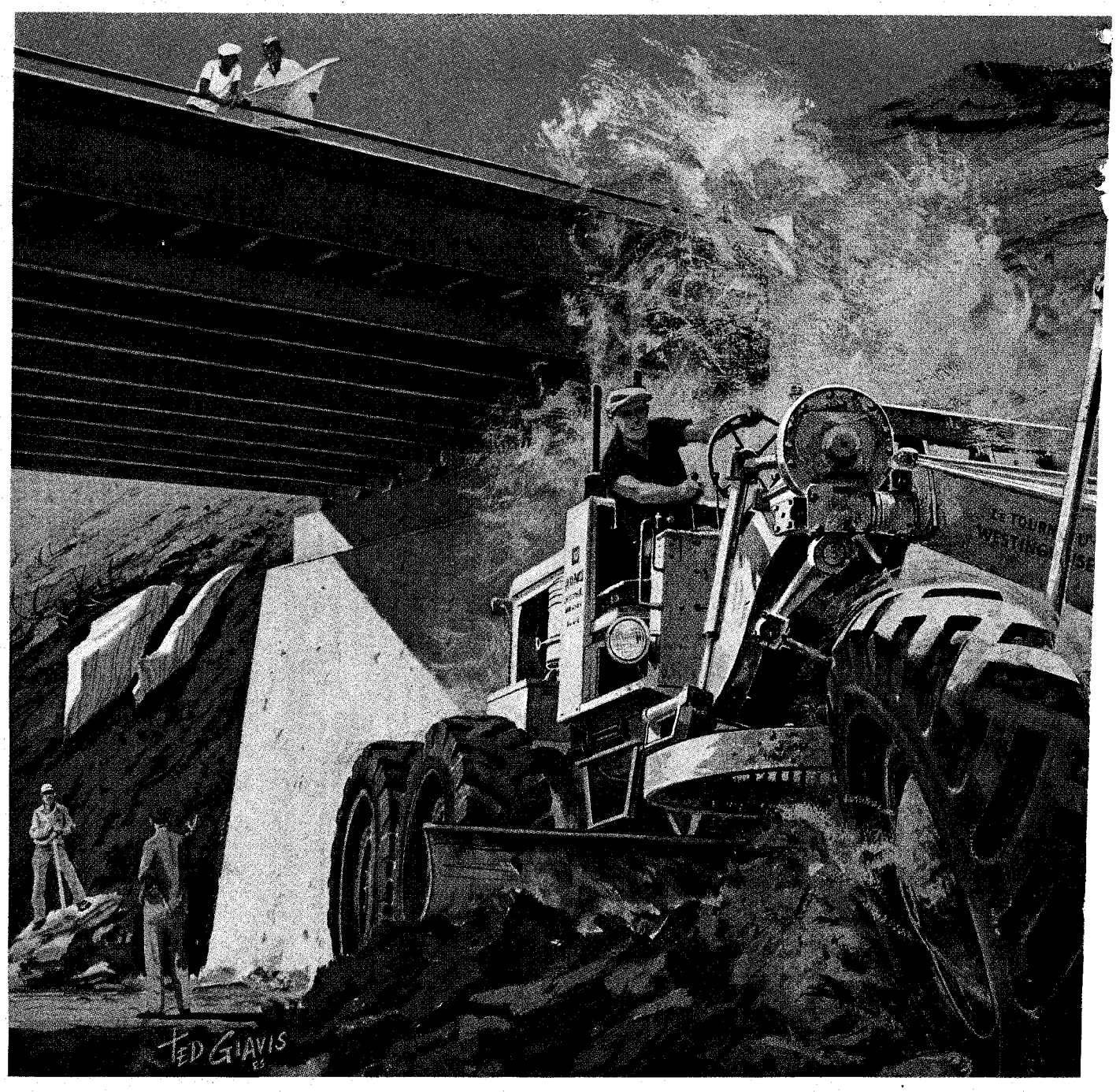
There's a tiny ivory button set in the mahogany handrail at the foot of the Octagon's sweeping, oval staircase. It is a replacement for the disk, lost years ago, that Doctor Thornton put in the rail to indicate that he had completed his job and had been paid in full by Colonel Tayloe. This traditional symbol of a friendly settlement between architect and owner is sometimes known as an amity button.

Never was an amity button more appropriate than that within the Octagon. "Our members value their headquarters not only as a shrine," in the opinion of Director Purves, "but as a classic example of the architect's skill. Architecture has been described, by one wise jester, as the art of organizing a mob of craftsmen. When that organization is good, it leaves no doubt as to the purpose for which the structure has been designed.

"The craftsmen who laid up the brick and sandstone of the Octagon, the carpenters who fashioned its curved panels and doors, had a genius to guide them. They produced neither a cozy home nor a cold and sterile mansion. The Octagon was designed as a gracious showpiece to welcome visitors, and we're proud to have it serve that function today."

THE END

Which Diesel is "Public



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On countless projects—both construction and maintenance of essential public services—you find General Motors Detroit Diesel engines powering more different kinds of equipment than any other Diesel.

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And now winning the acclaim of users who want higher output are Detroit Diesel's great new Turbopower engines. *These new GM Turbopower Diesels develop up to 17% more power on no more fuel—or the same power with 15% less fuel!*

Because of greater efficiency, and the fact they fit where bulkier engines won't, GM Detroit Diesel engines are installed by over 150 manufacturers in more than 1,000 different applications of power machinery. They step up output and cut fuel and maintenance bills on any job from 30 h.p. up.

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They Coddle Their Customers

(Continued from Page 42)

breasts of chicken in cream sauce, laid over broccoli, sprinkled with cheese, flavored with sherry, and then covered with one-half cup cream sauce. That did it. In no time it seemed only natural to be planning all our meals together. A wedding proved to be the best insurance that we never would stop."

A proper Bostonian might raise an eyebrow at such frankness, but, in fact, the testimonial understates the devotion lavished on Pierce's by one of the fussiest clienteles in the United States. This love affair began in 1831, when Samuel Stillman Pierce opened his first shop on the corner of Court and Tremont Streets, in downtown Boston. That it continues to thrive is a phenomenon, for Pierce's has become big business, no longer a private preserve for the very rich, but a highly efficient firm using ultramodern equipment. The company operates three retail stores in Boston, four more in the suburbs, and an outlying store in West Hartford, Connecticut. A wholesale-grocery department markets the seven Pierce brands of canned and packaged goods to 3143 specialty shops, grocers and department stores.

The firm last year grossed approximately $35,000,000, a far cry from the old corner grocery.

Despite the changes produced by time, New Englanders still feel free to call upon Pierce's for advice on the most recondite subjects. A teetotaling Beacon Hill matron, to cite an example, wished to extract the flavor from a raw vanilla bean. She rejected bottled extract, which is spiked with alcohol to dilute the vanilla concentrate. A wealthy dowager asked the bakery department to dream up a suitable fourth-birthday cake for Sonia. Thereafter, pressed for details, she confided that Sonia was a Pekingese dog. The headstrong wife of a businessman wished to serve a claret with boiled salmon and hollandaise sauce, which would constitute a gastronomic atrocity. The real brain-twister, however, came from a suburban customer of lesser

... ...

Thanks

By John D. Engle, Jr.

Thank You for the
availability
Of You. When pettiness
descends upon
The wings of boredom and
I cannot see
Through the threatening
clouds of pro and con,
I flick the switch of faith,
and there You are!
There is no pettiness, no
boredom now.
The night is peaceful with
You as my star.
And as my sun by day,
You show me how
To walk in brightness;
show me how the parts
Are gathered up by You to
form one whole,
How one heart emerges
from a myriad hearts,
How from a myriad souls
evolves one soul.
Thank You for opening my
blinded eyes
And showing me my
inward paradise.

... ...

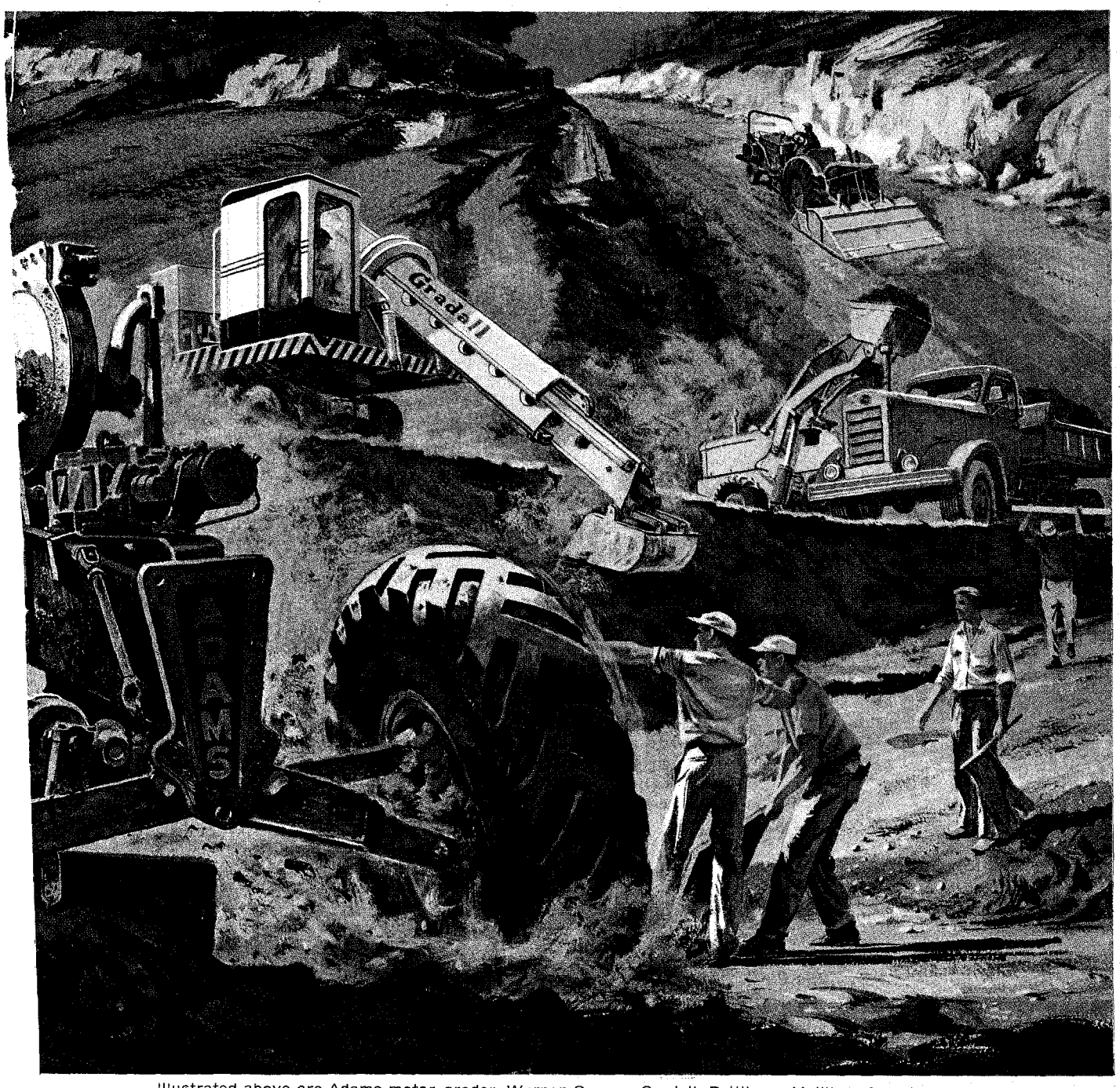
means. "How do you cook an ostrich egg?" she wanted to know.

A willingness to undertake such odd commissions may help to explain why Pierce's still is going strong after 125 years. "We try to answer any serious question relating to food, wine or the other items we sell," says Wallace L. Pierce, president of the company. He is the fourth generation to serve as an officer of the firm. "We have only one strict rule about this. We tell our employees: 'Don't guess. If you don't know the answer offhand, try to find out. If you can't find out, admit it frankly.'"

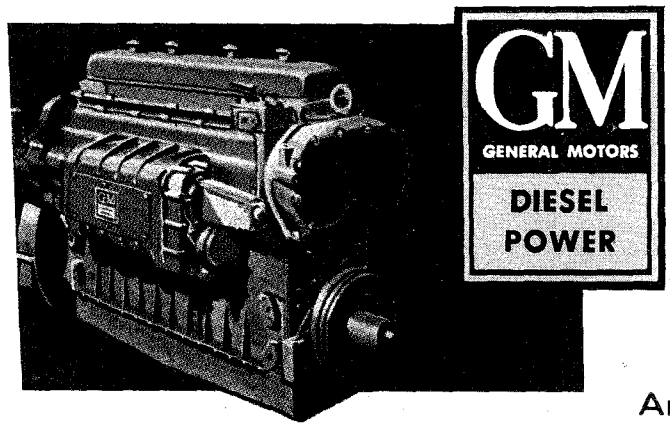
The company maintains an expert on cookery, another expert on fine wines, and a public-relations staff that can answer almost any question relating to gracious living, cold roast Boston style. By mischance, however, the Case of the Vanilla Bean was handled by a new and brash employee. "Just boil the bean for an hour in a quart of water," she said, uttering the first thought that came into her head. "Then throw out the bean and use the water for flavoring."

In a rancorous state of mind, the lady called back several days later. This time, she was connected with Leslie Chadwick

Servant" Number one?



Illustrated above are Adams motor grader; Warner-Swasey Gradall; Pettibone-Mulliken Speedall; Four Wheel Drive truck; Seaman-Andwall Trav-L-Plant. Write for list of over 1,000 applications.



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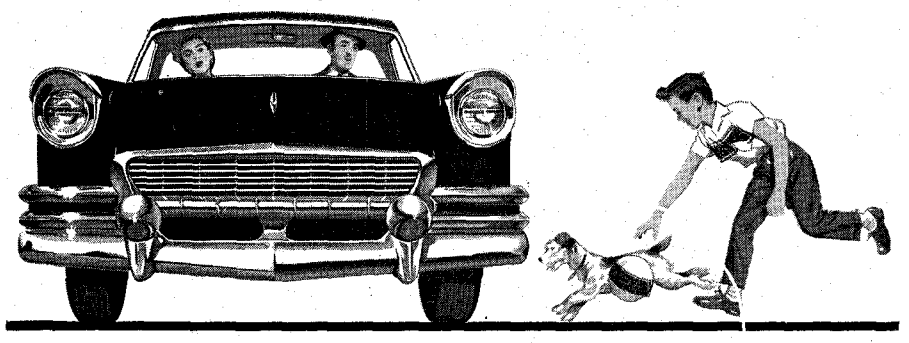

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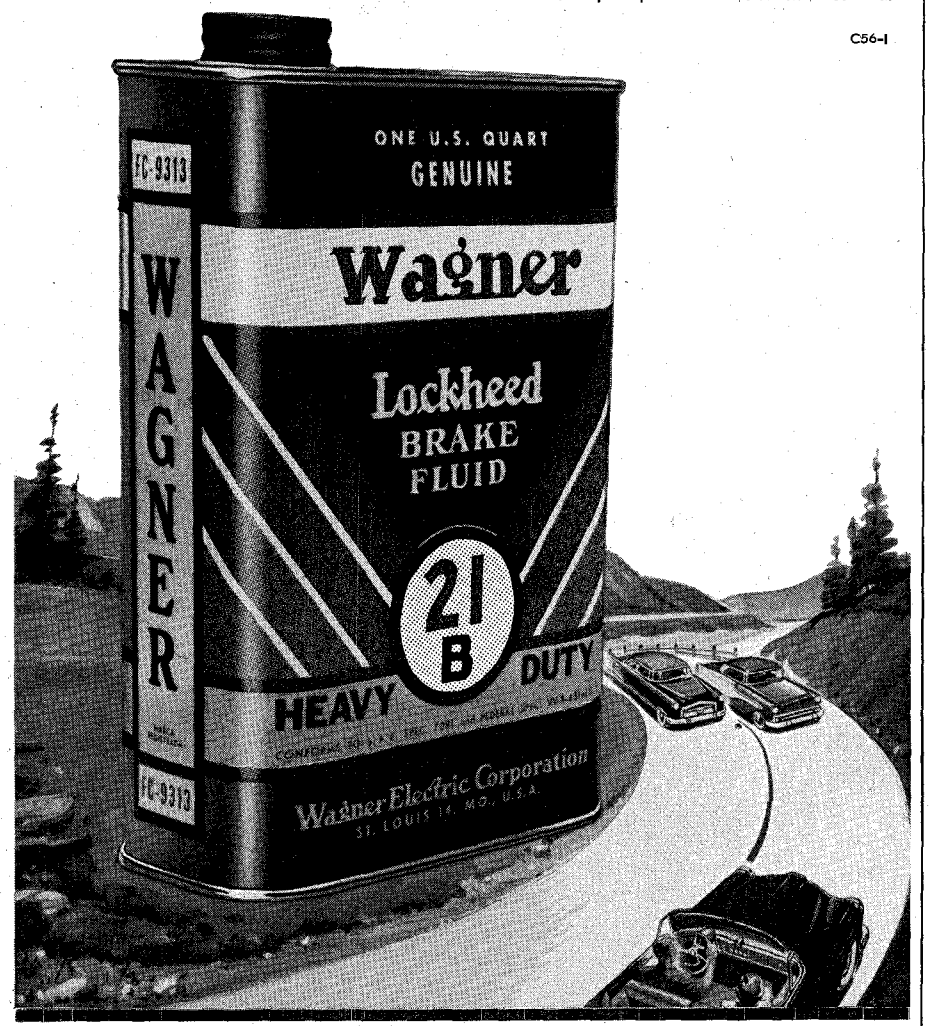

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TACHOGRAPHS . . . AIR HORNS . . . ELECTRIC MOTORS . . . TRANSFORMERS . . . INDUSTRIAL BRAKES

Browning, a birdlike little man who has served for thirty years as the company's authority on cuisine. Browning has 10,000 recipes and household hints on the tip of his tongue.

"I am going to close my account," was her greeting. "I have lost faith in Pierce's."

Stunned by this blow, Browning feebly asked the reason. The reason was the vanilla bean, which stubbornly refused to give up its flavor. Her cook boiled the bean for an hour. The water was tasteless. She reboiled the bean; dropped it in cold water, let the water come to a boil; and finally dropped it into rapidly boiling water. All she ever got was boiled water, which has a somewhat brackish taste.

Fortunately, Browning knew the answer. A vanilla bean is about six inches long, with a hard outer shell. "Just fill a Mason jar with powdered or fine granulated sugar, break one inch off the bean and bury it in the sugar," he said. "Screw on the top and put the jar away for several weeks. Then you'll have a quart of vanilla-flavored sugar."

To an old New Englander, a divorce from Pierce's is more poignant than a divorce from one's husband, but the customer was as good as her word. She canceled her account—and sheepishly reopened it three months later, admitting that the vanilla-flavored sugar was just the ticket. Pierce's was particularly glad to have her back—she represented the fifth generation of one family to do business with the company.

Providing a birthday cake for a four-year-old Pekingese, though not in the daily routine of business, proved an easier problem to solve. The bakers dreamed up an elaborate two-layer job, slathered it liberally with frosting, and adorned it with tiny candy dogs. Sonia and her pals were unable to blow out the candles without human help, but they did eat all the cake, which cost Sonia's devoted patroness forty-five dollars.

The hardheaded matron who insisted on serving the wrong wine required a more subtle approach. A person of consequence, she considered herself a gourmet. Browning, repressing a shudder, remarked that the combination of claret with salmon was a very unusual one. "I have never tried salmon with red wine," he observed, "but I must do so one day." Privately, he was recalling to himself that red wine kills the taste of salmon, and that salmon kills the taste of red wine.

"Well, what do you serve with salmon?" demanded the woman.

"I always prefer a dry white wine—say, a white Burgundy," said Browning.

"It's a thought," the woman said grudgingly. "I might try it."

"Would you be good enough to let me know if you like it better than the red wine you generally serve?" asked Browning. A day later the client called back. "It was excellent," she said. This made Browning very happy. "Her guests were really gourmets," he recalls. "They would have made fun of her behind her back. It is our business to keep that sort of thing from happening."

How to cook an ostrich egg represented, perhaps, the most baffling culinary problem ever faced by Pierce's. It also established the lengths to which the company will go to solve such a problem. An ostrich egg is about the size of a small grapefruit. Rarely seen in the United States, it is one of the few specialties not stocked by the firm. Plainly, something so exotic called for an elaborate recipe.

A swift poll of experts inside and outside the company produced no clues. Researchers thumbed through reference books at the Public Library and made contact, to no avail, with an assortment of explorers. Finally, an airmail letter was dispatched to a business connection in Africa, the home of the ostrich. Even this source proved barren of information. Abiding by its own stern rules, Pierce's called the lady to confess failure. But, after mature consideration, she was informed, the company felt no harm would result if she simply boiled the egg.

This meticulous approach to the grocery business has paid off handsomely for Pierce's. The company has managed to combine the personal touch with a shrewd and efficient operating program, maintaining an old-fashioned atmosphere while conducting its business in ultra-modern stores with the newest equipment. By such adroit compromises, Pierce's has flourished where others have given up in despair. Park and Tilford, in New York, was once an equally fancy grocer with a millionaire clientele. The strain of coping with such whimsical customers proved too great. The firm now confines itself principally to the sale of wines and liquors. The largest specialty firm in Boston, the Cobb, Bates and Yerxa Company, was absorbed by Pierce's in 1924.

Normally, a grocer is either a retailer or a wholesaler. Pierce's is both these things, and an exporter and importer to boot. This may complicate the bookkeeping, but does not distract the company from its notion that the customer exists to be coddled. The retail department maintains detailed dossiers on 20,000 patrons, who prefer to be phoned for their orders, once a week or more often. The slyest private detective could never learn as much about the families on this list as the seventy-five "call-out" clerks who ring them up. Thus the customer in Marblehead who craves pickled limes will not be overlooked when they go on sale, and the client in Annisquam, who abhors crepes suzette, will never be asked to buy any. The family with a dog will be alerted to a new taste sensation in pet foods. The parents with a child at summer camp will be reminded that a box of assorted foods never goes amiss.

The coddling process is infinitely varied. A customer with a sweet tooth may specify his own selection of candies. The confectionery department adds his name to a list of 2000 individuals who like to be able to say: "Send me another pound of my personal mix." The wine department, with one of the most varied cellars in the country, will lay down a fine port in honor of a newly born son; and deliver it to him, with his own private label on each bottle, when he reaches twenty-one. The cigar department will order a specified blend of tobacco leaves from its suppliers in Cuba, box the cigars and store them as long as desired. A special section of the company services yachtsmen, supplies arctic and mountaineering expeditions, and provides baked beans and Indian pudding to homesick New Englanders in fifty-four embassies, consulates and missionary outposts throughout the world.

The company is stuck with this reputation for service, which consumes an awful lot of time for the money involved. However, it also enjoys a reputation for quality, which pays off more concretely. The firm's thousands of canned products—many of them actually the same item, but in tins of varying sizes—are watched over with the fussiness of a mother hen.

Pierce's packs virtually none of its own wares, instead paying a premium price to the packers. These gentlemen are expected to provide such niceties as pears with long necks, which have a more shapely look; peas that can be broken by the pressure of the tongue against the roof of the mouth; baby carrots of a specified shade of yellow; and halved tomatoes that remain intact when spooned

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from the can. A customer's complaint that two or three baby beets proved to be broken when removed from the can will produce a crisis of formidable proportions.

Pierce products are packed under the company's own label, which always includes the firm's coat of arms, an elaborate device consisting of a shield crowned by an eagle, bearing a lion rampant, and supported by two additional lions, looking aggressive. Beneath the whole design is a scroll bearing the solemn words: "Established 1831. Incorporated 1894." The highest quality carries a red label, applied only to fancy or extra-fancy foods in tins.

At odd intervals, Wallace Pierce and other company officers will descend to the "cutting room" in the main office and warehouse building on Brookline Avenue, Boston. Half a dozen unlabeled cans will be opened, or "cut," as grocers describe it. Each sampler, after a delicate smacking of the lips, writes down his own rating, based on a figure of 100. A can of peas will be rated on tenderness, color, the flavor of the liquor in which the vegetables are packed, and any defects in the individual peas, such as a lack of uniformity in size.

The customers have been conditioned to expect such attention to quality, as well as personal service to the point where it hurts. In late summer of 1955, a customer in Hartford ordered a wedding cake, which was to be delivered in time for a ten A.M. wedding breakfast. The cake was dispatched, the night before, on a delivery truck that makes a once-daily run from the Boston warehouse to the West Hartford store. Meanwhile, Connecticut streams burst their banks and the great flood was on. State police turned back the truck.

Tom Keegan, manager of the bakery department, realized the horrible truth late in the evening. No more planes were flying that night from Boston to Hartford, but there was an early-morning flight that would get him there in time. Early the next day, cradling the cake tenderly in his arms, he took a taxi to Logan Airport, boarded the plane to Hartford, was met there by another taxi and delivered the cake—with not a rosette marred—to the mother of the bride one hour before the wedding breakfast.

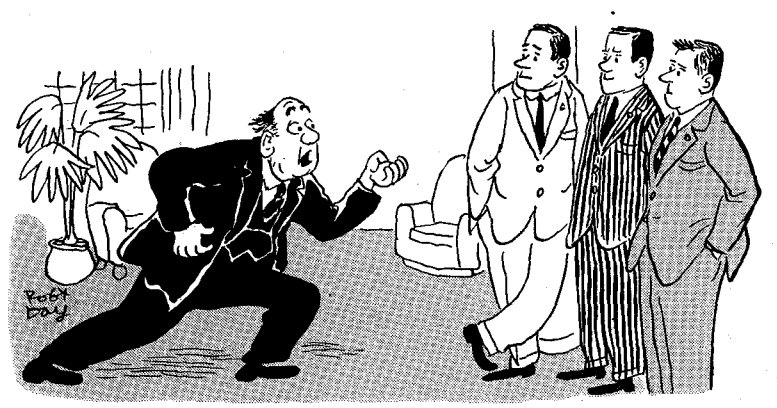
The classic example of Pierce service, which is often cited by the company, occurred twenty years ago. A hostess at Millbrook, New York, on the eastern border of New York State not far from Poughkeepsie, ordered six cans of green-turtle soup for an elaborate dinner party. A number of other items also included in the order arrived by express in good time. Not so the soup.

"But I must have it," she telephoned. "Otherwise, the party will be ruined."

Coleman Curran, now in charge of company public relations, but then a salesman, was handed the problem. He telephoned to stores handling Pierce goods in New York, Poughkeepsie and Albany, the three nearest cities to Millbrook. All of them, unexplainably, were out of green-turtle soup.

Thereupon, Curran boarded an overnight sleeper to New York, took another train to Poughkeepsie, hired a taxi and appeared well before dinner at Millbrook with a full case of green-turtle soup. The miraculous nature of this event spread 'round the neighborhood. Within a week, twenty new customers in the Millbrook area opened accounts. The round trip had cost approximately fifty dollars, the soup was valued at ten dollars, but the expedition was well worth the expense.

During the 1938 hurricane, when other companies were at a standstill, Pierce's supplied all its customers, without exception. A memorandum issued at the time by Sidney Zanditon, now the company's merchandise manager, cited one instance:



The Perfect Squelch

Having cornered some Korean veterans, Old Windy was refighting World War I with his usual criticisms of modern military methods. "Radar," he snorted. "Jet planes. We didn't have 'em in the old days. We fought with cold steel, man against man."

Few of his listeners really believed Windy had fought in the earlier war, for even then he was past the draft age. So they listened with mounting impatience as he insisted: "You boys just don't know what war was like. Why, I once fought my way up a hill that was slippery with blood. We knocked out a whole platoon in hand-to-hand fighting." He paused dramatically. "Then what do you think happened?"

After a brief silence, one of his weary audience suggested, "The Confederates counter-attacked?"

John F. Scanlon

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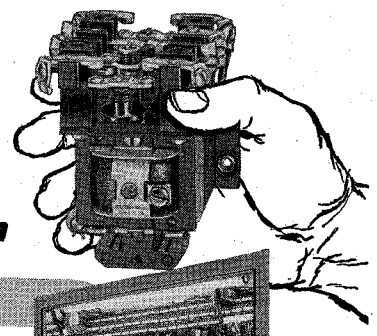
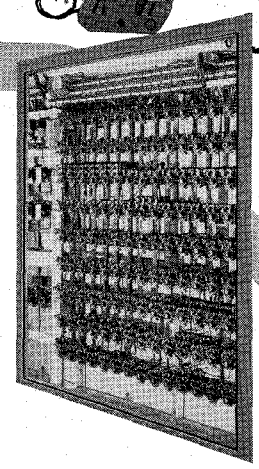
CONTROL RELAYS

...building blocks for automation production





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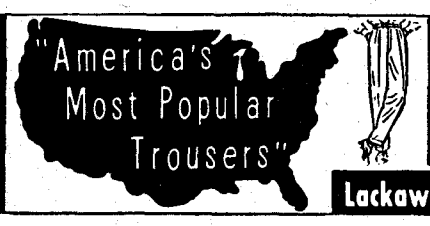

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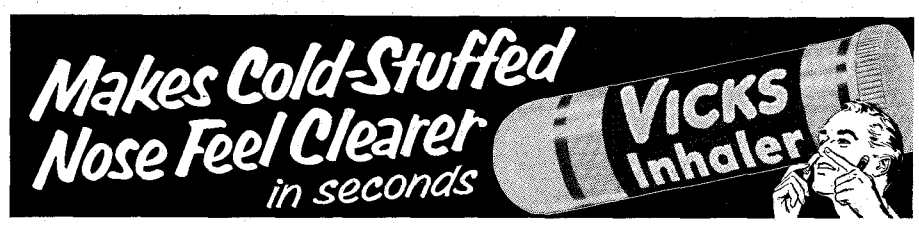

"Mrs. W.H.L., Hough's Neck, was out during the storm last Wednesday and worried about her S.S.P. order. She arrived at home at the height of the storm and found a note on the door stating that the order was under the house, away from the wind. She didn't know herself that there was any opening under the house."

The big snow of 1947, which paralyzed the Eastern seaboard, provided another test of the company's service policy. Pierce's deliverymen make regular trips to 146 sections of Boston and its environs. They are hearty, husky men with a scorn for physical obstacles. However, one man's route included Beacon Hill, a somewhat stuffy section with an unwritten rule that deliveries are made to the back door only. The snow was so deep that only the streets were plowed, and not the side entrances or alleys.

The unfortunate man, appearing with his groceries at the front door, was met by an irate dowager who gave him a fifteen-minute tongue-lashing.

"But, madam," he protested, "I can't get to the back door."

The lady sniffed. "I don't care," she said. "You deliver at the back door or not at all."

She then snatched the grocery box from his hands and slammed the door.

In this attitude she was more than matched by another matron, who phoned the store during an earlier blizzard of equal ferocity. "Good morning," she said sweetly. "You remember my dear little dog I told you about. He is sitting beside me, begging pitifully for some peppermints and checkermints I always keep in a certain silver box. Unfortunately, the box is as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. I want you to send me one half pound immediately."

"Unfortunately," said the clerk, "as you know, we are in the midst of the most terrible snowstorm."

"There are windows in this house," said the lady, "and I know the weather conditions."

"But we haven't a single means of transportation," pleaded the clerk.

"Your transportation difficulties do not interest me in the least," rejoined the lady. "Send that half pound of candy immediately."

The clerk slipped on his overshoes, fought his way through the storm and delivered the candy to the overjoyed dog.

Fortunately for Pierce's, the number of such customers diminishes annually. Gone are the days of Mrs. Isabella Stewart ("Mrs. Jack") Gardner, who once telephoned the manager of the Copley Square store to report that a delivery wagon had clipped one leaf from a prized rosebush; of the redoubtable Frederick H. Prince, the stock-market specialist whose fits of temper were the marvel of Boston; and of the original Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was asked by a competitor to transfer his patronage from Pierce's, and replied, "I have been dealing so long with Pierce's that I'd be afraid to."

The doughty matrons all have died or have moved from Beacon Hill and the desirable "water side" of Beacon Street to the suburbs. Pierce's, because of lessened patronage from these areas, is about to close its Copley Square store, a magnificently absurd brownstone building dating from 1887. The new shop will be in a more strategic location. All seven of the older stores have been converted to a combination of self-service and service by clerks. The West Hartford store, which opened in 1954, started out that way. Whereas in earlier days the customers would have been horrified to see price tags boldly displayed, now every item is marked clearly with a price. There are even shopping carts. But as a concession to more formal customers, each cart is swathed with a colored, plastic cover embossed with the company crest.

Though customer relations have changed somewhat, Pierce's still looks on its 1400 employees with a benevolent eye. Three hundred of them are members of the firm's Quarter-Century Club, which banquets regularly on Pierce foods. Practically no employee ever is fired, if able to do even a middling job of work. This was well illustrated last year, when Zanditon hired a new dietitian for the company cafeteria at Business Central, the main warehouse, office building and Brookline Avenue store.

"You may not be completely happy with all the women who work for you," she was warned. "They are old, but you have got to get along with them because they are there to stay." The dietitian, an impatient young girl, proved the exception to the company rules. She was fired because she pushed her subordinates too hard. There is no fixed retirement age. Winifred S. Reed, a salesman, finally retired last year at the age of ninety, but only because he felt forced to take care of his ailing wife, aged ninety-four.

LET'S TALK TURKEY!

Yes, it's time to talk turkey . . . about Christmas gifts!

The best gifts of all are gift subscriptions to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. For the POST is packed with pleasure that returns week after week for as long as you care to give. POST gifts are economical, too—two or more 1-year gifts are only $5 each—and they're so easy to order!

Simply fill in the order form that's in this issue and mail it today. We'll gladly bill you later while your gifts are being enjoyed. A colorful card in your name will announce each POST gift in the Christmas mails.

In other respects, the company has softened its employee policies. A set of rules, dated 1911, illuminates the sternness with which the company used to view its responsibilities.

"Never let a customer see you sitting down," warned this document. "If you feel weak or feeble, inform the superintendent, and he will let you rest where you cannot be seen.

"When your lady or gentlemen friends call, be as brief in your intercourse as possible, letting them understand you are a busy man, and remembering that your time is paid for, and belongs to, the corporation. . . .

"If a customer treats you rudely, pity rather than blame him, as no gentleman would do so.

"A clerk should always thank a customer for the order taken, no matter how small that order may have been."

Rule No. 3 is nearly outmoded, since present-generation Bostonians, less lusty than their ancestors, rarely give way to rage in the grocery store. Rule No. 4 still is strictly applied.

The original S. S. Pierce, who started out as a carpenter's apprentice, died in 1880. A somewhat taciturn man with a spade beard, he nevertheless made three trips to Europe during his lifetime, evincing unusual enterprise for a man brought

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up during the days of sail. He is remembered principally for two sayings, which his heirs in large part have subscribed to. "A grocery store," he said, "has got to be on a corner. If it isn't on a corner, then it shouldn't be there." Seven of the eight stores still are on corners or at the least occupy a full block. When asked whether he expected his store to make money, he replied, "I may not make money, but I shall make a reputation."

The sapience of this remark was attested, when the venerable Boston Transcript gave up the ghost. "The Transcript," said the lead editorial in the final issue, "was as much Boston as the Opera House, S. S. Pierce, the Union Club, Durgin & Park and the Old Colony Trust."

The elder Pierce was succeeded by his son, Wallace L. Pierce, who served as president until 1920. He was followed by Walworth Pierce, now a spry seventy-nine, who became chairman of the board in 1947. The first digression from the family line followed, when Roger Preston became president, but tradition was vindicated in 1954, upon the death of Preston. Wallace L. Pierce II succeeded him. There are now two other Pierces in the firm: Vassar Pierce ("Uncle Vass"), aged seventy, vice-president in charge of wines and liquors, and his son, Norman, thirty-seven, who assists him. Through the years, the company has nurtured its suppliers with equal tenderness. Huntley and Palmer, the British biscuitmakers, have been supplying Pierce's since the middle 1800's. The oldest supplier is the Bordeaux wine firm of A. de Luze et Fils.

The de Luzes have provided French wines for Pierce's since 1847. During the first World War, communication with France was restricted to military supplies. After the Armistice, a Pierce representative, revisiting France, discovered that the de Luzes had preserved some of their finest vintages by hiding them from the Germans. A subsupplier attempted the same feat in World War II by dropping choice bottles into a pond. Unfortunately for him, the labels became unglued, floating to the surface just as the Gestapo was paying a visit.

Until his death last summer, Charles Codman was the company's authority on wines. He served during the second war as aide to General George S. Patton. As France was reconquered, in his spare time he established just what vintners had saved something choice for Pierce's. The best job was done by the tiny Romanée-Conti vineyard, which counts its bottlings in the hundreds instead of the thousands. The head of the family threw up a false wall in his cellars, and thus hid from the Nazis the very best wines. These shortly showed up on Pierce's lists.

The greatest argument, among people who buy from Pierce's, is how to pronounce the name. Old Boston says "Purse." New Boston says "Pierce," and so does the company. A man from Rochester, New York, recently wrote Wallace Pierce: "To settle the constant bickering in my family, will you kindly inform me as to the correct pronunciation of the name 'Pierce,' in S. S. Pierce Co." Pierce wrote back: "Although they may, in Boston, refer to our company as 'S. S. Purse,' we ourselves use only the name 'Pierce.'"

The etymology is complicated. The name goes back to England, where, the descendants think, it probably was spelled "Perse." The first Pierce, a man named John, landed in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1629. He got off the boat referring to himself as "Purse." Wallace Pierce I, who married a Walworth, shortly ran into opposition about this pronunciation. "It's affected," said his wife. "Why don't you call yourself Pierce?" He did. However, his brother, a doctor, continued to refer to himself as "Purse," as do his heirs.

The dichotomy exists to this day. Pierce's is a family-owned firm, with stockholders on both sides of the Pierce-Purse barrier. A knowledgeable Boston businessman who has no connection with the firm summed it up somewhat caustically.

"It's the Pierces who do the work," he remarked, "and the Purses who cut the coupons." THE END

Remorse

By Norman R. Jaffray

I'm sorry I ever said it;
In anger the words were flung.
What folly we speak in a lover's pique
When the temper controls the tongue!

My hasty remark was silly,
And I wish that I had it back,
For, the moment, dear, you went out of here,
I thought of a better crack.

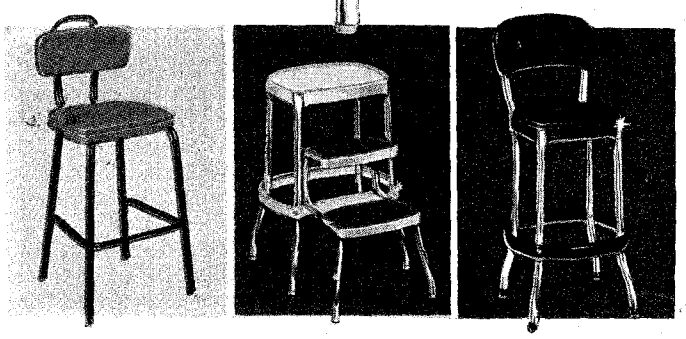
Next to her tree she'll like COSCO® best!

(Tray top lifts off)

4-M Step Stool, $13.95 ($14.95*)

8-W Tray Cart, $15.95 ($16.95*)

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



9-G Posture Stool Upholstered $13.95 ($14.95*)

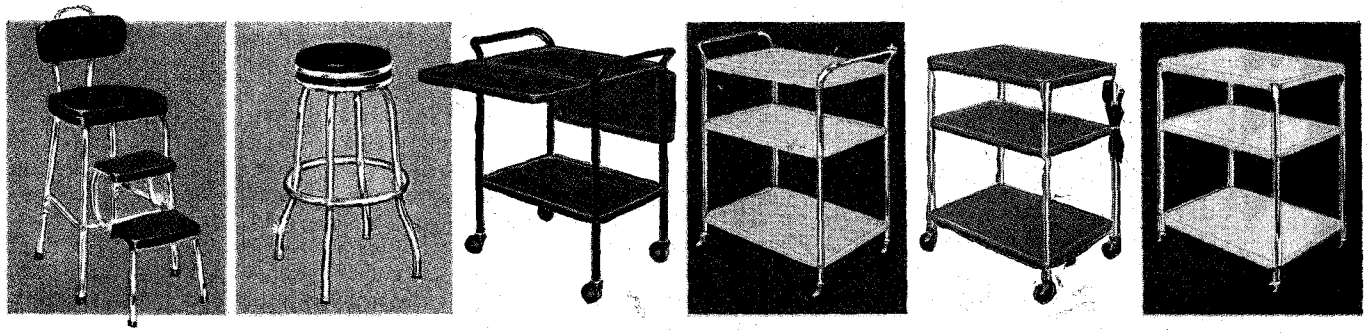
4-A Step Stool Enamel finish $9.95 ($10.75*)

2-B Kitchen Stool Enamel finish $5.45 ($5.95*)

● She has her heart set on Cosco . . . America's *quality* line of stools, utility tables and carts! Twenty-seven models, priced from less than four dollars to about twenty . . . all smartly styled and sturdily constructed, with smooth, washable surfaces in a host of gladdening colors. At department, furniture and hardware stores. Choose yours now . . . a gift that will lighten her work and brighten her home for years to come!

Model 4-M Step Stool (above, left): An indispensable household ladder . . . a restful, comfort-padded seat for working at range, cabinet, sink and ironing board! Roomy, rubber-treaded steps. Floor-protecting gliders. Chromium or black enamel finish; washable, Duran upholstery, six colors.

Model 8-W Tray Cart (above, right): Parties are more fun and less fuss, and homemaking is worlds easier, with this handsome cart handy! 29½" high, 16½" x 23½". Chromium or black enamel legs; five-ply COSCOAT wood-grain finish, four colors.



40-A Posture Step Stool: Upholstered $17.95 ($18.95*)

3-H Bar Stool Upholstered $14.95 ($15.95*)

8-T Drop Leaf Cart Wood-grain finish $20.95 ($21.95*)

8-F Utility Cart Enamel finish $13.95 ($14.95*)

8-L Electric Utility Table: Enamel finish $10.95 ($11.75*)

8-K Utility Table Enamel finish $8.95 ($9.75*)

* Price Colorado and west.

HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CORPORATION • Columbus, Indiana

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Confessions of "an S.O.B."

(Continued from Page 36)

Friendship Train. To help feed a hungry postwar Europe, the United States was pouring grain into France, Italy and other West European countries. However, the people of those countries had little idea that their bread was an American gift. We dumped our wheat into a general government pool, the government sold the grain to millers, who sold the flour to bakers, who then sold bread to the public.

When I read that the Russians, by delivering one cargo of wheat in Marseilles and exploiting its arrival by a parade, had made all of France think it was indebted to the Soviet for our grain, I resolved to do something about it.

I suggested that we organize a parade—a Friendship Train, loaded with food for Europe, that would cross the United States. Individual Americans, not the Government, would contribute.

The parade worked, thanks to the generous co-operation of the Association of American Railroads, Harry Warner and Charles Skouras, of Hollywood, and many others. It worked so well that ten Friendship Trains paraded the United States. In Europe fourteen trains delivered food in Italy and France, one in Germany and Austria, and a ship to Greece.

On Christmas Eve I found myself heading a parade down the main boulevard of Marseilles—a boulevard draped with French and American flags, where only a few months before the Soviet sickle-and-hammer had waved.

Next day I spent one of the most miserable Christmases of my life. My wife was exhausted from jolting through France on a freight train. We were separated from our children. The hotel was unheated. Our laundry, hung in our room, wouldn't dry. I would have given anything to be home. I didn't like parading any more than I did in Chautauqua. But a certain amount is necessary.

It was showmanship, I suppose, that induced me to go to Atlanta, Georgia, and challenge the Ku Klux Klan from the steps of the state capitol. I had attacked the bigotry of the Klan when it started a revival immediately after World War II. Klansmen dared me to come to a Konclave on Stone Mountain, Georgia, and deliver a radio broadcast. I accepted. The attendant publicity, however, attracted so much attention to the cross burnings on Stone Mountain that more cautious heads in the Klan called it off. This left me without a forum; so I went to the state capitol, where Gov. Ellis Arnall had the guts to introduce and stand beside me in front of a hooting, jeering mob.

One of my less-publicized attempts at exhibitionism nearly got me arrested by orders of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Unfortunately, my plan didn't quite work.

The public had no idea when it saw a picture of a college student being arrested in front of the Supreme Court in 1936 for selling copies of The Nine Old Men, that I had paid the young man to peddle this controversial book, giving the low down on the Supreme Court. Also, I had tipped off a photographer to be on hand.

The members of the Supreme Court soon knew who was behind the incident. The terror-stricken young man, when hauled inside the majestic court building, promptly told them that I, coauthor of the book with Robert S. Allen, had put him up to it. Whereupon Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes telephoned the Justice Department and demanded that I be prosecuted. His demand was relayed to the late Joseph B. Keenan, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Criminal Division.

Joe Keenan was one of my best friends. I'm sure he thought he was doing me a great favor when he told Hughes to forget about it. "You'll only be advertising Pearson's and Allen's book," he advised.

The news picture showing the policeman collaring the book peddler helped make The Nine Old Men a best seller. But think of the sales if I had been arrested!

I am quite aware that my sedate colleagues of the National Press Club and the Gridiron Club don't approve of me. They sometimes refer to me as a Barnum-and-Bailey type of journalist. Perhaps they are right. In later years I have avoided the side shows. I prefer to be loved rather than disliked. But I don't think you can really write the news in Washington and be loved. Also, I find that when you stick out your neck on issues, even unobtrusively, a hundred brickbats come your way.

When I proposed the first Negro, Louis Lautier, as a member of the National Press Club I immediately found myself in the hottest controversy since I signed a petition to expel Benito Mussolini from the same club twenty-five years before.

Mussolini was expelled; Lautier was admitted. I do not regret those battles. I do regret criticism from my own profession, even if I have developed a thick skin. I appreciate, however, admissions from my younger colleagues that they sometimes goad their older, more sedate bureau chiefs into handling a touchy story by saying, "If you don't use it, Pearson will."

So I hope my over-all efforts have increased news competition, which always keeps government servants on their toes.

As part of the inside story of Drew Pearson, the editors of The Saturday Evening Post are letting me look back on some of the things I view with pride in my hectic career of journalism. They are really taking a chance. Every newspaperman views with pride almost every story he has ever written. I am not sure that I can be objective.

In tabulating my journalistic landmarks, I don't place at the top of the list my part in convicting four congressmen. I should hate to be remembered only as a jailer of congressmen.

The four congressmen were Parnell Thomas, of New Jersey; Walter Brehm, of Ohio; Ernest Bramblett, of California, all Republicans; and Andrew Jackson May, of Kentucky, Democrat. Congressman Thomas was chairman of the Un-American Activities Committee and posed as a paragon of virtue at the time I reported he was requiring his secretarial staff to pay kickbacks from their salaries. I also reported that he was taking money from the family of at least one soldier who didn't want to be transferred to combat duty, and was trying to collect from the family of another.

The hardest job of a newspaperman is to decide whether or not a public official is telling the truth. Some diplomats consider it part of their profession to distort truth. To some politicians, lying just comes naturally.

Every one of the congressmen convicted as a result of what I wrote about them lied about the facts. They lied privately before the story was written by denying the facts. Afterward they lied publicly, calling me a liar. But the truth convicted them.

One story I wish I had not written contributed to the death of a senator. It was a carefully documented report that Sen. Elmer Thomas, of Oklahoma, and Sen. John Bankhead, of Alabama, both Democrats, both members of the Senate Agriculture Committee, had been buying cotton just before making speeches opposing price controls for cotton. Naturally, this sent the price of cotton up.

After weeks of checking confidential transactions on the commodities market in New York, I published the facts. Senator Thomas promptly called me a liar. Senator Bankhead died of a heart attack. It made me wish I had chosen another profession.

Senator Thomas was brazen enough to continue speculating on the commodities market. I continued writing about him, and he continued calling me a liar. Then the Secretary of Agriculture sent a report to Congress listing speculators who held Government positions. Congress was trying to catch some of President Truman's staff, but on the list was Senator Thomas. The people of Oklahoma defeated him at the next election.

When you engage in the business of exposing congressmen, you have to run the risk of being exposed yourself. In the last session of Congress four different investigations of me were proposed, and one officially voted. The latter was by the House Judiciary Committee to discover the news leak which gave me the record of a secret debate, showing how various congressmen lined up on the dynamite-laden question of civil rights. Although the committee voted 13 to 12 to question me, I was never called.

In 1953 I was caught off base and investigated by Congressman Clare Hoffman, of Michigan. I had poked fun at him for years. Crusty and cantankerous, he was the last man I wanted to answer under penalty of contempt. I had made the worst mistake possible about a congressman. I had confused his congressional district. I reported that to win votes he had ordered an investigation of the Air Force to help Joe and Mario Fontana on an Air Force contract. The Fontana brothers, however, live at Iron Mountain, Michigan, while the congressman lives at Allegan, in a different district. In high indignation, Hoffman slapped a subpoena on me and made me squirm before photographers while we went over the geography of Michigan district by district.

Considering all that I have written about members of Congress, you can't really blame them for making speeches against me. The most costly attack came from Senator McCarthy, of Wisconsin, who demanded on the Senate floor that newspaper editors cancel my column and radio listeners boycott the product of my sponsor, Adam Hats.

The most amusing diatribe ever aimed my way in the Senate was by ex-Sen. Kenneth McKellar, of Tennessee. I had reported that he had an uncontrollable temper and had become so enraged at Sen. Royal Copeland, of New York, that he pulled a small clasp knife from his pocket on the Senate floor, but was restrained by Sen. Bennett Clark, of Missouri. Senator Clark was the source of the story.

After reading my column, McKellar stormed for an hour. "He is an ignorant liar, a pusillanimous liar, a peewee liar," the senator orated. "That statement is a willful, deliberate, malicious, dishonest, intensely cowardly, low, degrading filthy lie.

"When a man is a natural-born liar, a liar during his manhood, a liar by profession, a liar for a living, a liar in the daytime, a congenital liar, a liar in the nighttime, it is remarkable how he can lie."

Senator Chandler, of Kentucky: "Will the gentleman yield?"

Senator McKellar: "I yield."

Senator Chandler: "I believe there is a definition for that sort of liar; he is called a revolving liar."

Senator McKellar: "A revolving liar! It suits Pearson exactly. . . . Gentlemen, I am not angry. I am just sorry that this great nation of ours, this nation of honest men, has within its borders any person so low and despicable, so corrupt, so groveling, as this low-down, low-lived, corrupt and dishonest Drew Pearson. . . . The animal called a skunk cannot change his smell. This human skunk cannot change his smell. He will always be just a low-life skunk. Mr. President, if I have been guilty of exhibition of temper, I hope the senators will forgive me."

I printed his speech in my column next day.

We have a dairy farm in Maryland not far from Washington, and after this speech, I started naming bulls for various public officials who had referred to me in unendearing terms. There was not only Senator McKellar, but Senator Tydings, Senator George and Harry S. Truman.

Harry S. Truman was a beautiful Holstein of purebred ancestry, and I felt that I had paid quite an honor to the then President by naming this calf for him after Mr. Truman called me an S.O.B. As that calf grew older, however, he became more difficult than any other bull on the place. We spent quite a few dollars repairing fences he broke down. Finally we got rid of him. The farm hands claimed that he tried to live up to his name.

One distinguished statesman prepared a speech calling me a liar, but never delivered it. He is Sir Winston Churchill. Only three or four people besides Churchill and myself have known about his suppressed attack.

He was in Washington as prime minister in 1943 for a wartime conference with Roosevelt. Having heard that F.D.R. had just aimed some especially strong language at me, Churchill prepared a speech to be given before the National Press Club and the Overseas Writers in which he supported the President, and perhaps went a little further.

An advance copy of the speech came to the attention of Barnet Nover, of the Washington Post, then president of the Overseas Writers, who called it to the attention of Eugene Meyer, publisher of the Post. Meyer suggested to Brendan Bracken, British Minister of Information, that it would be a mistake for the prime minister to attack an American newspaperman when he was a guest of the American press. Churchill killed that portion of his speech.

I have always kidded Eugene Meyer that he spoiled some good headlines for me, but I admit I was relieved. I have never named a bull for Churchill.

Judging from my mail, I suppose whatever portion (*Continued on Page 150*)

Surface Reflection

That beauty's only skin deep
I'm willing to agree—
But since I haven't X-ray eyes,
That's deep enough for me!

By Dick Emmons

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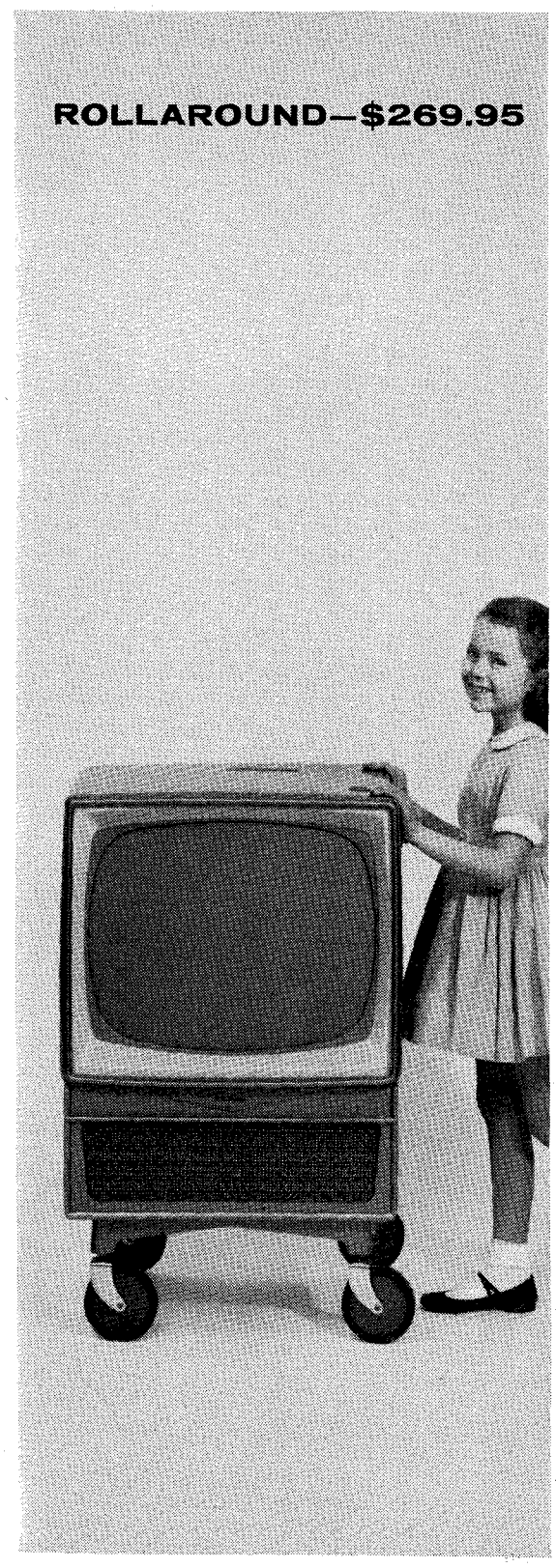
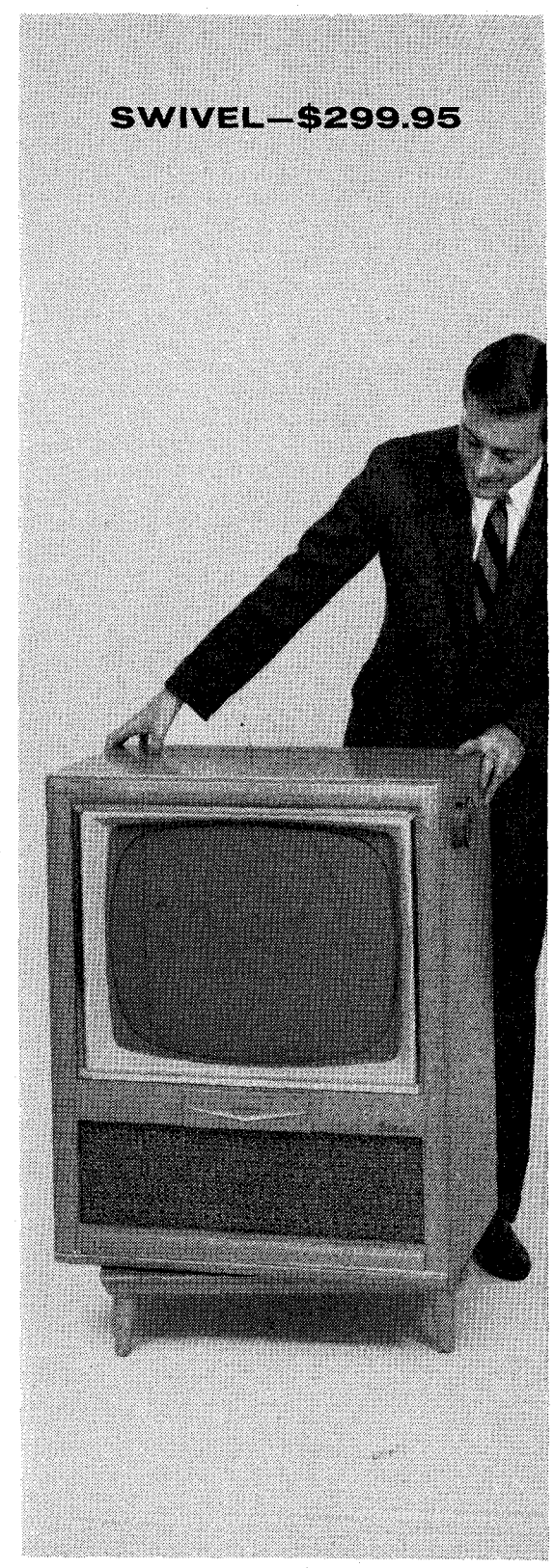
WHATEVER YOU SPEND—YOU ALWAYS GET MORE FOR YOUR MONEY WITH RCA VICTOR TV

This economy-minded Mother likes table TV with dependable RCA Victor performance. Look at that sharp, clear, distinctly detailed picture—261 square inches* of viewable picture. She likes the uncluttered "all-picture" styling too. And features like rich Balanced Fidelity Sound, convenient "High-Sharp-and-Easy" tuning. All in compact table-top TV. She can choose from ebony, maroon or limed oak grained finishes. This is the ebony *Dixon* (21T715)—only $219.95.†



This small fry likes "big-wheel" TV Deluxe that makes any room a TV room. It's easy-to-tune TV with "High-Sharp-and-Easy" tuning . . . easy to listen to with *twin-speaker* Balanced Fidelity Sound . . . easy to look at with "Living Image" picture—261 square inches* of viewable area. Her parents can choose from mahogany-, walnut-, or limed oak grained finishes. This is the *Ardmore Deluxe* (21D721) at $269.95. Also available in the *Oakmont Deluxe* rollaround (24D729) at $299.95.



This Dad admires RCA Victor swivel TV that makes any chair the "best seat in the house." He likes its 261 square inches* of viewable picture, its big speaker Balanced Fidelity Sound, its illuminated VHF "Window Knob" channel indicator, the handy phono-jack for the fabulous 45 "Victrola"® attachment—the world's most popular record player. He can choose from mahogany-, walnut-, or limed oak grained finishes. This is the limed oak grained *Enfield* (21T738)—$309.95. Other finishes $299.95.

SEE BLACK-AND-WHITE TV FROM $99.95 AND BIG COLOR TV FROM $495 AT YOUR RCA VICTOR DEALER'S

RCA Factory Service available in most TV areas, but only to RCA Victor TV owners.

Manufacturer's nationally advertised VHF list prices shown. Prices and specifications subject to change. UHF optional, extra. Slightly higher far West, South, Canada.

†Matching stand optional, extra.

RCA VICTOR Tmks® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

®RCA trademark for record players

*Square inches of viewable picture area	261
Picture tube, overall diagonal	21"

EVERY YEAR MORE PEOPLE BUY RCA VICTOR THAN ANY OTHER TELEVISION

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(*Continued from Page 148*) of the public that does not consider me an S.O.B. regards me as a sort of public watchdog and goader of government on graft and inefficiency. Naturally, I trust that to some extent this is accurate.

In my opinion, the job of the press, in our government of checks and balances, is to do some of the checking. And in more boastful moments I have claimed revelation of the Louisiana scandals, putting a good many income-tax violators in jail, waging war on several important gangsters, and helping to convict at least two officials who either shirked their job of enforcing the tax laws or welshed on their own taxes. The latter were Joseph D. Nunan, Commissioner of Internal Revenue; and Dan Bolich, his Assistant Commissioner, both under Truman.

I first got suspicious of Bolich when I found and reported that he had fixed an airtight tax case involving a big ring of California bookmakers, the Guaranty Finance Company. I also wrote that he had been seen in the company of Frankie Costello, whose fingers reached into almost every corner of the gambling world.

As far as I know, I was the first newspaperman to report that Costello had violated his oath when he took out United States citizenship and was, therefore, subject to deportation. I made myself a nuisance at the Justice Department urging such action. I may have had some effect, but the chief firecracker under the Justice Department was the Kefauver investigation.

The most important income-tax fraud I broke was the Ripps-Mitchell case in Mobile, Alabama. Sam Ripps and Joe Mitchell were costume jewelers who made a fortune selling jewelry to Army and Navy post exchanges during the war and then failed to pay $700,000 income tax.

I learned of the case in the usual manner. A citizen of Mobile was convinced Ripps and Mitchell were getting away with murder and wrote me about it. I called at the Justice Department, found that an income-tax case against them had been dropped for "lack of sufficient evidence," and decided that the case looked smelly enough to spend some money on. Jack Anderson, of my staff, whom I consider the best news sleuth in Washington, went to Mobile, dug up new evidence, and found, among other things, that Ripps and Mitchell had hired as their attorney Ben Leader, former partner of the United States Attorney in Birmingham, John Hill. It was Hill who had first recommended against criminal prosecution.

I published this information and took it to T. Lamar Caudle, head of the Justice Department's tax division. He immediately called a grand jury and later secured conviction of Ripps and Mitchell.

Caudle has since been prosecuted in St. Louis for failing, among other things, to prosecute initially the Ripps-Mitchell case. In my opinion, he was innocent. When he was head of the Criminal Division, I worked with Caudle in several criminal cases, including the treason action against Axis Sally. Caudle had a weak case against Axis Sally because, under the Constitution, no American can be convicted of treason unless there are two witnesses to his traitorous act. Caudle had not even one witness who had actually seen Axis Sally broadcast on behalf of Nazi Germany.

I appealed on my radio program for the names of any ex-GI's who had been prisoners of war and had seen Axis Sally broadcast. Two turned up who had seen her; one of these had kept a diary on her activities. Axis Sally was convicted.

I am not ashamed of the many libel suits that have been brought against me. Anyone who tries to unearth graft has to risk such suits even though what he reports is completely accurate.

When my wife wonders why we have not accumulated more worldly goods, I can only reply that from 1947 through 1955 I spent $340,000 on legal fees. This is because I defend newspapers and radio stations that buy my material, and I never settle a case in its preliminary stage. I have lost one case, to a onetime friend, Norman Littell, a former assistant attorney general under Attorney General Frances Biddle. After a verdict against me, I paid off a compromise settlement to the tune of $40,000. I wish I had never compromised, had gone up to the higher courts. But that's water over the dam.

Usually it's the least expected people who sue you. I have broken big corruption stories without the flicker of libel trouble. In 1940 I broke the Louisiana scandals, which resulted in jail sentences for Gov. Richard Leche, Dr. J. Monroe Smith, president of Louisiana State University, and three others, including a Democratic national committeeman.

In the Eisenhower Administration I have brought to light two of the four conflict-of-interest cases in which officials have been fired—Peter Strobel in charge of public buildings for the General Services Administration, who approached the Army engineers on behalf of his own firm while himself working for the Government; and Carl O. Hansen, who conducted a wool-buying business while working for the Farmers Home Administration.

When the final record of my career is written, I hope I will not be known only as a policeman and an S.O.B.

Perhaps I should follow the motto of John L. Lewis: "He that tooteth not his horn, said horn will not be tooted."

Here are some of the things I hope may be chalked up on the credit side when the record for my career is weighed:

Some contribution, through my reporting, to the public opinion and congressional atmosphere that put across the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Public Utility Act, Social Security and the Minimum Wage Act.

My constant harping on the need for a quick-release parachute which may have saved some lives among our paratroopers during the war.

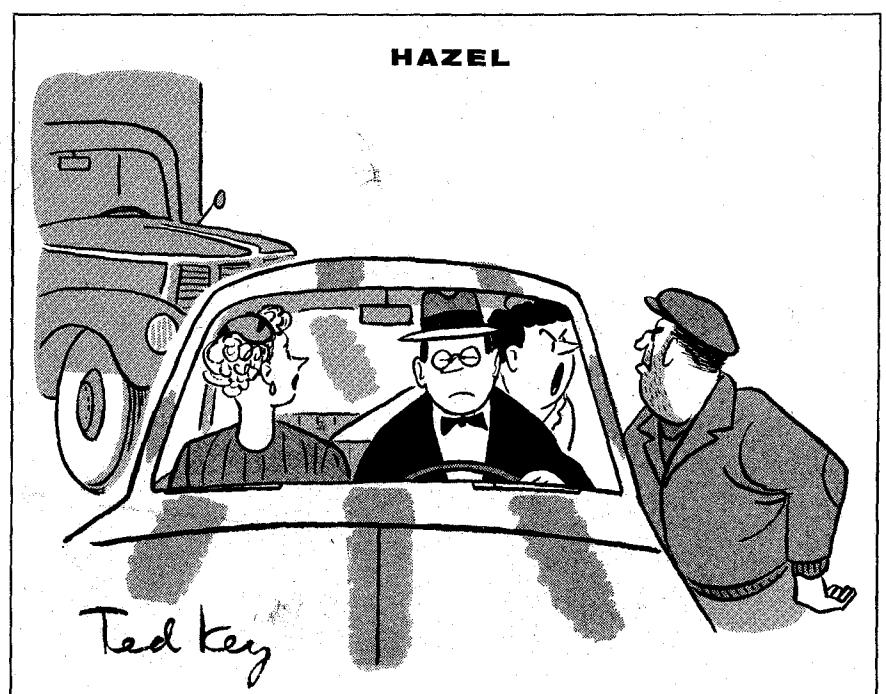
My many articles about the United States Information Service, which may have helped to continue and improve our propaganda abroad.

My pounding on the importance of putting short-wave radio on trains, which may have contributed to railroad safety.

In this record, I take greatest personal satisfaction in some of the things I have tried to do for peace. Perhaps I have not made much of an impact, but at least I have tried.

I have contended that one of the most important keys to peace is people-to-people friendship. If people get to know each other, as do the British, Americans and Canadians, I have argued they won't go to war with each other. To keep peace, the world's two most powerful nations—Russia and the United States—must understand each other. I began urging this shortly after the war, and I still maintain that it is so.

In the interim I have caught plenty of brickbats from both sides. Senator McCarthy's are well known. Those from the communists are not.



"Oh, yeah? Well, if you watched where you were going, stupid! . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

McCarthy called me a "sugar-coated voice of Russia" and "a Moscow-directed character assassin." At the same time the Soviet paper, Pravda, on August 31, 1946, charged "The Pearson news cocktail is a mixture of one or two facts with a dose of anti-Soviet lying."

McCarthy called me "the voice of international communism." Izvestia, on September 11, 1946, editorialized: "If the magnates of monopolistic capital profiteer on wars, so also do their newspaper salesmen. Such a one is that veteran of slander, Drew Pearson."

And though McCarthy told the Senate: "Pearson's job was to lead the character assassination of any man who was a threat to international communism," Universul, the Communist Party organ in Bucharest, wrote in June, 1950: "The international organization of journalists has expelled all journalists who have compromised themselves by carrying on racial and war propaganda. Drew Pearson, the zealous agent of Wall Street monopolies, is included in this roll of infamy."

Some of this doubtless resulted from my initial exposé of the Russian spy ring in Canada on February 2, 1946, and from the column of September 7, 1947, exposing the Soviet spy laboratory in a Maryland basement where blueprints of the B-29 were copied.

None of this would seem to make me a very good disciple of peace. Nevertheless I have hammered at the idea that if the Iron Curtain is finally lifted and people get to know each other, there will be less danger of war.

In a broadcast from Milan, Italy, January 3, 1948, I suggested that Americans of Italian descent write their friends and relatives in Italy regarding the peaceful hopes of the American people and the advantages of our noncommunist system. The man who deserves credit for this idea is my assistant, William Neel. Later my good friend, the late Generoso Pope, publisher of Il Progresso, helped promote the idea, with the result that we had 1,000,000 letters a week pouring out of the New York post office to Italy just before the April, 1948, elections.

We also organized what I believe was the first overseas radio contest for the best letter written by an Italian on how to make democracy live. We were deluged with mail and had a big job in translating the entries. A schoolteacher in Naples won the tractor, donated by William A. Roberts, of Allis-Chalmers, which was the first prize. The Frank H. Lee Company gave 1200 hats and Clippercraft Clothes gave 100 suits. For weeks after the contest the American Embassy in Rome was knee-deep in hats and clothes. They had a terrible time fitting the winners. Communism received a setback at the polls and the embassy gave us some credit for helping.

The idea of sending balloons across the Iron Curtain with friendship messages to Czechs, Poles, Hungarians and other satellite people was another attempt to promote people-to-people friendship. I proposed the balloon idea in 1948, and it was not until 1951 that we were able to launch the first ones.

The delay was caused by State Department opposition and lack of money. Ed Barrett, a noncareer Assistant Secretary of State, finally overcame State Department reluctance, but stipulated that I organize a committee of Europeans who would sign the leaflets, diverting attention from the United States. The Crusade for Freedom supplied the money.

I went to Europe in 1951 to enlist a committee, but was surprised to find that the idea of sending propaganda balloons to Russia sent shivers down European backs. Prominent Turks I approached wouldn't touch the idea. They were living too near Russia. The French, British and Italians didn't want to risk antagonizing the Soviets.

Only the Yugoslavs and a few West Germans were willing to stick out their necks. In the end, we got the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which has branches in a score of countries, the American Federation of Labor and CIO affiliates in Canada and Cuba, together with the International Federation of Free Journalists to sign the first friendship leaflets. These were carried over the German border into Czechoslovakia just after midnight on a drizzling morning in August, 1951.

Since then, more than 200,000,000 pieces of literature have floated down on the Czech, Polish and Hungarian people. The Crusade for Freedom has done a tremendous job of accelerating the idea. Judging from the bitter protests of communist governments, the program has had some impact. President Eisenhower has now appointed a citizen's committee to promote people-to-people friendship.

That is part of the record which I hope some people will set alongside what the McCarthys, the McKellars and certain Presidents of the United States said about me. However, public memory being what it is, and to spike Mr. Truman's claim that I never tell the truth, perhaps my tombstone should read: "Drew Pearson—S.O.B."

Editors' Note—This is the last of four articles.

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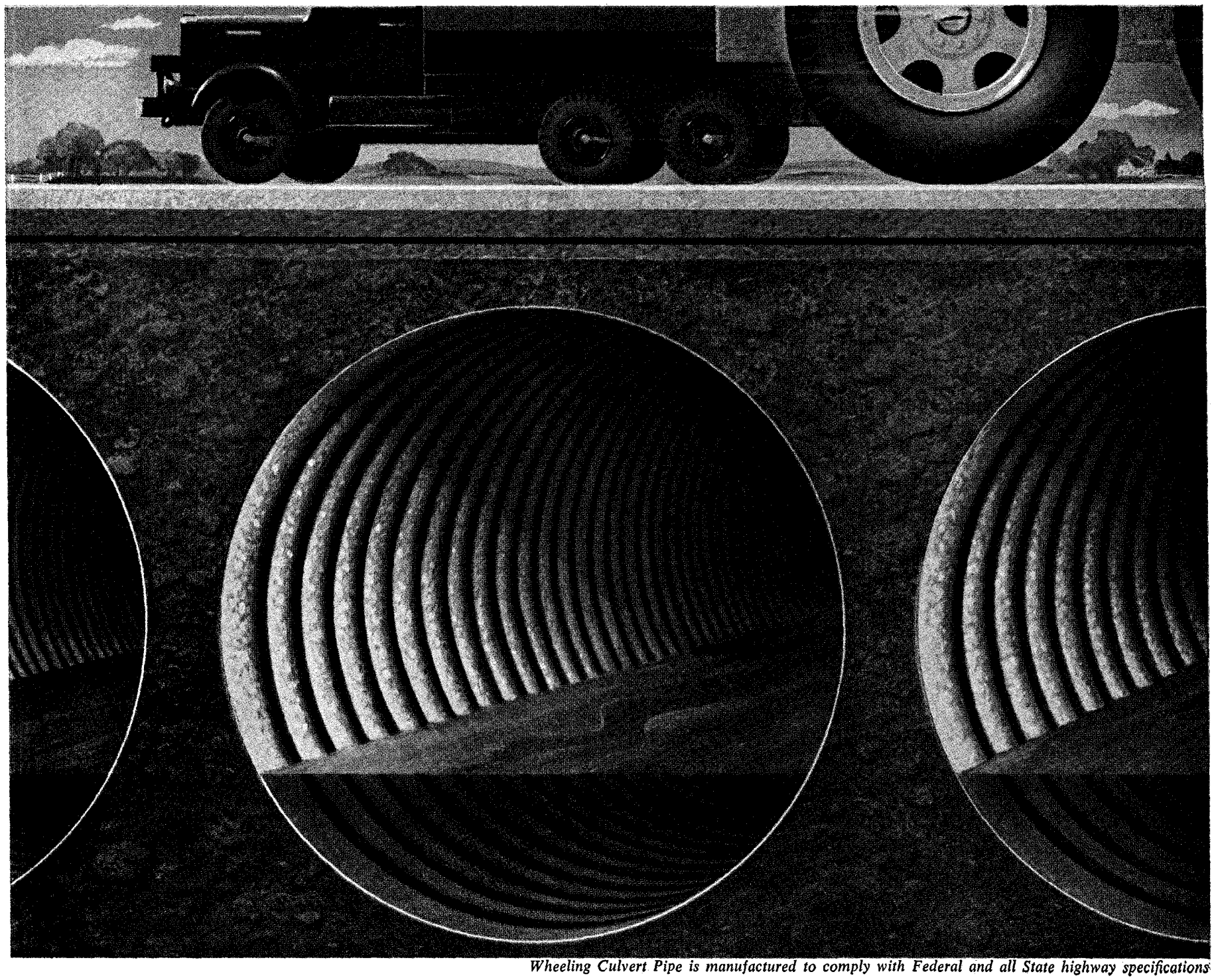

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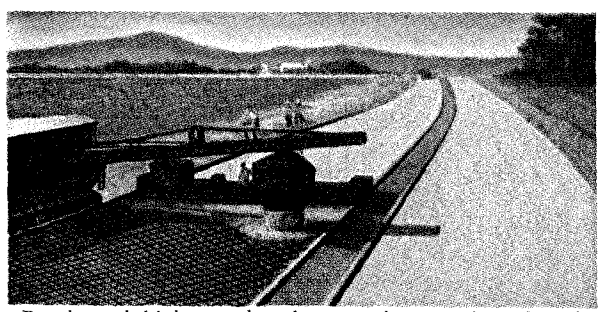

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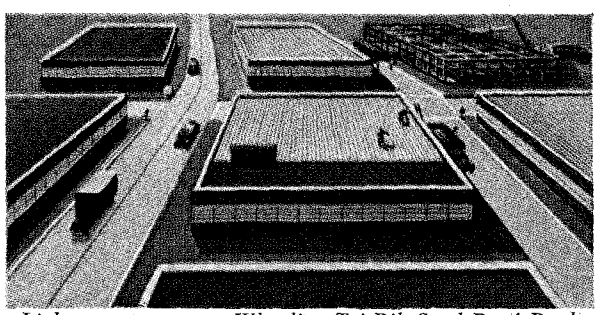

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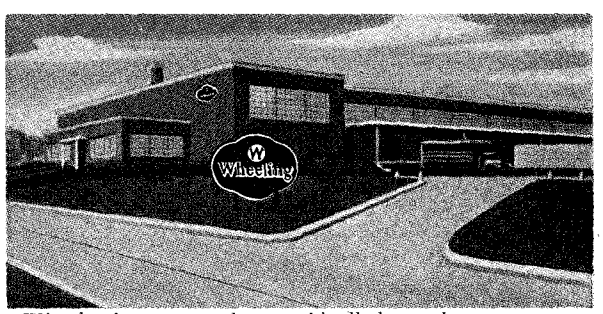

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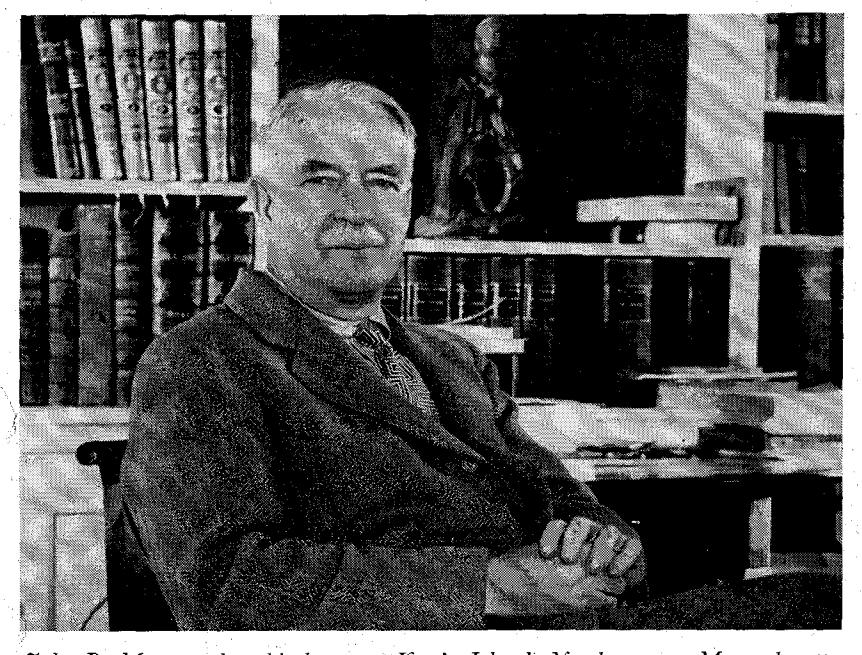
Keeping Posted

John Marquand Returns With Mr. Moto



John P. Marquand at his home on Kent's Island, Newburyport, Massachusetts.

When it was proposed to John Marquand that he do a serial with a Far East background—possibly involving Mr. Moto, that charming sleuth whom he brought to eminence in his earlier work in the Post—he had just finished a novel, was getting over what he terms "the pains of parturition," and was in no hurry to whip up a new set of pains. However, he reminded himself that "lack of industry invariably makes me cantankerous or aggressive, causing me trouble in unexpected areas." Besides, he reflected that "I enjoy working on a somewhat abstract literary problem; I haven't done an adventure mystery in a long while; and this one would be interesting." But then a hitch in the proposition occurred to him.

Marquand has visited the Orient a number of times; the parturition of Mr. Moto came off there in the mid-'30's. During World War II, as a correspondent with the Navy, he got as close as he could to Japan when the marines took Iwo Jima. And in 1947 he made a tour of the East with the commander of the Pacific Fleet—but that was the last time he had seen Tokyo. "In this era of change which is altering the East more than any other region, I felt I could not possibly write about it without revisiting some of the familiar places." So the Post offered to send him on such a revisit. And away he enthusiastically went.

Returning, Marquand buckled down to word-work, but not with the utensils he used to employ—pens, pencils, typewriters. He has found that in the maturity of his fiction technique he can dictate to a young lady while *she* operates a typewriter. "The presence of the young lady, whom I am paying, stimulates me to be industrious, and a first draft, rapidly achieved before the later cutting, enables me to see more of the forest and become less entangled in the trees."

Of the finished work he says, "I hope I have delivered the goods"; and even as his readers take off into the opening installment on page 23, the situation glows hopefully—Reader's Digest has spoken for book-condensation rights, and Twentieth Century-Fox has swiftly snatched up the film rights.

The author of The Late George Apley and of a major procession of other distinguished novels ought to have some recreational escape source, but the poor man is just no good at hobbies. He can't shoot a gun straight, trout refuse to affix themselves to his fishhooks. Theoretically he loves the great north woods, but when does he go there? He would like to mend old Chippendale chairs in a workshop or grow rows of radishes, "but I cannot drive a nail into a plank or keep alive a potted geranium." He does not wish to collect old pewter or old anything. "I have led a wasted life, confined to worrying about writing."

However, keenly aware that this sort of thing is wrong, he has forced himself to take up golf, and is as awful at it as at any other hobby. "But I enjoy the theory of the thing, and it gives me something wholly different to worry about." Indeed, Marquand is going to Pinehurst this winter, "partially to indulge in this unrelaxing pursuit." At present he is in France. Writing a novel.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"How a Hick Cop Helped Break the Brink's Case"

The biggest cash holdup in the annals of crime was the Brink's robbery. Now comes an account of how the case might still be unsolved if it hadn't been for Dean Meredith, police chief of a small Pennsylvania town.

This and That About Life Among the Authors

When Hal Burton, an addict of gourmet foods, was about to leave home to research the gourmet article on page 42, he asked his wife if she would please have for dinner that night pork chops stuffed with capers, baby shrimps and other fancy ingredients too numerous to list here. Although this would have involved only two or three hours of work, and although the lady only has four-year-old twins to take up her time, for some reason she replied, "Hell will freeze over before I prepare said chops." However, after Burton had been away quite a while he got a telegram saying, "Hell has frozen over. Come home." She greeted him with the chops, proving that absence makes the way to a man's heart grow fonder.

★ ★ ★

Dick Stern says that his memory of the physical appearance of his late grandfather, Dr. G. H. Aiken, reminds him very much of Doctor Willoughby in Stern's story on page 30. Years ago, when Grandfather Aiken was county health officer in Fresno, California, he found that a few dairy cows were infected with TB, a little-understood peril then, and he warned against their milk being sold. When his warning went unheeded, he strapped on his horse pistol, drove his carriage to where the infected animals were, and that was that. As Doctor Aiken's old pocket watch, which Stern still uses, is engraved as a token of esteem from the county medical association, presumably the doctor's tactics, unlike those of the fictional Willoughby, didn't get him into too awful a hassle.

★ ★ ★

One day a young lady in the telegraph office at Santa Monica, California, phoned author Hannibal Coons and seemed hesitant about delivering the message she had for him, as if she were sorely puzzled about what had gone wrong with it in transit. "Mr. Coons,"

Hannibal Coons and his lady.

she said warily, "I have a wire here that reads 'Post buying the lieutenant in lemon yellow sheets'—does that make any sense at all to you?" As that was the temporary working title Coons had put on a story (see page 34), he cried, "Oh, yes, that makes just dandy sense." The girl said, "Well, I'm glad," and hung up. Later, Coons wondered if she decided she was handling code for an international spy, but he apparently has done nothing to relieve her mind.

Coons is justified in writing about lieutenants, whatever they may be in, as he was a Navy officer in World War II and got the Presidential Unit Citation for heroism at Saipan. In the photo he is wearing his Navy cap; he says the rest of his uniform has shrunk in storage.

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